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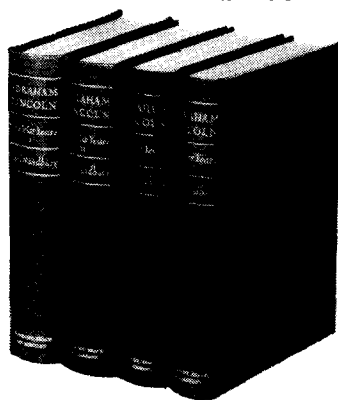
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



Tropical Africa



AFRICA is in ferment. From the north, where the fires of Arab irredentism are raging, to the far south, where arrogant but uneasy "white" supremacy holds sway; from the tropical west coast, where new "black" nations, independent within the British Commonwealth, are emerging, across to the east to Kenya, where barbarism and civilization have been locked in bloody conflict, the whole continent is astir.

Almost everywhere the economic as well as the political pulse is quickening. The world is eager to buy more of the food and raw materials which Africa can supply. Capital is flowing in; jungles are being replaced by farmland, new factories are going up, and new mine shafts are being driven deep down into the earth.

Because the European pioneers and technicians cannot farm or build or manufacture without local labor, primitive Africans are being drawn, willy-nilly, in an ever-increasing number into the industrial and commercial life of the twentieth century. Men whose fathers could not conceive that the spoken word could be written down, or that there were such simple aids to living as a wheel or a plow, are today learning to drive tractors, handle complicated machinery, and keep accounts.

Economic progress at so hectic a pace inevitably exacts a price. The price in Africa is the breakup of the traditional pattern of native life, the undermining of tribal authority and discipline, and the creation of a spiritual vacuum in the minds of millions of simple folk, which must be filled.

But with what? Religion or atheism? Faith in freedom or autocracy, Communist or otherwise? An

eagerness to pull together with men of other races or a rabid nationalism of race and color? An acceptance of what the modern world has to offer or a despairing reversion, as in Kenya, to atavistic impulses and cults?

Race consciousness

These are questions which perturb the whole Western world. For African race consciousness is spreading like wildfire across the continent. On the west coast it has already found practical expression.

In Britain's Gold Coast and Nigeria indigenous African political leaders have grasped the reins of office; and it cannot be long before these two territories, in which dwell more than 30 million people, as hungry for education as for food, attain full self-government.

That such rapid strides are possible in these coastal regions is partly due to their centuries-old contact, unlike so much of the interior, with the developing civilized world, and partly to the existence, in the coastal area at least, of the basis of a viable economy which, given leaders willing and able to accept responsibility as well as power, can prevent self-government from proving a mockery and delusion.

Indeed it is argued by some with long personal knowledge of West Africa that political advance there has already tended to outstrip social and economic progress; and that with Britain's restraining and guiding hand finally withdrawn, a repetition of the tragedy of Communist infiltration and chaos we are witnessing in the former Dutch East Indies is a melancholy possibility.

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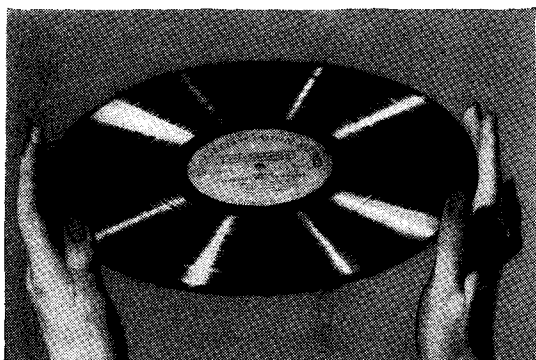
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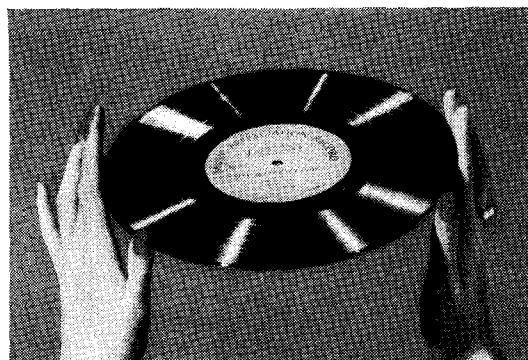
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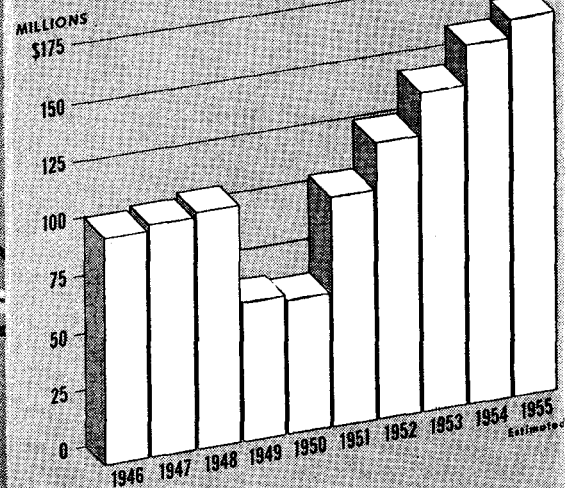
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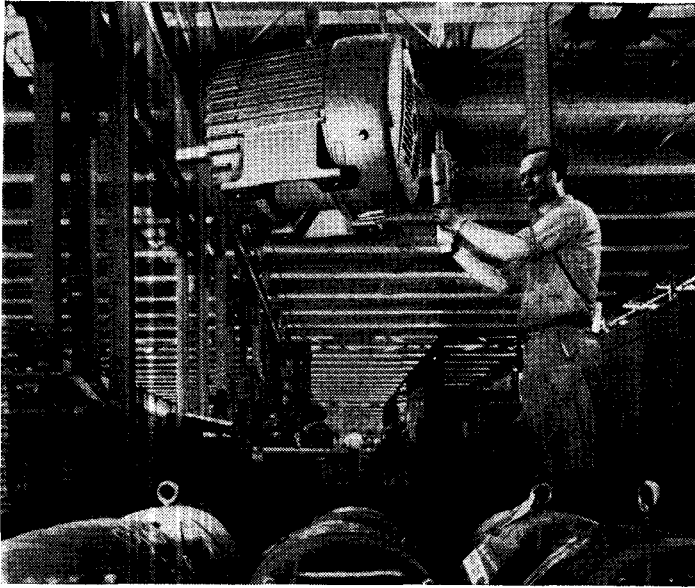
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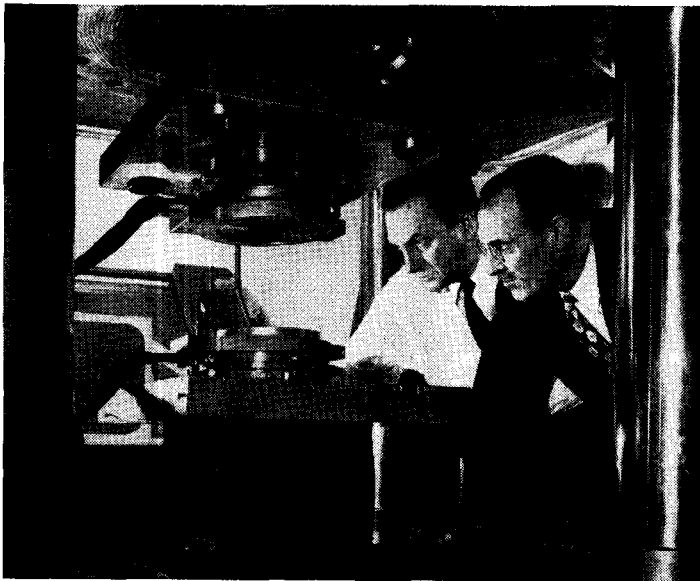
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The Atlantic Report on Tropical Africa



Nevertheless, and more optimistically, it is a measure of the success achieved so far that African political leaders like Dr. Nkrumah, Prime Minister of the Gold Coast, and fiery Dr. Azikiwe, the veteran Nigerian nationalist, have recognized that even after the recruitment and training of sufficient native administrators has made it possible to dispense with colonial officials, their countries will need to import expatriate capital and administrative and technical experts for a long time.

Hence it must be the first duty of their governments to create conditions which inspire confidence in overseas investors and their representatives. In short, there are in West Africa not only a great welling-up of nationalist feeling and an understandable impatience among Africans to do things for themselves, which is all to be expected, but also a healthy blend of realism and moderation which bodes well for the future.

The force of example

Elsewhere in Africa these developments take on a different aspect — different according to whether one's skin is white or black.

There are white racialists in the Union of South Africa who see themselves as little islands of civilization surrounded by a vast black sea of ignorance and savagery, and whose minds are never free from fear. Yet events are steadily pointing to the certain failure of this policy. While Dr. Strydom and his friends strive to turn the clock back by discriminatory social and political legislation, the growing demands of the expanding national economy for plentiful skilled labor (and it is only black labor that is available in the numbers required) inexorably make nonsense of their policies.

For black racialists in East and Central Africa, on the other hand, the achievements of Dr. Nkrumah and Dr. Azikiwe have created rather dangerous illusions: under the spur of ambition widely differing conditions are forgotten. No matter that the peoples of the west coast are much more advanced than those of their own homelands in the interior. No matter that the European who dwells on the west coast is there, and always has been, solely to trade, to teach, and to build — not to make it his permanent home. Climate alone forbids permanent white settlement.

No matter that geography, climate, and history have committed Kenya, Rhodesia, and South Africa to a multiracial pattern in which the in-

terests and destinies of the different races are now so closely interwoven that no one can stand without the others. For non-colored families often have lived in these East and Central regions for as many generations as their colored neighbors; and it would be as unreal to talk of expelling the former as it would be to urge that North America should be returned to the Red Indian. Yet to the aspiring young African politician in the grip of race emotion it is not the realities that matter, but what he would like them to be.

In Kenya black racialism has taken a particularly cruel and depraved form, but it is not an isolated phenomenon, and African history reveals a number of somewhat similar examples of reactions to savage barbarism. The jungle is never far away; and so if Mau Mau bears no resemblance at all to conventional and respectable African nationalist movements, it is nevertheless indicative of what might happen on a larger scale if African aspirations should take a wrong turn through frustration or Communist subversion.

The Indians in Africa

Unhappily, rising national consciousness along Africa's "backbone" does not come solely from self-induced fervor. It is being encouraged from *without* — by Western left-wing idealists who fondly believe that all the ills of society can be cured by the export of ballot boxes; by distinctly less idealistic Communist agents; and more recently by the new "imperialists," the Indians.

Indian encouragement of African nationalism is a fresh and disturbing phenomenon. Not only is white opinion in Kenya angered by the knowledge that individual Indians have aided Mau Mau, but there is a widespread belief, among blacks as well as whites, that India has imperialistic designs upon Africa.

Today, for example, there are more than twice as many Indians in Kenya as there are Europeans, and they compete far more keenly and directly than the latter with the indigenous African in the economic forward march of the territory.

Thus, not surprisingly, in the past the African has heartily disliked the Indian immigrant, regarding him not only as an interloper but as an exploiter and an obstacle to his own advancement. That this dislike can be fanned into murderous fury, suddenly and without warning, was shown in the bloodthirsty black-brown Durban riots which occurred in 1949.



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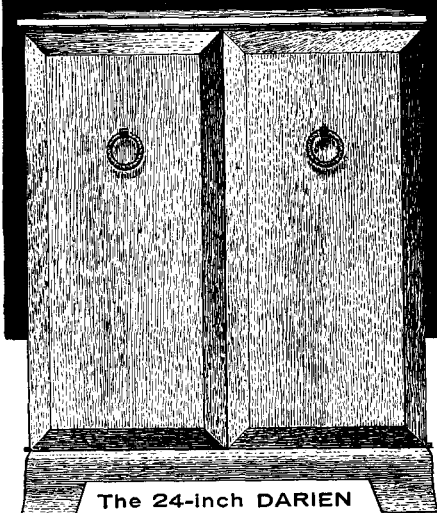
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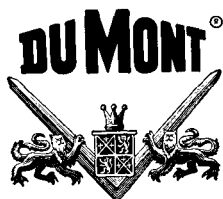


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Astutely, therefore, a good many Indians in Africa and beyond try to turn the edge of African resentment by seeking to identify themselves with African aspirations. This is particularly the case in South Africa, where both Indians and Africans are lumped together by the whites as inferiors, are socially ostracized, and are not permitted a share in the political life of their country.

Not the least danger of such a coalition of colored against non-colored is that it could mobilize and encourage anti-white feeling not only in the Union, where it has provocation, but elsewhere in Africa, where different relationships obtain and different ends are sought — where there are still affection and respect for the white man and a genuine desire on his part to help his less fortunate black brother.

Hence no government with responsibilities in Africa can be indifferent to the steady poisoning of race relations in the Union, and to the effect it may have on peoples beyond her borders.

That is why the most important task of constructive statesmanship in multiracial Africa is to create among Africans an incentive to work with Europeans, while at the same time arousing among the whites a genuine willingness to improve not only the living standards of the African but his status as a human being.

Status the key

Indeed, *status* is the nub of the problem. For what is being undertaken in colonial Africa is human engineering on a vast scale. And because human beings are concerned it is not sufficient to effect an economic revolution. If, in the end, Africans are to identify themselves with Western civilization, to work for its maintenance rather than its destruction, then their imagination as well as their ambition must be stirred, and their trust must be inspired and not their rivalry.

The most subtle, searching, and urgent need of colonial administration in this second half of the twentieth century is to find the key to African hearts, and not just to fill stomachs. The answer must be one that meets the needs of the black African and allays the fears of his white country-

man; that gives the black what he is entitled to as a human being without depriving the white African of his status.

Fear the incendiary

The black fears that he is never to be allowed to escape from the economic limitations and social restrictions his people's backwardness have hitherto imposed upon him. The white fears that black numbers, sooner or later, are bound to rob him of his own and his children's hard-earned stake in the country of their birth or adoption.

Compromises are many and varied. In Portuguese East and West Africa no advance to political democracy is even on the horizon, and educational and economic opportunities lag far behind the neighboring British example. On the other hand racial tension as such is less acute — partly because virtually no social color bar exists, and therefore there is no feeling of inescapable race inferiority; and partly because, as a result of this situation, the minority of chieftains and other colored Africans who have "made good" economically are linked by mutual self-interest with the Portuguese administrators and settlers.

In the rich Belgian Congo too, the color bar is little in evidence as a social stigma, and encouragement and facilities are provided for the Africans' industrial and economic advancement. But there is practically no opportunity for political progress in the sense of taking a part in the running of the country.

This repression of political ambition has, of course, in the long run the familiar danger of holding a lid on a simmering kettle; but, for the time being, there is less ferment than one might expect. This is probably because domestic political rights are not exercised by the Belgian settlers themselves, since the country is treated much more as an administrative province of Belgium than as a young "ward" growing to maturity.

The principal responsibility for tropical Africa's political future, therefore, devolves upon Britain, since it is only in the territories for which she is trustee that any significant steps to meet rising African political consciousness, apart from economic or

social advance, are being taken. The problems of achieving some kind of political independence for the Africans without taking the risks involved in handing over electoral power to millions of primitive savages are immense.

Experiments in democracy

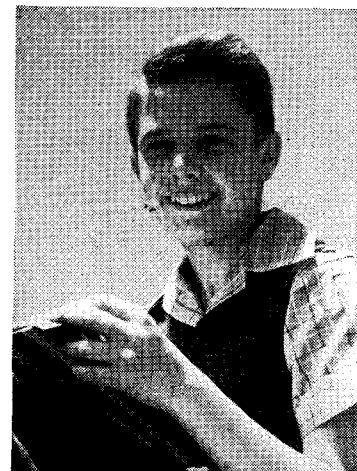
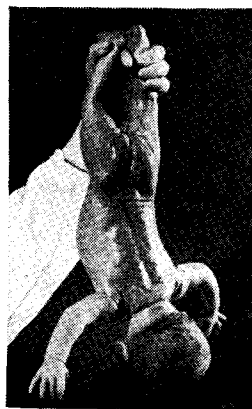
In Southern Rhodesia, the emphasis is upon an all-color common voting roll with an educational and minimum property qualification to ensure that those who use the ballot boxes are capable of exercising this privilege responsibly, and not merely as the dupes of would-be tribal dictators or Communist stooges. In Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia the trend is more toward tribal and municipal councils, and representatives nominated or elected from the councils to a central assembly.

To the north in Tanganyika, where race relations are certainly as good as anywhere in Central Africa, the method is being tried of communal representation irrespective of total numbers, with nine delegates from each of the various races, African, European, and Asian.

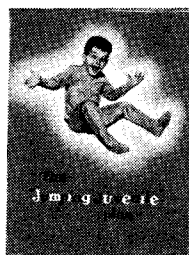
Further north in Uganda, the problem is made easier by a number of factors. The country is blessed with rich natural resources to finance education and social services. The tribes there, and particularly the Baganda, are among the most intelligent in Africa, and there are so few European or Asian settlers that the same need to find a multiracial solution does not exist.

In Kenya, although Mau Mau has caused delay, there are thoughts of a mixture of a common roll on the same principles as obtain in Southern Rhodesia, with a joint communal representation to make sure that each race's legitimate interests are adequately safeguarded. Meantime the Governor there is aided and advised by an all-races "Cabinet," with ministerial portfolios held by resident Europeans, Asians, and Africans; and a determined attempt is being made to inculcate a pride in "Kenyan" nationhood, irrespective of color or racial origin.

By whatever method, whatever pattern, success *must* be achieved, if only because the price of failure is too tragic to contemplate.



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Australia

AMERICAN investment in major Australian industries during 1954 reached \$387 million. More than 500 American firms have affiliations or connections in Australia, and initial communication between businessmen of the two countries can now be arranged through a United States Contact Clearing House Service.

Australia has benefited immeasurably from British and American financial assistance, techniques, and equipment. Unaided, the nation could not have achieved the tremendous progress of the post-war years. The oil industry, for instance, now has an Australian and international investment of a half billion dollars. By 1956, if her four big new refineries are operating to capacity, the cost of Australia's oil imports will have been cut by about \$60 million per year.

The country has real need of working capital. Big national developmental and defense projects are under way; industrial and civic expansion demands costly outlay on basic services — water, electricity, transportation; and heavy expenditure is required for the immigration program. This year's immigration target is 125,000 new people. Desirable ratios have to be determined between restricting imports and increasing exports, borrowing abroad and inducing a greater flow from overseas of private capital for investment.

In recent years Australia has received \$258 million in loans from the World Bank for development. Rural industries have benefited considerably from heavy machinery and equipment whose importation from dollar areas might not otherwise have been possible. Last year's rural production, slightly less than for the previous year, was 20 per cent above the pre-war level. However, as a result of high costs, and lower prices for exports, net farm income in the last two years has actually declined.

The wool industry slips

Australia depends on her primary industries, and especially on rural products, for the bulk of her export trade. In the last three years the volume of primary products exported increased by more than 15 per cent.

Wool and side products of the wool industry account for more than half the export income. A record wool clip for 1954-55 partially offset a decline of about 12.5 per cent in wool prices, but even so the wool exported brought in \$85 million less than in the previous year — an amount representing more than three quarters of the drop in the total export income for the current year. Inevitably the country's whole economy reacts to movements in wool prices.

More than half the net value of Australia's total production comes from the manufacturing industry — in 1953-54 nearly \$3 billion. But much vital raw material has to be imported, and it is improbable that exports from primary industries can be expanded sufficiently to pay for all of Australia's import requirements. A greater proportion of factory products will have to be diverted to the export trade if the possibility of periodic cutbacks in production as a result of import quotas and financial restrictions is to be avoided. Australia's rapidly increasing population and a well-established secondary industry are interdependent. Both are strategic necessities.

Developing new markets

Successful trade missions to Africa and South-east Asia have proved that an extensive market is available to Australian exports, subject to satisfactory quality and price and reasonably prompt delivery. The Australian Trade Commissioner Service in these and other areas is being strengthened.

Britain is traditionally Australia's best customer. In an effort to recapture ground lost following the cessation of British bulk buying of Australian foodstuffs, and to extend sales further, Australia has launched in the United Kingdom a \$600,000 advertising campaign. Other intensified trade drives are being planned. Furthermore, the federal government has now agreed to establish a scheme to guarantee government-sponsored export credits, provided a satisfactory basis for the scheme can be evolved. It is unfortunate that recently increased shipping rates between Australia and other countries will add to the handicap of high costs that Australian exporters are struggling with.

Australia's rapid development is straining her financial, material, and manpower resources. The country has most undoubted prosperity, but it is being threatened by renewed wage pressures, excessive spending, external trade difficulties, and diminishing dollar reserves.

Wages and salaries go up

In 1939 the population was almost 7 millions. It is now 9.3 millions and is increasing by more than a quarter of a million every year. The national income in the financial year 1938-39 was \$1 billion. In 1946-47 it was \$3 billion, and in 1954-55 \$9 billion. Some idea of the extent to which inflation is reflected in these amounts is given by the retail price index which is used in the computation of the basic wage. The index figure went from 1029 for fiscal 1938 to 2644 for fiscal 1954.

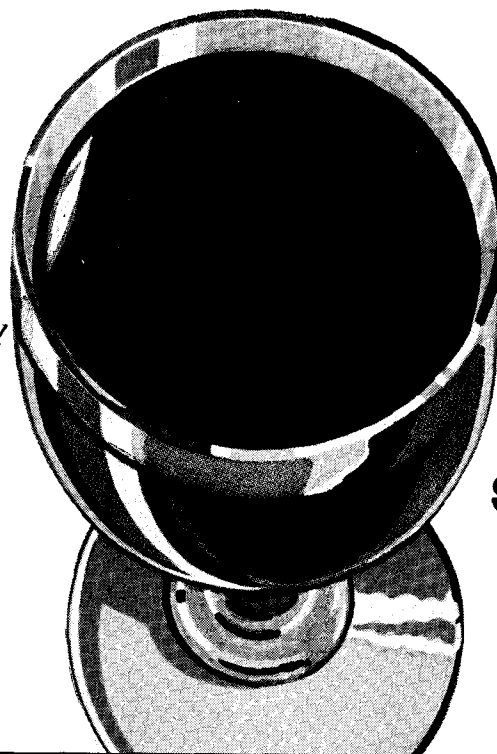
The Federal Treasurer, Sir Arthur Fadden, in his Budget speech on August 24, 1955, drew attention to unmistakable signs of inflation. He pleaded for general restraint, but corrective controls introduced in the Budget were negligible.

In November, 1954, a year after it had pegged the basic wage for employees under federal awards — the majority of workers in Australia — the Federal Arbitration Court attempted to restore the pre-war relationship between skilled and unskilled workers. Giving judgment in a test case, the court awarded increases for skill, based on a two and a half times multiplication of the 1937 margins. The increases ranged from 78 cents to \$4.76 per week.

In the following months federal and state wage-fixing authorities extended the increases over a wide field of industry. The shortage of skilled workers is acute, and it is hoped that higher wage margins will attract more trainees. The metal and electrical industries alone have vacancies for about 10,000 tradesmen, and an adult training scheme has been introduced. In all industries there are too few apprentices. In part, this is a legacy of the low birth rate of the middle thirties, but there is also a disturbing drift of young people into highly paid "dead-end" jobs.

Immediate repercussions from the wage increases occurred in the federal

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and state public services, and salaried officers received substantial pay raises. The increases for professional and clerical employees in the federal government ranged up to \$2000 per year, and these were later increased to a maximum of \$4151 per year. An appeal by the Federal Public Service Board against this later award is now being heard.

Meanwhile, the parliament granted increases ranging from \$1567 to \$6716 per year to federal judges, conciliation commissioners, and top-ranking public servants, whose salaries are not subject to arbitration. Similar action was taken in most states, and some state parliamentary salaries have also been increased.

In secondary industry, pay raises have added from 1 to 10 per cent to costs of production, and increases in already large handling and transport charges are swelling the cumulative effects. Unfortunately the wage adjustments contain self-renewing elements.

Agitation for "wage justice"

Rising prices—chiefly, although not entirely, due to wage increases—and the psychological effect of steep salary increases in higher incomes have accelerated rank-and-file agitation for "wage justice." Already employees in some states have obtained basic wage increases and the restoration of quarterly cost-of-living adjustments. The Australian Council of Trade Unions, the governing body of Australian trade unionism, has decided to apply to the Federal Arbitration Court for a general wage increase and restored quarterly adjustments for the whole country. It feels it can marshal strong arguments to support its case.

Industry, for its part, despite some instances of high profit margins, claims inability to absorb widespread wage increases and points to undeniable evidence of absenteeism, negligence, increasing labor turnover, and the whittling down of the 40-hour week which was achieved in 1947.

In two years from November, 1950, the basic wage rose from \$15.90 to \$25.90 per week. As each pay raise was based on cost-of-living increases over the previous three months, rising wages both trailed prices and generated new increases.

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DONALD B. SNYDER,
(Signature of publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September 1955.

[SEAL] Nathan B. Lincoln, Notary Public
(My commission expires February 9, 1956)

Action by the federal government in 1951 and early 1952 to halt inflation, and the subsequent wage-freeze, nevertheless left Australia with a formidable cost structure and high prices. Despite some improvement since then in rates of production, most unit costs are high in comparison with those of overseas trade competitors. Now the wage-cost-price spiral is turning again.

The people spend

Full employment, high incomes, and a rising standard of living have prompted personal spending on a scale which is drawing manpower and resources away from developmental projects. Demand is helping to push up prices, and production of consumer goods is retarding the defense program.

In 1954-55, \$5.1 billion was paid in wages, salaries, and allowances. Personal income of all kinds totaled \$8.5 billion — a rise of \$351.5 million over the previous year. Personal savings fell by \$179.1 million to \$584.3 million, and installment buying during the year reached \$342.8 million. Actual expenditure on all forms of personal consumption was \$6 billion.

Australian retail trade has a flourishing annual turnover of about \$5.5 billion. The recent affiliation of America's largest chain-store and mail-order organization with an Australian retail trading company may herald the introduction of trading techniques which could help to reduce the frequently generous margins between factory cost of goods and cost to the consumer.

Government puts on the brakes

In September, in an effort to secure voluntary coöperation in subduing the dangerous overbuoyancy of the economy, Prime Minister R. G. Menzies held a series of conferences with representatives from financial institutions, commerce, industry, and trade unions. He later made a comprehensive statement to the federal parliament on Australia's financial position, both internally and in regard to its international payments, and outlined measures being taken to bring the economy into balance. Bank credit has been tightened, additional import restrictions have been imposed, and the more important companies that sell on credit have agreed to increase the amount of minimum

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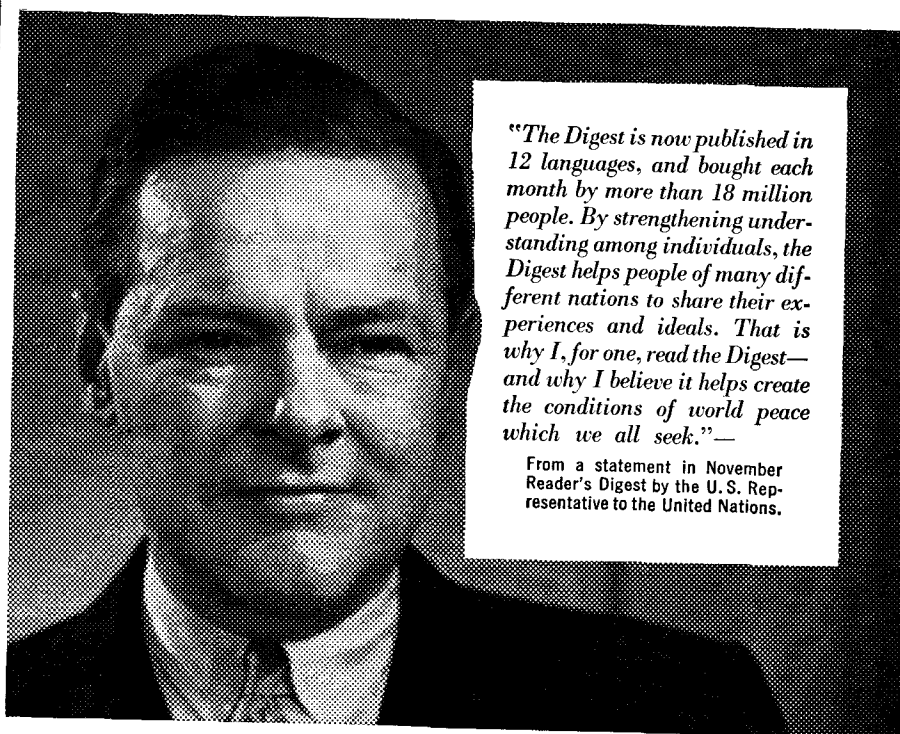
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Estimated expenditure on federal public works has been cut by 10 per cent, the level of departmental imports has been reduced, and proposals for increases in federal parliamentary salaries have been deferred. The Prime Minister appealed to the nation for "wide and wise" coöperation. It is estimated that an over-all reduction of 6 per cent in expenditure, both public and private, would arrest the economic drift.

The Prime Minister asserted emphatically that there would be no depreciation of the Australian pound, and said that if necessary the government would use fiscal or other measures to ensure that the country's international payments would be in balance by June, 1956. It is certain, however, if prosperity can be maintained, that strong demand for consumer goods will continue. Inflationary pressures could even increase as national stocks are depleted. Stocks were built up during the last financial year by \$268 million, but they are well below the level of early 1952 when a period of stringent import restrictions began.

Restricting imports

In 1954-55 the cost of Australia's imports exceeded her export income by \$387 million. The total trade deficit on July 1, 1955, was \$573 million. It is calculated that the present restriction, when fully effective, will reduce imports to a level of about \$1 billion per year.

The great bulk of imports represents the requirements of local industry in the form of capital equipment, raw and semi-processed materials. For some time conflicting interests have debated whether, in view of Australia's urgent need for development — which is also a strategic need, and greatly in the interests of the Western world — the government is justified in expecting the country's expansion to be financed largely out of current earnings.

New inflow in 1954-55 from public authority borrowings abroad was \$62 million, and incoming private overseas funds together with some undistributed profits to overseas investors totaled about \$223 million. Gross private investment during the year

was \$1.8 billion; \$286 million was raised in new capital issues.

A substantial increase in Australia's foreign debt service, at present only about \$45 million per year, could become an embarrassment unless the country's trade showed at least comparable expansion. In the last financial year Australia's international exchange reserves, held in London, fell by 25 per cent to \$958 million.

In June, 1951, Australia's London reserves were \$1 billion. For the third time since 1949, balance-of-payment difficulties have caused the federal government to apply to the International Monetary Fund for a small, short-term dollar loan. The two previous loans, totaling \$50 million, have been repaid.

An illustration of possible difficulty associated with private investment from abroad was provided recently by an automobile manufacturing company whose net profit last year was \$22 million — an Australian record. A dividend of 260 per cent — \$10 million — remitted to its parent company in America absorbed nearly 7 per cent of Australia's total dollar earnings for the year.

Mixed feelings have greeted the company's announcement of a \$48 million expansion program, to be financed from plowed-back profits, which is scheduled for completion by 1958. Nevertheless, the increasing manufacture in Australia of automobiles and their components by this and other companies lightens the country's import bill. This particular company has already begun exporting its products, and its highly efficient plant has potential defense value.

Federal elections will be held in Australia within the next few months. Elections for the House of Representatives — not due until 1957 — are certain to be brought forward to coincide with Senate elections, which must be held before the end of next June. The Labor Party is still bitterly divided, and the federal government, a Liberal-Country Party coalition, is confident of being returned to office. However, if it is to keep control of the Senate, only half of which retires, the Liberal-Country Party team must win in every state. Failure in this almost impossible task could result in legislation becoming deadlocked.



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Science and Industry

IN SCIENCE, as elsewhere, news that makes headlines often gives a one-sided picture of events. Electronic brains and awesome atomic forces are only a small part of what interests scientists. The tang of a juicy apple, the fresh sweetness of a pear, the green fountain of an elm flowing high over a village street — these too are their professional concern.

It doesn't take a scientist to know that apples in a city market aren't what they used to be out on the farm. Struggling with blights and pests that can turn a season's work into red ink, orchardists have naturally concentrated on disease-resistant varieties, with the result that only a couple of dozen of the 2000-odd kinds of apple are commercially grown today. Much of the blame can be placed on fireblight, a bacterial infection that attacks blossoms and young fruit, leaving the trees withered and brown as if scorched by flame.

Pears are even more susceptible to fireblight than apples. To avoid the disease, U.S. commercial pear-growing has been limited to a few areas and a relatively few varieties.

Medicine for fruit trees

Today antibiotics that have produced miraculous results in medicine are being put to work to help fruit and vegetable growers fight fireblight and other bacterial diseases that have cost them millions of dollars.

So far, streptomycin has proved the most useful antibiotic for the plant pathologist. Used on apple trees at the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station, a streptomycin spray cut fireblight infection of blossoms to 2 per cent as compared with 83 per cent on unsprayed trees. Tests with a streptomycin-Terramycin compound in Missouri also gave dramatic results.

Antibiotic sprays have been equally effective in protecting pear trees against fireblight. In spray tests in Marysville, California, a streptomycin-Terramycin combination cut the rate from nine areas of infection per tree to one for every six trees. It is hoped that the drugs will make it possible to

resume pear-growing in the East, where the more humid climate makes the trees extremely vulnerable to fireblight. In both apples and pears, the antibiotics control the disease at the blossom stage.

Walnut blight has been successfully attacked, and streptomycin is the first product to combat the halo blight in beans. The tobacco blue mold fungus, bacterial wilt of chrysanthemums, and bacterial spot in pepper and tomato plants have all yielded to streptomycin either alone or in combination with Terramycin. Encouraged by these results, Charles Pfizer & Company, manufacturing chemists, have put on the market a commercial mixture of streptomycin and Terramycin called Agri-mycin 100.

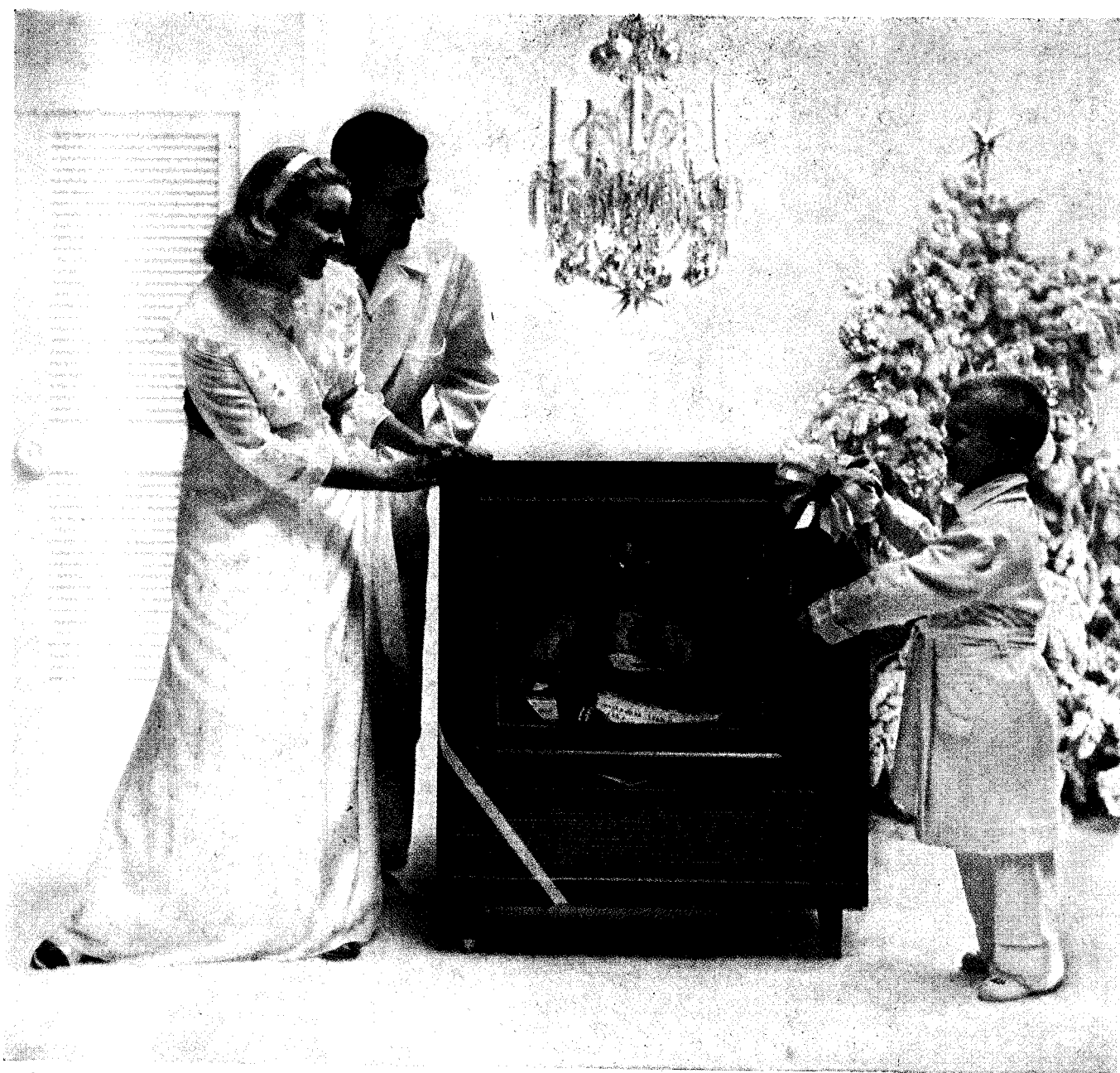
Cost is likely to be the deciding factor in how widely antibiotics will be used in agriculture. They are more expensive than conventional sprays, but much smaller quantities are needed. The cost of antibiotics has already dropped sharply in the past few years, and development of a mass agricultural market should reduce them further.

Meanwhile scientists are experimenting with other antibiotics. The potentialities of musarin for treatment of the dreaded Panama disease of bananas is under test. Cycloheximide, or Acti-dione, is being tried experimentally on such plant diseases as powdery mildew, cherry leaf spot, rust of mint, and turf diseases. Cycloheximide, a fungicide, is produced by the same soil fungus that elaborates streptomycin.

Spraying has proved to be the most effective application method for antibiotics. Since some antibiotics are produced by soil organisms, however, attempts are also being made to use them on plants by introducing the manufacturing organisms into the ground, in the hope that they will make antibiotics on the spot. So far, artificially introduced organisms haven't produced enough residual antibiotic in the soil to be detected.

Preventing food spoilage

Other experimenters are trying to learn whether antibiotics can stimulate plant growth. The use of antibiotics in the prevention of food spoilage is also



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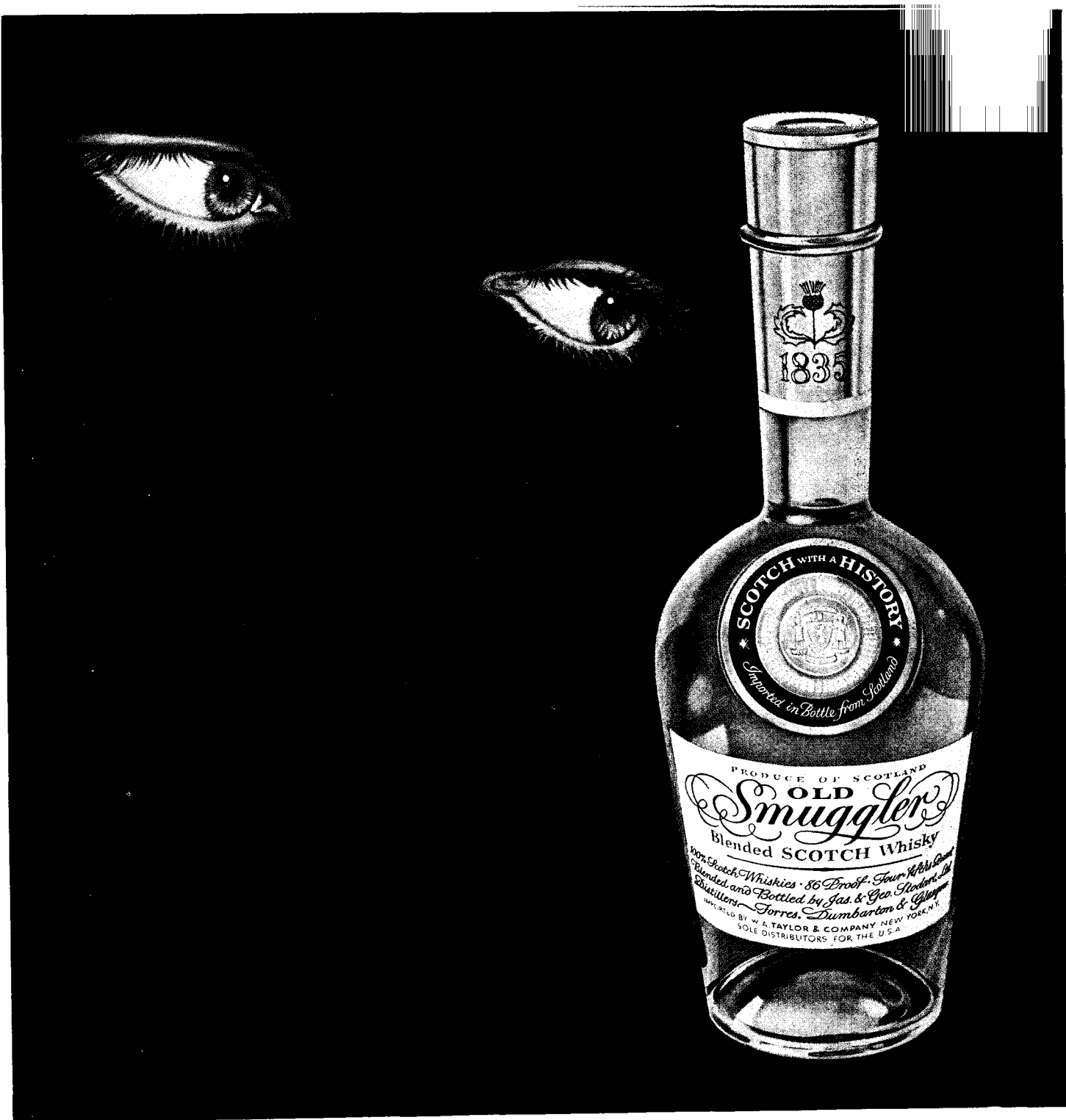
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SCOTCH with a History

being studied. Some foods, such as meat, are injected with the antibiotic; others are dipped into weak solutions. Antibiotic solutions are even experimentally frozen into the ice in which sea food is preserved.

There is discussion of the possible use of antibiotics as insecticides. Antibiotic insecticides would be useful, since they might simultaneously kill off the pests and help to protect a food from spoilage.

There is a particular appropriateness about the agricultural uses of streptomycin and other antibiotics, for their discovery owes a great deal to the work of agricultural scientists. Dr. Selman A. Waksman, who won the 1952 Nobel Prize as codiscoverer of streptomycin, was trained as a soil microbiologist, and did his work at the College of Agriculture of Rutgers University.

The emphasis on the dramatic results obtained in medicine has delayed the experimental use of the antibiotics elsewhere, as did their high cost and limited availability for some years. When agricultural research did begin, the initial results were unfavorable — partly because of poor formulation for protection of the plant.

Dutch elm disease

In their study of antibiotics, the agricultural scientists have learned that these chemicals are absorbed and transported within the plant. This action of the antibiotics reflects a quiet revolution in treating plant diseases. Until recently, treatment centered on external pests — insects or fungi. Now, however, pathologists are learning how to fight certain internal diseases — those caused by bacteria or viruses — by systemic treatment: giving the plant "medicine" that operates through the plant's own distributing system.

At the College of Agriculture of the University of Rhode Island, this approach is now being used in a vigorous attack on the dreaded Dutch elm disease. To date there have been some notable successes but also some disappointing failures. The research scientists are not yet willing to commit themselves, but the more hopeful among them are of the opinion that they are on the track of a preventive for the disease that threatens to de-

stroy America's most beautiful shade tree.

Introduced from Europe on the eastern seaboard of the United States in 1930, the Dutch elm disease has now spread well into New England and across the Middle West as far as Missouri.

It is a complicated ailment. Spores of a fungus are carried from tree to tree by a beetle that lays its eggs under the bark. In each victim the fungus starts growing in the water-carrying tissues. The villain, however, is not the fungus itself but a still unidentified toxic substance that the fungus gives off as part of its metabolic operation. One guess is that the "toxin" is some sort of enzyme that breaks off molecular fragments from the cell walls of the surrounding tissue. These fragments form microscopic "log jams" that block the tree's circulating system.

Rhode Island experiments

Established treatment has involved either the ruthless destruction of diseased trees — which has retarded but not halted the spread — or in-

secticide sprays to destroy the beetles which carry the disease.

Now the pathologists at the University of Rhode Island are concentrating on the systemic approach, using a drug made by American Cyanamid, called sodium 4,5-dimethyl-2-thiazolylmercaptoacetate. Just how it works is still uncertain, but apparently in some way the chemical makes the cells of the tree more resistant to the toxic material produced by the fungus. It can be applied in several ways, but the most effective is injection into a series of holes drilled at an angle so as to reach the sapwood and spiraled so as not to ring the tree.

Sodium 4,5, etc., was first tried in the field on a relatively small number of trees in the summer of 1953. Young elms were treated with the chemical, then inoculated with Dutch elm disease fungus. Severity of the disease was reduced by 90 per cent. On the basis of this outstanding success a patent was obtained. But a larger test in the summer of 1954 was disappointing. Further trials during the past summer indicate that time of application with regard to the growth



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activity of the elm may determine its
effectiveness.

What went wrong with the treat-
ment between 1953 and 1954? There
are two theories. Impurities since
discovered in a fresh supply of the
drug used in 1954, and in part of the
1955 treatments, may have made it
ineffective. If so, it is a relatively
simple matter to improve the manu-
facturing process. Some pathologists
feel, however, that time of treatment,
progress of the disease, and the age
and general health of the tree can all
affect the outcome. If they are right,
a long period of field trials under
a wide variety of conditions lies
ahead.

The Rhode Island researchers are
encouraged that some 150 campus
elms treated with the chemical have
all remained healthy, although Dutch
elm disease now kills 2 per cent of
Rhode Island's elms each year. Dr.
Frank L. Howard, in charge of plant
pathology at Rhode Island, believes
that if the treatment is perfected to
the point where it consistently cuts
the kill by 80 or 90 per cent, Dutch
elm disease will no longer be a major
menace. The cost of treatment, based
on experience with the University's
trees, would probably run about \$5 a
tree, mostly for the hole-drilling, plus
\$2 for an annual booster shot.

Two other tree diseases, oak wilt
and maple wilt, are also caused by
"toxins" resulting from infection by
various internal fungi. If Rhode Is-
land's Dutch elm research is ulti-
mately successful, it may well point
the way to effective treatment for
these destructive wilts as well.

Picture on tape

Cartoonists, notably conservative
in their choice of symbols, still use
the old-fashioned tin-man robot as
the personification of advanced tech-
nology. In this electronic age a more
appropriate symbol would be a long
piece of plastic tape. Because tape
coated with iron oxide can store elec-
tronic signals and reproduce them on
demand, engineers have given it scores
of jobs, from recording concerts to
running huge machine tools.

A whole new area of application has
opened up with tape that records not
only sounds but sights. In television,
a visual image is transformed into a
series of electronic impulses; now these

impulses can be stored indefinitely and turned back to visual form — through a television receiver — as often as desired.

The picture can be recorded in black and white or color, just as in conventional photography. In fact, General Sarnoff, head of the Radio Corporation of America, has aptly named the process "electronic photography." It is the first real rival to conventional — or chemical — photography since Daguerre.

RCA is one of several companies working on the tape recording of video signals. So far as information has been made public, it is the furthest along. For several months now a portion of every NBC color telecast has been taped on an RCA experimental recorder. On the basis of this practical field test, RCA engineers expect soon to turn to the design of a production model to be sold commercially.

These first models will go to commercial TV studios to record programs — particularly color — for later telecast. This first application of the new process won't mean much to most TV viewers, since studios can already do essentially the same thing by aiming a movie camera at the screen of a monitor receiver.

To the telecaster, tape offers many advantages. Every time a picture is changed back and forth between an electronic and a chemical image, some of the quality is lost. At the same time, developing and printing photographic film is time-consuming and sometimes hazardous, particularly with color. The tape will eliminate the danger of damage to the recording, and permit it to be used at once. While tape costs initially more than film, it is cheaper for the studio since it can be wiped off and used over and over again.

TV recorders for the home

For the general public, real interest in video recording will come when simplified design and quantity production bring the cost of a tape recorder down to a level where an amateur can afford it. It will then be possible for anyone with a video recorder to make a permanent record of a telecast. Immediate playback without processing will be possible, and the tape can be used many times

Why Catholics Believe As They Do

People on the outside often wonder why Catholics keep "running" to church.

And many of them erroneously conclude that this devotion is prompted by fear rather than faith, and by a sense of obligation rather than a spirit of piety and zeal.

"Catholics," they have heard it said, "go to church because they are obliged to do so. The priests keep telling them it is a sin if they don't... that they risk eternal damnation if they don't obey the Church. Catholicism is a religion of fear."

It may be possible to "fool all of the people some of the time." But is it not unbelievable that literally *billions* of people could have been deceived over a period of nearly 2,000 years? Could Catholicism have held the loyalty of eminent philosophers, scientists and other intellectuals down through the centuries if all it offered was a doctrine of fear and superstition?

No, your Catholic neighbor does not go to Mass and Confession and participate in other religious devotions merely because of an obligation imposed by the Church. It is, he believes, an obligation imposed upon him by God; and it isn't fear, but the desire to serve God that prompts his religious life.

Religion to a Catholic is not merely a worthy and virtuous activity. It is an absolute duty. It is, we believe, the means provided by God for the fulfillment of the God-given purpose of our lives. It is the channel through which we acknowledge our utter dependence upon God, and by means of which we give expression to our love, faith and gratitude.

Catholics believe further that we must honor God in the way revealed through



his true Son, Jesus Christ, Who commanded that we "...hear the Church." We believe that Christ established the Catholic Church and that it bears all the distinguishing marks which Christ said His Church would bear. We accept the teachings of the Catholic Church, therefore, because we believe that it is Christ's Church. It isn't fear or superstition that impels us to do this, but clear historical fact and our own reason and intelligence.

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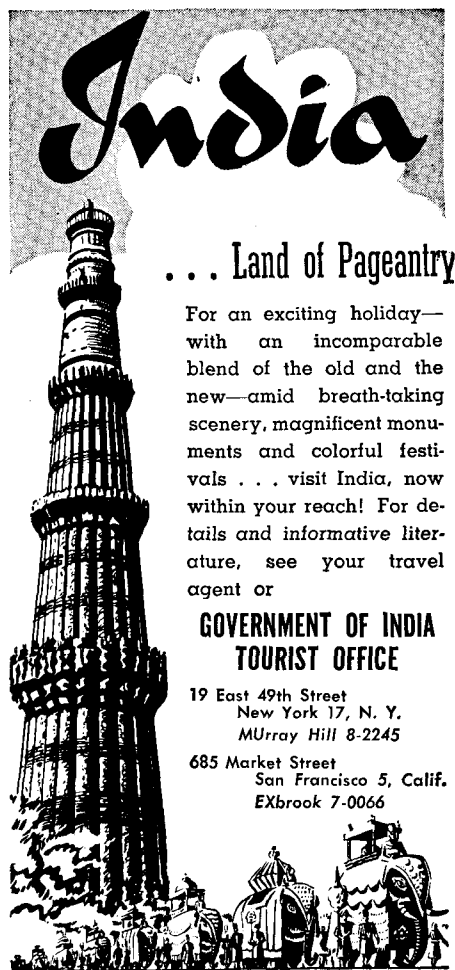
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with little or no loss of quality, then wiped clean for reuse when the owner finally gets tired of the particular program.

Judging from what has happened with audio tape recordings, collectors will gather a whole library of favorite telecasts and swap or sell each other duplicates.

Conceivably, it may someday be possible to purchase commercially recorded tapes of plays and operas that can be seen on the screen of the home TV set. In this case, however, duplicating tapes in large quantities presents certain manufacturing problems.

One interesting possibility is the development of a complete system for making home movies electronically. There are already lightweight, highly sensitive television cameras on the market nearly as low in bulk and price as the fancier amateur movie cameras. Combining one of these baby TV cameras with a video recorder would make it possible to take motion pictures that need no processing. Any TV receiver would serve as a "projector."

Right now, these small TV cameras are finding wide use in closed television circuits for schools, business, and industry. Here the tape recorders can be used to keep permanent records of everything on the circuit.

One field to which electronic photography may not apply is commercial movie-making. Hollywood makes movies in the cutting room. It is hard to edit tape-recorded pictures because of the high speed at which the tape moves, although this difficulty is not insoluble. For TV newsreels, the time saved by the elimination of film processing may more than compensate for cutting problems.

Successful recording of a video signal on a half-inch strip of plastic is a noteworthy achievement on the part of RCA's engineers. An ordinary sound tape holds a single electronic signal with a frequency range up to 20,000 cycles a second. In contrast, a color TV recording tape must hold not one but six sets of signals, and three of these sets must cover a range of frequencies up to 4 million a second—or 200 times as much as the single audio signal on sound tape.

RCA engineers have achieved this miracle of compression in part by an improved recording head, in part by speeding up the tape movement to 200 inches a second. This high speed has required, in turn, new mechanical designs to make the tape wind and unwind at an exact speed, inasmuch as even a minor fluctuation distorts the picture.

"Natural" rubber

Announcement by Goodrich-Gulf research chemists that they have succeeded in synthesizing natural rubber has aroused great interest among their professional colleagues. Goodrich-Gulf has told little about the process, presumably waiting until it has thoroughly explored the subject in order to secure full patent protection.

The industrial benefits of a synthetic natural rubber appear limited. The synthetic rubberlike substances already in use—the elastomers that the public knows as "synthetic rubber"—together with the relatively low cost of natural rubber, indicate a small peacetime demand for synthetic natural rubber. What interests the chemists, however, is the hint the discovery gives that it may be possible to produce synthetically some of the other giant molecules, including those involved in the creation of living matter from inert minerals.

True rubber is a natural polymer, one of a group of molecules that includes such vital substances as proteins and starches. While artificial polymers such as Dacron and plastics can be made by man, until now no naturally occurring polymers have been synthesized. Scientists are particularly eager to find ways to synthesize the proteins—especially those proteins that act as catalysts in all biochemical processes: the enzymes. It is the enzymes that bring about the processes that make life possible. If chemists are ever able to make an enzyme synthetically, they will then try to synthesize one that will reproduce itself. If that occurs, man will have pried into the original mystery: the creation of living cells out of inanimate molecules.

There are a lot of ifs ahead. But the synthesis of natural rubber changes the whole climate of this research, since it was previously felt that any attempt to synthesize a natural polymer was hopeless.



An Atlantic Public Interest Advertisement

There is tumult in transportation circles today arising out of proposals by a Cabinet Advisory Committee recommending major changes in national transportation policy. Only the railroads, among all forms of transport, are actively campaigning for these recommendations which are the outcome of a request made by them. Here is the viewpoint on competition in transport held by a leader in one of the newer forms of transportation.

COMPETITION IN TRANSPORTATION

by NEIL J. CURRY

Chairman, American Trucking Associations, Inc.

As early as 1904 railroads had established a speed record of 115.2 miles per hour. There it remained until 1934, thirty years later, when the Union Pacific achieved the current accepted record of 120 miles per hour for passenger trains. Between 1928 and 1936 the speed of freight trains, not as a record but on the whole, increased 22 per cent.

The significance of these figures is obvious. Not until the auto and airplane became factors in passenger transportation and motor trucks became significant in freight hauling, did the rails have the spur to compel improved performance.

One of the twin gods to which, figuratively, American business builds altars is competition. The other is maximum freedom of action, a notable national credo in all fields of activity, interpreted in business to mean dislike of all but the most essential governmental restraints.

The ideal climate in agriculture, industry and commerce, from the standpoint of the entrepreneur, would be one in which ownership operating through management would have maximum power and discretion to solve any and all problems which arise. Such, at least, would be the impulsive reaction of the entrepreneur, suddenly confronted with an opportunity to state the terms under which he would prefer to function.

Historically, the invasion of the field of management discretion by local, state and federal agencies has seldom been achieved without resistance of varying intensity, whether in the areas of health, insurance and welfare, marketing and trade prac-

tices or labor relations. Each such overlay of ordinances, rules, regulations or statutes has seemed to some segments of management a handicap which was unwarranted or costly or an impediment to full development of potential.

Transportation is "Public" Business

What I have been saying is particularly, but not exclusively, applicable to so-called "private" business. Economists recognize the essential difference between a private business, which is one whose activities reflect impact on a relatively limited number of people or a limited area of the economy and a "public" business, if I may use that term, whose operations cut across the whole economy.

An example of a "private" business might be a television manufacturer. However excellent his product, its purchase by anyone is optional, both as to his particular brand of television and as to television as a whole. An example of a "public" business would be an electric light and power company since it would be difficult if not impossible to operate our economy without that facility.

Despite the "private" nature of the great bulk of American agricultural, industrial and commercial activity there has been a steady trend toward intervention in its operation by government, based on the theory that the public interest can be and is affected by the cumulative or total result of certain practices in business or agriculture, indulged in by otherwise "private" business or farming.

In spite of the vigorous devotion which our people as citizens and as entrepreneurs pay to the



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cult of independence, there is wide acceptance of the necessity and the value of such intervention on behalf of the public — even in private business. For example, whatever may be said about the cost impact of a federal minimum wage law and whatever may be the various opinions as to what that minimum should be, few would disagree with the protective features of such a law both for the worker and for the businessman. The latter knows with certainty at least the minimum terms of the labor cost going into a competitive product or service anywhere in the country.

One of the earliest and most favorably accepted regulatory concepts in American history is that of the regulated public utility. Public control and supervision of the rates and service of certain essential public services long ago passed out of the area of argument. Despite a deep-seated repugnance to monopoly in almost any form, the American people have welcomed and approved the legal creation of certain monopolies when it became evident that only by such device could required services be performed. Telephone service, light and power and local transportation are obvious examples. Public supervision and control as well as the wisdom of management keep these actual or semi-monopolies benevolent.

Public Protected Through Regulation

Against this background of concept and trend of regulation of private and public business, there is about to be fought before the Congress a battle to change the terms under which one public business, interstate transportation of people and property, now operates. In this impending conflict of forces, the battle lines are drawn with railroads on one side and ranged against them all other forms of transportation. Small and large businessmen, farm groups and some communities as a whole can also be expected to oppose the changes.

There should be the widest possible understanding of the issues at stake since transportation is the handmaiden of agriculture, industry and commerce. The final result of this conflict will have a controlling effect upon our economy — there is little disagreement on this point.

In summary, the railroads say this: Our regulation was created when we were a monopoly and there was no significant alternative public transportation of freight or people. That regulation is obsolete today when competition is found on all sides. More than that, we are bound by terms of regulation — our competitors are not. Worse still,

we are unable to exercise managerial discretion in fixing our rates in line with our true ability to serve the shipper because the Interstate Commerce Commission now has authority to supersede our judgment. Finally, some of our competitors are actually subsidized by government while we pay the full cost of our operations.

I believe that the above is a fair and accurate statement of the railroad case for a change in terms of federal regulation.

It is difficult to see how anyone reading that statement, and assuming it to be an accurate reflection of prevailing circumstances, could quarrel with proposals to effect some remedy.

Railroad Claims Require Examination

Unfortunately the railroad claims will not stand even perfunctory scrutiny and what is even more unfortunate for the country, their proposals to cure the assumed situation would produce results even more damaging to our economy than their own alleged plight produces.

How accurate is their appraisal?

Convincing proof is afforded in the record of the Cullan Hearings in 1885 prior to enactment of the ACT to Regulate Interstate Commerce, that it was cut-throat competition *between* railroads rather than monopoly which resulted in regulation. Charles Francis Adams, then president of the Union Pacific was one of many who testified before the Senate committee. Speaking of the dreadful consequences of widespread rate wars *between railroads*, he said:

“Railroad competition, as necessarily practiced, causes for the time being the wildest discrimination and utmost individual hardship. That is, under its operation, you will always find certain points when there is a war of rates going on, which have enormous advantages conferred upon them, which advantages are not and cannot be extended to other points.

“The point, therefore, which is not influenced by the war of rates suffers terribly. Its business is destroyed. How the business community, under the full working of railroad competition, can carry on its affairs, I cannot understand. I had not been able to understand it before I became president of a railroad and I cannot understand it now. The businessman never knows what railroad rates are going to be at other places, or at different



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times. He cannot sit down and say, 'I can count upon such a transportation rate for such a period of time and make my arrangements accordingly.' He has to say, 'I cannot tell today what the transportation rate is going to be tomorrow, either for me or for my competitor.' This must be so just as long as uncontrolled competition exists. It cannot be avoided."

It was in response to precisely those disruptive conditions, and with the farmers joining the business community in its demand for regulation of transportation, that the Interstate Commerce Commission was created. As successively newer modes of transport came into being — airlines, truck lines, bus lines — they were brought under federal regulation.

Is present regulation obsolete as the railroads claim? •

Speaking before the annual meeting of the Association of Interstate Commerce Practitioners in May 1955, the Honorable Kenneth H. Tuggle, member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, disposed completely of that contention in these words:

"More and more frequently it has been publicized that government restraint upon public carriers was initially imposed in 1887, and the impression is conveyed to the uninformed that such regulations have remained static and unchanged for sixty-eight years. Nothing is farther from the truth.

"The original law covered rail carriers, but Parts II, III and IV have been added; and Part I (railroads) alone has been amended 144 times by Congress in order to keep regulation in step with the progress of transportation. In the last annual report of the Commission to Congress, it recommended twenty-one specific changes based upon experience with current problems."

Where is Today's Railroad Competition?

When the railroads say they are bound by regulation and their competitors are not, they give the impression of competitors running free. To understand what they mean — not what they imply — one must understand the whole picture of transport. Those public carriers by airline, truck, bus, waterway and pipeline who are in the business of transportation as are the railroads, are regulated just as comprehensively as are the railroads — and in the case of trucks, more so.

But the railroads — and all other public carriers — actually *do* compete with unregulated carriers. Before you quickly say "Let's bring them under regulation — these unregulated carriers," you should know who and what they are.

Your own private automobile is the most costly and troublesome competition facing the regulated railroads — and it competes, too, with regulated bus lines and airlines. So does every other one of the 46,000,000 automobiles in America. Furthermore, trucks which carry their owners' own goods — farmers for example hauling into market or business houses hauling between plants, or stores hauling from warehouses downtown to retail outlets — these are all unregulated in the sense that railroads or for-hire truck lines are regulated.

No one has yet devised a means of regulating the travel of your automobile as railroad movement is regulated, and no one has yet discovered how to surround with transportation regulations a man carrying his own goods in his own vehicle. Such private carriage accounts for 85 per cent of all the trucks registered. Such automobile travel amounts to 500 billion or half-a-trillion miles a year.

That's what the railroads factually mean (but not inferentially) when they talk about unregulated competition. They would like to do something about it if they could get around the Constitutional right of every man to move his own goods and his own person as he sees fit — subject only to the requirements of public safety.

Railroads Can Set Rates Now

As to fixing rates. Railroads and all regulated carriers *now* have the right to set their own rates. A railroad wishing to post a new rate files it with the I.C.C. If there is no protest, the rate becomes effective in thirty days. If protested, it goes to public hearing and is subject to possible suspension by the Commission.

The regulatory body applies certain basic tests, as a result of the hearing. It takes into account such factors as whether or not the rate is fair and reasonably compensatory to the carrier; whether it has been put in below actual cost merely to harm a competitor; what its effect will be on the rest of the rate structure (rates charged by carriers for hauling other items); whether the proposed rate will prove harmful to business or agriculture in other areas; and similar considerations. If the proposal meets these tests — all of them applied



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in the public interest by an impartial body — the rate goes into effect. If it fails to meet them, the rate is suspended indefinitely. That process the railroads consider an invasion of their managerial discretion. It is the same process, in principle, by which public utility rates of all kinds are established.

As to competitors being subsidized, I shall speak only for trucks. This subject was the target of exhaustive study by the late Joseph B. Eastman, acting as Federal Co-Ordinator of Transportation. There is a wide field of subjective opinion as to what is the truck's share of highway costs. Mr. Eastman believed that this fair share could be arrived at by first discovering what highways would cost if there were no trucks, then assigning to trucks their proportionate share of that basic cost *plus all additional costs of construction and maintenance made necessary by the specific weight or other requirements of trucks using highways*. Using this yardstick, he found that trucks actually pay more than their share, particularly the big trucks. In most states these big trucks now pay thirty to forty and more times as much as a passenger car in annual taxes. Most people would agree that this is a substantial difference . . . enough to accommodate their highway use.

What are the railroads asking Congress to do?

They want the National Transportation Policy law changed and present, court-tested language which protects the inherent advantage of each form of transport altered or removed. They want the rate control power of the I.C.C. limited to approval of minimum or maximum rates. If the proposed minimum rate met merely the actual

cost of performing the specific service, hauling the weight the distance with no overhead cost or profit involved, the I.C.C. would have no option but to approve it. On the maximum side, the proposal would set no ceiling beyond fair and reasonable, but it would specifically prevent the I.C.C. from ever forcing or compelling a maximum rate any less than the full cost of performing the service, including all overhead and profit. In the vast area in between, the area of competition, no public power would exist to prevent a cut-throat rate war of the kind mentioned by Mr. Adams back in 1885.

I have referred throughout to the forthcoming proposals as "railroad proposals." That is what they are. But they have the prestige behind them of Cabinet Committee recommendations. They were actually developed by a group of non-government people, assigned the task by the Cabinet Committee. This group held no public hearings, did not consult with people or organizations in air, water, highway or pipeline transport — held no conversations or consultations with staff or officials in any of the present federal or state bodies regulating transport.

Because transportation rates represent the power of economic life or death over communities, commodities and business and agricultural enterprises, as graphically proven once before prior to regulation, the Congress will give intensive study to these "recommendations."

Such study will benefit immensely from public comment and it is sincerely to be hoped that citizens devoted to our national welfare will give this proposal the attention its importance deserves.



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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Dylan Thomas in Wales"

SIR:

There have been, and certainly will be, greater and lesser poets than Dylan Thomas, but none more cruelly betrayed by friend and publisher than he, in John Malcolm Brinnin's article, "Dylan Thomas in Wales," in the October *Atlantic*.

Shamelessly undraping the private life of Thomas, whose poems were written "for the love of man and in praise of God," Mr. Brinnin only reveals himself in the sickening spectacle of a disloyal friend, and the *Atlantic* in the pharisaical attitude of washing its hands very legally in Mrs. Thomas's permission to publish the manuscript.

I think all of us owe an apology to the memory of this man who is no longer able to defend himself, and a full measure of compassion, understanding, and silence to the members of his living family, who should not be called upon to defend him under circumstances such as these.

MRS. EMBERT W. PETERSON
South Natick, Mass.

SIR:

Reading John Brinnin on "Dylan Thomas in Wales" is like seeing a magnificent picture of wondrous color in black and white.

It is a very interesting description. Yet the few brief, decisive words of Mrs. Thomas tell me much more than Brinnin's entire narrative, even though they belie to an extent Brinnin's positive factual representation of her as a woman who has divorced the art and finds herself left with the artist instead of the man. I suppose this actually illustrates her point that

Brinnin observed only one shovelful "of overloaded feeling."

LORNE COUTTS
Toronto, Ont., Canada

SIR:

After thirty years of loyalty to the *Atlantic* it is with regret that I must write protesting your recent article on Dylan Thomas by John Brinnin.

It will be a long time before those of us who value Dylan Thomas as a major modern poet will get a clear picture of the man behind the work. Obviously he was a much disturbed person with certain weaknesses that proved fatal to him but, fortunately, not to his work. Meanwhile, such articles as John Brinnin's cannot fail to distort the picture of the man and to create a false idea of him and of his family.

OLIVE ECKERSON
Glendale, Calif.

The book from which Mr. Brinnin's account was drawn is a profoundly disturbing one; we realized that from the moment we read it in manuscript. There can be no question of the friendship which existed between Mr. Brinnin and the poet: the letters from Dylan Thomas which will appear in the volume make that touchingly clear. To us the book is not a betrayal of that friendship. I think it goes far to answer the accusation now so prevalent in England that America seduced Dylan Thomas; we find it a true and moving portrayal of a poet under pressure, and the pity of it is that neither Brinnin nor Caitlin nor any of his friends could protect him against the tragedy that engulfed him. — THE EDITOR

College Apron Strings

SIR:

Howard Mumford Jones says it exceedingly well in "Undergraduates on Apron Strings" in the October *Atlantic*. But with the terrible proclivity toward conformity which colleges now display, it needs to be said over and over. Fortunately there are still a few small colleges, of which I am happy to say Goddard is one, that recognize the dangers inherent in the prescribed curriculum. The faculties of these colleges refuse to accept the assumption that the intellectual needs of students are identical and can be met by survey courses in general education. Instead they believe that there are many roads to learning and that no one has yet demonstrated which subjects are most important in the education of men and women.

These colleges insist that the student make the choosing of his program of studies an educative process. Their student counselors ask the students why they are choosing the courses they do, what some of the consequences may be, what their expectations are with reference to their aims, and what alternatives might be chosen. Then, in adult fashion, the student makes his choice and gears himself to enjoy or suffer its consequences.

ROYCE S. PITKIN, *President*
Goddard College
Plainfield, Vt.

SIR:

Because we are forgetting faster than we should the enlightened wisdom of William James, I venture to remind Howard Mumford Jones that it was James rather than Woodrow Wilson who first said that the best

Why does Chrissi's mother cry?

Chrissi, at eight, is a charming little lady, with pretty brown hair and sparkling eyes. She attends school faithfully and is adored by her family. Why, then, should Chrissi's mother cry?

The answer is simple. At night, Chrissi sometimes whimpers with cold and hunger. During the days she must keep active to stay warm. She has no toys, nothing to ease the cruel struggle against privation.

Home for this tragic family is a "space" — not a room — in a refugee camp near Athens. In poverty-ridden Greece, badly torn by war, Communist aggression, earthquakes and the austerity of economic rehabilitation, Chrissi's father earns \$1.00 a day, hardly enough to provide even the most meager subsistence.

Chrissi's family fled Roumania during the Russian occupation in 1950 to start a new life in Greece. Now they are shackled by the chains of poverty. In a country where life is grim and painful, Chrissi's parents can only pray that someone — somewhere — will help their daughter.

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claim a college education can make on our respect is "that it should help you to know a good man when you see him." This was the theme of James's address on "The Social Value of the College-bred," delivered by him on November 7, 1907, and printed in his volume, *Memories and Studies*.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER
Spokane, Wash.

SIR:

Howard Mumford Jones's argument in favor of the free elective system rings true.

When one is pursuing subjects which he desires to study and is enjoying for the first time the adventure of being on his own, college life is one of the purest joys he will ever experience. I deem it little short of a crime to deny this experience to young people who are prepared to enter college.

I found as a student, and later as a professor, that students were competent to evaluate their teachers and the worth of the courses which they gave. Competent professors got plenty of students, and good ones, without its being necessary for their courses to be required for graduation.

CLARENCE L. BENNER, *President*
Continental American Life Insurance Co.
Wilmington, Del.

SIR:

The "exercise in dissent" by Howard Mumford Jones failed to consider the "middle of the road" approach.

A forced general education or a refusal to allow genius to develop in its field does not allow ultimate development of the individual student; but a free elective system bears equally sour fruit. Perhaps it is an innate fault of our American educational system in not giving an adequate liberal education in high school; but whatever the cause, if a free elective system were prevalent today, America would be turning out a mass of specialized recluses unable to converse intelligently with their fellow men on topics of general interest.

As a former student in the college of the University of Chicago, I must agree with Vincent Sheean that one is taught nothing in particular there, and taught it very well. But the education thus gained prepares one to think and to learn more thoroughly and easily, and thus to acquire specific education more readily.

WALTER D. GREENE
2nd Platoon, Sixth Armored Division
Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.



Schools ~ Camps



THAT JOY, JOY, JOY

Can you imagine three twelve-year-old girls painting a red barn and singing "I've Got That Joy, Joy, Joy"? Well, we've seen it, and they did have it.

Summer camp means something different to everyone. It should, for there are many different kinds. Often parents ask us questions like this: "What camp in Vermont would be best for my eight-year-old girl?" They might add: "She wants to sail." But there are hundreds of camps where at least some sailing is taught in or near Vermont. Even the campers painting the red barn could learn sailing along with their work chores. Camp means more than mastering a skill!

To be sure, selecting a camp is no easy job for you or for your child. The choices are many; but after you've met a few directors and read a few catalogs, you'll begin to realize that each camp is a unique operation.

Programs are handled in different ways. There are camps where a child's schedule is made up before the summer, and he goes from arts and crafts to swimming, to riding, to something else. You are assured that he will be exposed to a number of activities and, in most cases, he will accomplish some degree of proficiency in each. There are also camps where the counselor for each skill is at his shop or field, and the camper can select what he wishes to do in each period.

If you are planning on sending your child to camp for the first time next year, or if you are anxious to find a new camp, you will be wise to begin looking early. There are many things to be considered: the director, the counselors, the location, the equipment, the kind of companions your child will have . . . and then the deeper elements of camping — the thinking to which your child will be exposed. Camping teaches a way of life. Your child will have roots in a camp if he goes back year after year to renew his friendships. A summer environment that compliments your own home atmosphere will emphasize the guidance you are giving him. Select carefully — especially if this will be your child's first experience away from home.

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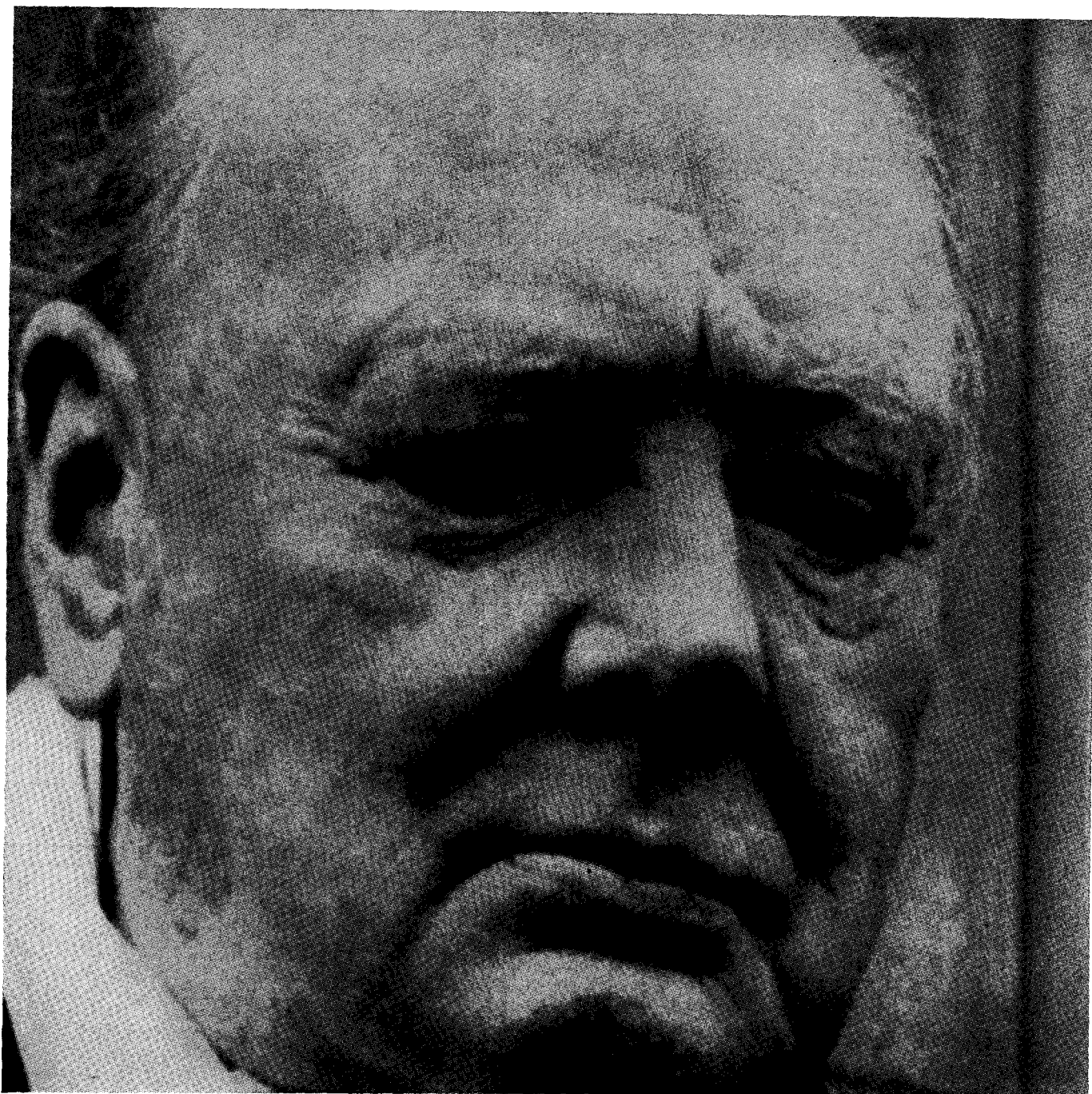
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*An Englishman whose family has lived in India for four generations, JOHN MASTERS was born in Calcutta and observed the family tradition by serving for fourteen years in the British Army, in the course of which he was awarded the DSO. In 1948 he moved to this country and made his first appearance in the Atlantic — “a success,” he says, “which encouraged me to persevere.” With his first novel, *Nightrunners of Bengal*, he took command of a large audience, and each new book thereafter has added to his popularity. This is the first of two installments from *Bugles and a Tiger*, which Viking will publish early in the new year. An autobiographical volume, it is the story of his early years in the Indian Army, and it gives the clue to the writer who was to be.*

BUGLES AND A TIGER

Adventure on India's Frontier

by JOHN MASTERS

THE train rumbled on the iron bridge over the Ravi canal near Pathankot, India, and I started to collect my baggage. The last time I had traveled this route I had been coming to face the terrifying ceremony of being vetted, or approved by ordeal.

When an officer was seconded to the staff or the militia, or something else, or retired altogether from the service, his departure created a vacancy in his regiment. If the regiment had a good reputation, swarms of new officers like myself clamored to fill these vacancies. The Gurkhas had long ago taken the fancy of the British people and press. They and the Sikhs were the only Indian troops the general public in Britain had ever heard of, so Gurkha and Sikh regiments usually had three or four applicants for every vacancy. The regiments made their selections by the good but cruel method of vetting. They invited the candidates, in succession, to spend ten days' leave with them as their guests.

On arrival each young man was placed in charge of the junior subaltern — lieutenants and second lieutenants are subalterns — who took him to military, sporting, and social occasions. Efforts were made to get the candidate drunk, because in *vino* there is *veritas*, and always his behavior was unob-

trusively watched. When the regiment had seen all the applicants, a mess meeting was held, and the colonel asked every officer to give his selections. As a rule the opinions of the subalterns, who might expect to live closest and longest with the new boy, carried the most weight. The colonel, who bore sole responsibility, made the final decision. Sometimes he vetoed a young man approved by the subalterns. More rarely he insisted on taking someone they did not like. In nearly every such case events proved him wrong.

The wings of my luck beat strongly over me when I was vetted in July of 1935. One of India's typically confused religious disputes had been going on for some months in Lahore, the capital of the Punjab. It centered in the destruction by Sikhs of a small Moslem place of worship called the Shadiganj Mosque, which lay in the grounds of a Sikh *gurdwara*, or temple. That July the argument came to the point of serious rioting between the two communities. In India the worst riots flare up early in the monsoon — that is, in July or August — because months of murderous heat have frayed everyone's temper, and because the monsoon itself brings conditions that make it not too uncomfortable to get into the streets and work off ill feeling. In fact,

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it is very nice to be out in the cool rain, throwing bricks.

The Shadiganj affair boiled over while I was being vetted in Bakloh, 140 miles away. The battalion was ordered to Lahore *ek dum* — or, in English, at once. I begged to be allowed to go along. The colonel agreed, and I did my best to make myself useful on the move down and for a day or two in Lahore while the battalion got into position, reconnoitered alarm stations, and dodged flying bottles.

I believe the 4th Gurkhas accepted me only because of this lucky chance. And so this train was taking me at a dignified pace to join James and John, Beetle, Midge and Moke, Bullet, the Boy, and the rest, as an officer of the 4th Prince of Wales's Own Gurkha Rifles.

The broad-gauge railway ends at Pathankot. In the outside world Pathankot is probably known only by those who remember Kipling's story, "The Arrest of Lieutenant Golightly." To us, who used it frequently, it was famous for its station restaurant, where a decrepit staff rigidly adhered, at all seasons and through many years, to the best Indian traditions of catering for travelers. This was only my third passage through the place, but I greeted the familiar dead flies and cobwebs with affection and was happily stuffed full of curry when I set off to find the bus that would take me to Bakloh.

Indian buses were all built on the same lines. On an American chassis — Ford, Chevrolet, G.M., Diamond T. — local carpenters mounted an ill-fitting wooden body, painted the whole in garish colors, and added representations of a few temples, cows, and tigers. On the road the vehicle rattled, squeaked, groaned, and swayed. The cautious traveler never put his finger or his person close to two separate parts because when the bus started they would become moving parts and would pinch him. Beside the driver there was one first-class seat, thinly padded. Behind this was a row of second-class seats. Each consisted of a padded bench with an upright wooden back and five inches of knee room. Next there were two or three rows of plain wooden benches — the third class — with three inches of knee room each and no backs. Behind again was an open space for baggage and merchandise. Here, on cords of wood, sacks of rice, and cans of kerosene, perched the driver's mate, known as the cleaner. On the roof were slats to hold more baggage.

I found my bus in its stable, its tires looking wan. About thirty minutes after the advertised time of departure the Sikh driver appeared and started up the engine. Impatient now, I jumped into the first-class seat — and we were away.

We traveled fifty yards to the bus office and stopped. There seemed to be a hundred people and a thousand cubic feet of baggage to be loaded. After twenty or thirty minutes all was on board, the driver jumped in — and we were away.

We traveled fifty yards and stopped. We filled up with gas. Many of the passengers, who had been hanging on by their nails or bulging through the windows, got out and relieved themselves in the dust. The driver jumped in — and we were away.

We traveled fifty yards, back to the bus office, and stopped. The driver disappeared inside to check his invoices and bills of lading. Our tickets were inspected and three stowaways thrown off. After twenty minutes the driver jumped in — and we were away.

There were only two more stops before we finally did leave the town, one to pick up a goat and another hundred cubic feet of merchandise (charcoal in sacks), and one at the *octroi* post. In all my time in India I never saw a bus driver or anyone else actually pay any *octroi*, but there was an *octroi* post on the outskirts of almost every town, and buses always stopped there. This time the resident tax collector, who was sitting inside with his feet on the table, in the pompous trance of Oriental officialdom, came out and went through a slow-motion routine of inspecting us, our baggage, and the merchandise. Then he waved a finger — and we were away.

We were away through the unspeakable squalor of the outskirts of Pathankot and then on the wide road between the mango trees. The world was green, and little convoys of overloaded donkeys and gaily shawled women walked along the grass verge under the trees. We honked at tongas — built to take three passengers but habitually loaded with eight people and a huge bale of hay — and made them swerve out of the middle of the road. The bus had an electric horn, but it was disconnected to save the battery and to enable the driver to show his virtuosity on the winding mountain road, where one hand perpetually honked at the rubber bulb of the old-fashioned horn and the other changed gear — "Look, no hands!" To the left as the road swung, the forested hills climbed up and up, rolling higher and higher till they disappeared into the hazy surge of the Himalaya. Once a gap in the trees, the line of the road, and the drift of cloud all worked together to unveil an austere, blue-white wall of ice a hundred miles away in the main chain of the greatest mountain mass on earth. A little later we rushed heedlessly under a cliff of conglomerate and the sign guarding it: DRIVE CAREFULLY, LOOKING UPWARDS.

After three hours of terrifying effort, after the radiator had boiled twice and twice been slaked with cold water, after everyone in the back of the bus had been sick many times, we stopped on the edge of a precipice and I got out. This was Tuni Hatti, and I had arrived. There was said to be a truck coming down the three miles from Bakloh to the road junction here. It would (perhaps) arrive in an hour, or (perhaps) two.

"Salaam, sahib," said the driver. The bus roared down a curving slope, the engine switched off,

out of gear, the top load swaying, the paper-thin tires sliding on the loose surface.

I left my bags and boxes beside the road and started walking up the hill. It was hot in the afternoon sun, but trees covered the hillside, and a foot-path wound up through them to Bakloh. I knew the path, for I had hurried down it in July with clattering Gurkhas all round me, on the first stage of the road to the Shadiganj riots.

A thousand feet above the metal road and five hundred feet below the ridge crest I came to the 2nd Battalion's football ground. They had hewn it out of the hill, for there is no level place in Bakloh, and its sides were steeply built up from the valley. Below it, on the left, I saw a rifle range, and on the grassy knoll above the butts, a clump of trees. They were a rare kind of date palm and looked out of place among the pines. An exactly similar clump of the same rare date trees crowned the end of the next spur, three miles up toward Dalhousie. Thick forest covered the next lower spur toward the plains, but on the end of that too, among the trees, was another clump of palms. I sat down to draw breath and to look at the palms. I felt the grip of the same awed fascination that had overtaken me when I first heard the legend about them.

The local hillmen said that these palms marked the line of Alexander the Great's outposts. The clumps were descended from the dates Alexander's soldiers had brought from the banks of the Tigris. Certainly the trees rose in the places any officer would have chosen for an outpost line, and history confirms that this was indeed the farthest limit of Alexander's penetration to the east. I thought: Perhaps a young Macedonian officer climbed this path to inspect his posts. They were strangers here too, and the clangor of their shields on the rock echoed over twenty-two hundred years into my ears.

2

THE officers were at tea. They had been at tea when I came up to be vetted. Midge looked up, said, "Hello, Masters," and went on with his cake, but in a friendly manner. He would have stopped eating cake had it been necessary to assure me of my welcome, or had I been a guest.

Another man, small, tough, young, with bright blue eyes, tightly curled fair hair, and a furrowed brow, leaped to his feet and cried, "Good God, how did you get here? Where are your things? You're early." He looked at his watch with an unbelieving frown, shook it, placed it to his ear, and began to mutter under his breath, "Christ — damn watch. Have some tea."

James Sinclair Henry Fairweather, the next subaltern above me, was off again. He had been deputed to meet me and had forgotten, or had forgotten the time. He frequently did. Everyone else laughed, and after a moment James looked up with

a beautiful shy smile and said, "Oh, well, you're here, anyway."

James bustled off to make sure the local bus picked up my kit from the road junction at Tuni Hatti, where I had left it, and I looked around me.

The Victorian founders of our regiment had built the mess low, of stone, and set it on the edge of the ridge, its front turned to the Himalaya. The Edwardians had glassed in the back veranda, which faced south over the edge of the ridge, toward India. And so, near the end of the century-long dream, we Georgians took our ease there, as on the promenade deck of a moored airship. Beyond the glass, forests and terraced fields dropped steeply away for twenty-five hundred feet, then climbed with the same precipitousness to a ridge two miles distant and only a few hundred feet lower than ours; and so on, and down and on in dwindling rises and falls, to the flat lands of the Punjab. Beyond the last low smoky ridge the khaki plains reached round and on until, in the farthest light, only the visible curve of the earth's surface served to separate them from the sky. To the right the Ravi River burst through a cleft in the foothills and wound out across the earth in a broadening, spreading flood. The low sun sent us intermittent golden flashes from unseen water. To the left the river Beas curled out of Kulu, the Valley of the Gods, and moved off to the horizon. Far, far to the left again were haze and a loom of mountains. The light hung opalescent over all — not sharp, but warm and blue-green, washed by recent rain and split by the broad shafts of the sun. The undersides of the cumulo-nimbus cloud masses showed thick and solid and dark blue to the earth, but their anvil heads towered thirty thousand feet above the plains, and shimmered with a frozen gold in the upper light, and moved steadily on toward us.

I had come to my home.

After a leisurely tea, James took me to a bungalow just above the mess. Half the bachelors lived there; it was called the Rabbit Warren. It had no electric light, so James lent me a small oil lamp. He went away, and I took a look at my room. I seemed to be renting a narrow bed, a chest of drawers, a wardrobe, two hard chairs, one easy chair, a table, and a bookshelf. Attached to the room was my private *ghuslkhana* with its appropriate fittings, also rented.

A *ghuslkhana* corresponds in function to a bathroom, but it is a profound misconception to think of white porcelain, faucets, or water sanitation. The *ghuslkhana* is small and square and has a hole in the outer wall to let out water and let in snakes. One corner, around that outlet, is fenced in by a low parapet the height of a single brick. In this enclosure sits an oval zinc tub. Outside the parapet is a slatted wooden board to stand on, and a wooden towel horse. Ranged along the inner wall are a deal table, holding an enamel basin, a soap dish, and a jug; a chamber pot; a packet of Bromo hanging from a nail; and a wooden thing on four legs whose

proper name may possibly be "toilet," but which was never called anything but "the thunderbox." The thunderbox has a hole in the middle of the seat, and a hinged top. Under the hole, fitted into the structure, is a deep enamel pot called a "top hat."

The *ghuskhana* is the realm of the sweeper, who is the lowest of India's low — outcaste, untouchable, and hereditarily destined to deal with ordure. I did not fail to make a careful inspection of my *ghuskhana*. I had read "Rikki-tikki-tavi" many times, and through the years never forgot to search nervously for snakes coiled in the tub or — dreadful vision! — in the top hat. (I never found a snake, but was once bitten by a small scorpion that crept in and concealed itself in my towel.) I found that this was an ordinary *ghuskhana* and, like all the others I ever saw, a fine miniature of the Indian scene — barren, ramshackle, by turns too hot or too cold, yet full of interesting corners, strange expectations, and a mixed smell of wood smoke and human excrement.

A voice outside the front door said, "Sahib!" I called, "Come in," and an old Gurkha entered with a note. The note read: "This is your bearer, Biniram Thapa," and was signed by James.

We examined each other cautiously. He was old and grizzled and bent, and he had a dyspeptic eye. Within a couple of days the outlines of his personality were to become clear. He had no finesse and no professional charm. He knew little about being a bearer, and he damn well wasn't going to learn any more, for he had gone to Flanders in 1914 as a rifleman with the 1st Battalion, and had taken the bayonet to the Prussian Guard, and stood patiently in the snow and sleet of the trenches under shell fire. He had learned once over quickly how to make a bed and hang up clothes, but never how to hurry. I liked him and everything about him, above all for the greatest virtue any Indian servant can possess — he had no English. In fact, he had no Hindustani either, and only a monosyllabic kind of Gurkhali.

Biniram unpacked my suitcase, threw my pajamas on the bed, and stomped out. I set up the mosquito net and went to bed. It was a bare and untidy room, but the night was warm and still, and I was home. All in a moment the striving that others of my blood had put into this land had caught up with me. In England I had tried to ape the fashionable ignorance of India, but now already I found myself resenting England's total unawareness of this country, which she owned and governed at so long a distance of distaste. I did not like hearing Indians spoken of as "niggers," "wogs," "Hindoos," or even "black-bellied bastards" — the standard terms of the British soldier and often of the British Service officer. To me already, from the evenings I had spent in the messes of Indian regiments in Razmak and on column, they were Dogras, Bengalis, Afridis, Konkani Mahrattas.

On the other hand, I had never had the attitude of the average civilian tourist, so I did not think of India as quaint, picturesque, exploited, inscrutable, or otherworldly. I thought India was ugly, beautiful, smelly, predictable, and as material as the West. It was inhabited not by yogis and saints, but by people — knaves, giants, dwarfs, and plain people — of various shades of brown.

There was Kipling, who was not a Eurasian, as has been suggested, but also was not by birth or circumstance one of India's self-appointed elite — the men on passage, the civilian and military tourists, from the Viceroy to Thomas Atkins. Why had Kipling gone out of his way to underline with sadistic approval attitudes of mind and habits of race-consciousness that must have caused pain to anyone who loved India? But his descriptions — the turn of a phrase that caught exactly some intonation I had just heard, some sight and smell of the Indian road I had just traveled, some breath from the mountains beyond my window — what of these? These proved that he did love India. No one could write like that except from love. . . .

I was sleepy. I would have to investigate Kipling later. What was all that recurring nonsense of his about "Black Infantry"? Had he meant to speak of Gurkhas in that derogatory sense? If so, he was a color-crazy ass. Perhaps he did not even know about the 2nd Battalion of the 4th Prince of Wales's Own Gurkha Rifles.

Come to think of it, neither did I. I knew nothing. I would have to learn or I would never be a good officer. If I was a bad officer I would not be recommended for transfer to the Political Service when the time came. The thought died away, still-born. I was never going to apply for transfer from this regiment, unless they turned on me and hated me.

3

SECOND BATTALION, 4th Prince of Wales's Own Gurkha Rifles. It was a long title, though by no means the longest in the King's armies. I wanted to find out what it meant. I knew already what it connoted — nearly a thousand men, white and brown, who wore the IV badge; hundreds of rifles and scores of machine guns; an undying continuity of association in which, after I had passed by, my name and memory would share a place, part of its immortality. But what did it mean?

The Gurkhas are the people of Nepal, an independent kingdom sandwiched between the north-eastern border of India and the desolate mysteries of Tibet. Nepal is 550 miles long by 100 miles wide, and lies stretched along the Himalayan chain, north and northwest of Calcutta. It is mountainous, wild, and almost completely undeveloped.

The Mongoloid Gurkhas conquered the original Newar inhabitants in 1768. The immediately subsequent history of Nepal is a tale of court intrigue,

poisoning, murder, and civil war that makes Renaissance Florence seem like a kindergarten. Yet the Gurkhas also found time to fight the Tibetans to the north, keep their independence against the grasping, ubiquitous fingers of the Chinese Empire, and, at last, spill out into India.

India was no longer a turmoil of warring princelings. The Honourable East India Company was on the march, and soon enough the two powers clashed. The Anglo-Nepalese War began in 1814. The British are a tradition-loving people, so at first the war went badly for them. The Gurkhas were the toughest enemy they had till then met in India, and they suffered several resounding disasters before muddling through to victory. But it had been a good, clean war, and each side seemed to have enjoyed the other's company. They decided to make friends, and — an eerie thing in the annals of politics — they meant it, as subsequent history gave them ample opportunity to prove.

They signed a treaty of perpetual friendship and alliance. The British allowed Nepal its independence. In return, the rulers of Nepal agreed to allow their Gurkha subjects to enlist as mercenary volunteers in three new regiments of the East India Company's service. These three Gurkha regiments formed the first strands of a rope that bound together the fortunes and affections of England and Nepal through the next 130 years.

The most important year in Anglo-Gurkha relations was 1857. In that year the flames of the Great Indian Mutiny engulfed the visible British power in India. All over the country, Englishwomen fled with their babies from their burning bungalows, to be sheltered in the sugar cane by kindly Indians. Few Indian princes thought that the English could win India back again; but Jung Bahadur, then ruler of Nepal, threw the whole power of Nepal into the British scales. Among other things, he permitted the East India Company to raise more Gurkha regiments. The first extra regiment so raised was called, with baffling consistency, the Extra Gurkha Regiment, and this was the regiment that later became the 4th Gurkhas.

In 1857, then, lit by the lurid glare of the Mutiny, there stepped onto the world stage these small men from a small kingdom, who were in the next hundred years to die on many fields, always with honor, in battle against the enemies of their friends. For the first time the world learned the Gurkha code: "I will keep faith."

4

Most Gurkhas are Hindus of a sort, though their religion does not sit heavily on any except those of the higher castes, which the 4th did not enlist. In Flanders in 1914, when our 1st Battalion had had no food for a couple of days, food at last appeared in the trenches — several hundred cans of corned

beef, each can clearly marked with the canning company's trademark, a bull's head. No Hindu, however lax, can eat beef; but this time it was going to be beef or nothing. The colonel sent for the senior Gurkha officer and wordlessly pointed to the rations.

After a moment came the quiet reply, "Sahib, we are here to fight the Germans. We cannot fight if we starve. It will be forgiven us. Remove the labels, and let it be corned mutton."

Gurkhas vary in shade from pale wheat-gold to dull, dark brown. Their skulls are usually round — but, whatever the shape, always thick. I saw a Gurkha havildar (sergeant) bend down to tie his bootlace just behind a particularly fractious mule. The mule let drive, and both iron-shod hoofs smashed with murderous force into the havildar's temple. He complained of a headache all afternoon. The mule went dead lame.

Though there are, of course, exceptions, the distinguishing marks of the Gurkha are usually a Mongolian appearance, short stature, a merry disposition, and an indefinable quality that is hard to pin down with one word. Straightness, honesty, naturalness, loyalty, courage — all these are near it, but none is quite right, for the quality embraces all these. In a Gurkha regiment nothing was ever stolen, whether a pocketknife, a watch, or a thousand rupees. Desertions were unheard of, although once the men had gone on furlough to their homes in Nepal they were quite inaccessible to us. There were no excuses, no grumbling, no lying. There was no intrigue, no apple-polishing, and no servility.

The perfect man — or, at the least, the perfect soldier? Not quite. The Gurkha was slow at book-learning, and he liked gambling, rum, and women; and in his own home he was apt to be unkempt.

But these large generalizations are vague and patronizing. It is impossible to give an idea of the Gurkha by such means, because each Gurkha is a separate man. I have talked of "the Gurkhas" as doing this and "the Gurkhas" as being that, whereas, like other people, the Gurkhas have the sameness and the uniqueness of a snow field. We can say that the snow is wet or frozen or dry-powdered, but every snowflake is different from every other snowflake.

As the Gurkhas are an old-fashioned people, we can perhaps learn more about them by looking at a few old-fashioned magic-lantern slides than by trying to dissect the Gurkhas' characteristics.

A naik (corporal) was cutting scrub with his *kukri* in order to clear a field of fire for his machine gun. His hand slipped, and the *kukri* all but severed his left thumb. He looked at the dangling thumb for a moment, then bit it off, put it in his pocket, bandaged the stump with a dirty handkerchief, and went on with his job. In the evening he went to the doctor, pulled the thumb from his pocket, and said, only half joking, "Can you put this back for me, sahib?"

Another slide: Someone was shooting at us, on the frontier, from an enormous scrub-covered hillside. Five British officers searched with binoculars — one of them was an artillery brigadier who had a pair of Zeiss glasses of magnification x16. We saw nothing. Our colonel's Gurkha orderly — he had no binoculars — stepped up, pointed, and said, "There he is, by that yellowish rock under the little cliff." There he was indeed, eleven hundred yards away, motionless, and of the same color as his background. The brigadier could just pick him out, with the huge binoculars held steady on a tripod, when the Gurkha had shown him where to look.

5

Now a round of legends, for legends have accumulated about the Gurkha until it sometimes seems he is almost invisible behind them.

Many people have told me that the Gurkhas throw their *kukris* at their enemies. Some insist that the *kukri* returns like a boomerang to the hand of the thrower. Neither of these statements is true. The *kukri* is an all-purpose cutting tool, equally useful in the jungle to cut wood and in the field to cut flesh, but it has no magic qualities, and it is never thrown.

I have several times been told the story of the Gurkha sentry at Peking, during the Boxer Rebellion, who was insulted by a Russian officer. The Russian apparently thought he was dealing with a muzhik and tried to force his way past the Gurkha; but there had been an order that no one should go that way without a permit, which the Russian did not have. The Gurkha stopped him. The Russian drew his pistol and threatened. The Gurkha drew his *kukri* and acted — a short swing from the waist, up and round. The Russian put his hand to his head and snarled, "Drawing a weapon on an officer! You might have hit me!"

The rifleman replied grimly, "Take your hand off your head." The Russian did, and his head rolled in the dust.

I don't think this tale can be literally true. The only Gurkhas in China at that time were the 1st Battalion of the 4th Gurkhas. There is no trace in our regimental records of any rifleman having been able to speak Russian with the degree of fluency indicated by the story.

And there is the tale of the unwilling volunteers. This is about a Gurkha regiment that called for a hundred men to volunteer to become parachutists in 1940, a year when parachuting was thought to be the coming thing by many keen soldiers. The British officers explained that the jumps were made at first from balloons, and later from nice comfortable airplanes at a safe height of a thousand feet or more. The officers were surprised and pained to find that only seventy men volunteered. They reiterated their arguments. The Gurkhas still looked glum —

if anything, glummer — and one lance naik was heard to mutter that in his opinion five hundred feet was quite high enough. The officers then called on the sacred honor of the regiment and vowed that parachutes never — well, hardly ever — failed to open, and explained the numerous devices that made parachuting so safe. The lance naik's face cleared, and, speaking for all, he said, "Oh, we jump with these parachutes, do we? That's *different*."

Lastly, and to my mind most delightful and revealing of all, there is the case of the escaped prisoner of war. A Gurkha rifleman escaped from a Japanese prison in south Burma and walked six hundred miles alone through the jungles to freedom. The journey took him five months, but he never asked the way and he never lost the way. For one thing he could not speak Burmese, and for another he regarded all Burmese as traitors. He used a map, and when he reached India he showed it to the Intelligence officers, who wanted to know all about his odyssey. Marked in pencil were all the turns he had taken, all the roads and trail forks he had passed, all the rivers he had crossed. It had served him well, that map. The Intelligence officers did not find it so useful. It was a street map of London.

So legend, slide, and fact combine with a little analysis to limn the tremendous quality of this man, the Gurkha peasant. I have said that the phrase "I will keep faith" describes it. Yes, but on every level of human value. The Gurkha keeps faith not only with his fellow men but with great spiritual concepts and, above all, with himself. He seems to be born with the ability to see the heart of a problem regardless of distracting circumstances, red herrings, or conflicting advice. He does not think, cogitate — he will tell you shyly that he is not clever enough for that — but he bends facts, arguments, and logic to fit what he somehow knows is right. The London street map is a perfect example on the material plane.

Here he is, facing us. Just over five feet high, he has a low forehead, slanting brown eyes with the Mongolian fold over the inner corner, thin eyebrows, and a face either hairless or lined by a straggly mandarin mustache. Sometimes he shaves the black hair all round his skull, but he always leaves a long tuft at the crown, by which he hopes his God will pull him up to heaven when he dies. In repose he is expressionless, but he frequently shows perfect white teeth in a smile or just a plain grin. When he speaks he hardly moves his lips or teeth. He gesticulates little, grunts rather than shouts, and points with his chin, not his hands. He looks you straight in the eye and is not much interested in you unless he knows you well. He is the world's best mimic and will use the gift whenever he feels like it — often to puncture the inflated egos of those who have the privilege of ordering him about. The muscles down his back, from

neck to ankles, are tremendously developed; the thighs and calves are particularly strong and shapely. He runs awkwardly on the level, well uphill, and on a steep down hill no one on earth can touch him.

Perhaps he has been working for eight hours up to his waist in freezing water, helping to build a bridge. Now he has just gone to sleep in a blanket on the stones. Wake him, tell him there's an emergency, that we must dig a trench. He rolls out with a "*Jee-lo!*", takes pick or shovel, and starts to dig, joking with the men around him and with the officers. The task is finished in three hours, to the stupefaction of the experts, who said it would take six. We who know him are not surprised; we expected it. He rolls back into his blankets. Wake him again an hour later and tell him someone has blundered, that now we are to gird for the assault, and the enemy is numerous and well armed. He stands up, stretches, fixes his bayonet, smiles at us in wry comradeship, and moves forward. . . . "At the last his unwavering lines disappear into the smoke and wrath of battle."

Gurkhas enlisted between sixteen and nineteen years of age, and signed on for four years' service. At the end of four years a man could either "cut his name" — that is, go — or sign for more service. His pay was sixteen rupees (about \$5.00) a month. After fifteen years as a rifleman he had earned a retirement pension of five rupees a month, or about \$1.75. During his service he would receive promotion according to his ability — from rifleman (private) to lance naik (pfc), naik (corporal), havildar (sergeant), havildar major, and quartermaster havildar of various kinds and grades. Then came a much bigger step, promotion to commissioned rank.

The GOs (Gurkha officers) were the backbone of the regiment and held much responsibility. Many lacked education, but that was what we were there for. Their job, besides the ordinary duties of command, was to act as a link between the Gurkha soldiers and the British officers. On any point of Gurkha custom, tradition, or religion, it was these Gurkha officers' duty to give me the opinion and feeling of the enlisted men.

Commanding nothing, but omnipresent and almost omnipotent, was the senior Gurkha officer. He and the colonel had probably grown up together for the past twenty-five or thirty years.

At the capture of Delhi in 1857, British soldiers of the 60th Rifles fought in the same force as the 2nd Gurkhas. Shoulder to shoulder they stormed the great wall, and together battered in the Kashmir Gate with their rifle butts. In honor of this feat, and to commemorate the outstanding work of the other Gurkha regiments during the Mutiny, Queen Victoria declared that they were all to wear the uniform of rifle regiments. Accordingly they all went into the dark green and wore it until full dress died out after the Kaiser's War. After that the green lived

on only in our officers' mess kit and in the uniforms we bought with our own money for the pipers, the mess havildar, and a few others. Our regiment, the 4th, was handed over to India in 1947 and is now Indian in every respect — but it still has the black buttons embossed with a stringed bugle horn, a super-quick marching pace, and an overweening pride.

"Fourth" — an honorable number. I soon came to believe with a passion worthy of a religion that there was no regiment on earth like it. The 1st Gurkhas were earnest, the 2nd idle, the 3rd illiterate, the 5th narrow-minded, the 6th downtrodden, the 7th unshaven, the 8th exhibitionists, the 9th Brahminical (they enlisted high-caste Gurkhas), and the 10th alcoholic. As for the rest of the Indian Army — well, the Guides weren't bad, but even they were not what they used to be in the old days, when they had a Gurkha company. The British Army, lock, stock, and barrel, was useless. But we — we were wonderful! We were stiff with battle honors. We had fought from France to China. We were witty, happy, carefree, tough, efficient, wise.

It was no bad state of mind to be in, and not inaccurate. The 4th Gurkhas would not have been even good unless we had believed it to be the best.

6

THE adjutant took me formally before the commanding officer on the first day after my arrival. The colonel did not say much, as serious words are never spoken on these occasions — only that he was pleased I had come to the battalion and hoped I would like it and do well. Then he told me I was to take over both A and B Companies for a week, since their commanders were going on a short course. After that I would command A Company only.

This instantaneous transition from the command of a British platoon, whose language, at least, I knew — and where there were a company commander and second-in-command to supervise me, and other platoon commanders to give advice — to the sole charge of two whole Gurkha companies was almost more than I could stand. I rushed out, found James, and wailed that I was sunk, my career ruined before it had begun. I didn't know what to do.

James did not seem worried. He said, "Leave it to the GOs and the clerks. Do whatever seems to need doing, and ask me for help if you have to." Since there was nothing else I could do, that is what I did. It turned out to be not so bad as I had expected. There was, besides, a humorous overtone that made the week a happy memory. A and B Companies were arguing about responsibility for a lost piece of equipment, and I went from one office to the other, signing acid letters to myself about it.

James also told me that I would avoid a lot of

needless badgering if I always walked about at a pace slightly faster than normal, carrying a bunch of papers, and working my lips as though thinking aloud. It was good advice, and still is, and not only in the army.

In March the quickening exercises began. The old hands reminded us that battle is full of the unexpected, and if soldiers are going to survive and win they must react quickly to the unusual without stopping to think. I learned to clap my hands loudly together and at once bring the right hand on into my chest. The resultant *crack-thump*, I was assured, made a noise just like a bullet. The *crack* was the bullet smacking through the air overhead — or, more accurately, the air filling up the vacuum caused by its passing. The *thump* was the noise of the actual explosion of the cartridge in the distant enemy's rifle, which followed at about 110 feet per second behind the bullet's 2200 feet per second. The interval between the two sounds thus showed the distance of the firer.

We made these *crack-thumps* suddenly and without warning anywhere — on the march, during drill parades, in school. Every soldier within earshot learned to react on the instant — that is, dive for cover and, if armed, prepare to return the fire and maneuver to kill the enemy.

We gave absurd commands like "On the backs — down!" in the middle of a drill parade, or "Touch the ceiling — jump!" while the men were bent over schoolbooks, or, at any time, "Everyone catch Banbahadur!" It was a lesson in comparative psychology just to watch the varying speeds at which the minds worked. There was a sort of chain reaction as each man jerked free from some other thought, fastened on to the idea of Banbahadur, then of catching Banbahadur, then of remembering where he stood, and at last began to move. Banbahadur, by the same process, at last reached the thought: Banbahadur? Good God, that's me! What am I doing here? — and broke off for his life with the quicker-witted of his pursuers hard on his heels.

Platoon training began. Sections coagulated into platoons, and we took our companies off, organized mock battles between the platoons, and afterward attempted to sum up the lessons learned and apportion the day's crop of praise and blame. The seniors went round with copies of our training programs in their hands, trying to find out what we were doing so that they could keep us on the right lines. We, in turn, tried to avoid them without actually cheating — that is, by leaving the area in which we had announced we could be found.

Every Saturday, whatever the current phase of the training cycle, the whole battalion came together to do either a route march or a simple battle maneuver. The route marches were done because it has been conclusively proved that there is no way of training soldiers for marching under load except by making them march under load. The

maneuvers kept the mechanism of field command from rusting. Without them it would not have functioned when required for the big exercises of higher training, or for an unexpected war.

There is no apparent reason why route marches should not be very boring, since the essence of them is to march along a hard road at an even pace for a long time, with no excitement to help pass the time and no cross-country work to alter the scenery and ease the strain on the feet. Yet they never bored me. The men sang, the bugles blew *ta-ra*, *ta-raah* in the middle of the battalion, and I could look at the passing flowers and trees and animals, or could slide into a reverie and march along with my thoughts in England or China, the past or the future. I learned to bring my mind back every five minutes and sweep the company's faces for signs of fatigue or illness, to recognize the proper pace by instinct, so that I did not have to look at my watch to know we were passing each furlong post 120 seconds after we had passed the last. I learned to feel the rhythm of the step so that a drag in it would drag at my brain and bring me back to correct it. This rhythm was important, and to keep it intact we marched straight through any streams or puddles that lay in the path. Wet boots and feet soon dried out, but a broken rhythm did not allow a man to relax while moving.

The route marches lengthened. Our early jaunts of eight or nine miles increased to marches of twelve, fifteen, twenty miles. At the end we always marched past the CO at a rifle regiment's 140 paces to the minute. Then we really had to step out and march as though fresh from barracks for an imperial proclamation. Tired, hungry, sweaty, we willed ourselves to snap by with heads up, shoulders back; rifles sliding steadily along at the trail, exactly parallel to the ground, six inches from butt plate to nose-cap; steel boot heels biting the road in the urgent step. Sometimes we used another rifle regiment's prerogative and went past at the double, still trying to breathe easily and look as though we would be happy to do another twenty miles.

At the very last we did not even dismiss after reaching the parade ground, but performed half an hour's drill, and that too had to be perfect.

7

OUR fierce inter-regimental rivalries drove us to walk and climb a great deal faster than was comfortable in the heat of the day, and I, as a Gurkha, simply had to arrive first at the top of every hill — and that without showing a trace of breathlessness. As we sweated along we asked one another at every rest whether we would honestly at that moment prefer a gallon of iced lager beer or an hour with a complacent Marlene Dietrich. It was not done to choose the lager. Then, when we reached the stream that was our destination, we lay on our

backs beside the water and discussed a problem which tradition said was set to officers about to qualify from the riding school of the French Army at Saumur. I didn't believe the tradition at the time, but it is true; a couple of years ago I had the opportunity of confirming it from a French general and cabinet minister. When the French officer had passed all his tests in horsemanship and horse-mastership, he had still another trial to undergo before he was passed as a true cavalryman, Frenchman, and heir of Murat. He was allotted three horses, three bottles of champagne, three whores, and a cross-country route of thirty miles. He had to cover the course in all particulars in three hours. The problem was, obviously, in what order should he tackle his fences? We reached no agreement on a single plan to solve the problem but we did a lot of laughing, and some wishing.

We were twenty-two or twenty-three on the average, and beginning to feel some of the peculiar pressure that our way of life exerted on us. Most of the earliest English to reach India, from the seventeenth century on, openly took Indian women as housekeeper-mistresses. In those times many of the women were ladies of breeding and accomplishment. Most old bungalows have *bibikhanas* (women's rooms) in the compound, and in Assam some tea planters still use them for the purpose for which they were built.

The practice was immoral but perhaps not inhuman. It took a man many months to reach India and, once there, he stayed for twenty years or more without a break, until he had made his fortune or earned his pension. The English were not yet conquerors in possession, but traders and soldiers maneuvering about in a ramshackle and strife-torn subcontinent, so they were not concerned with putting up a godlike front. Few Englishwomen came out to India, because it was a hard and unhealthy life that faced them there. On the other hand, the men were always dreaming of their eventual return home and the suitable marriages they would be able to contract there with the money they had made in India, so they seldom married the Indian "wives" of their youth.

There was also an increasingly strong color bar, though I get the impression from reading old books and memoirs that the Englishman's initial aversion was to Indian customs and habits, especially those connected with Hinduism, and that he gradually transferred this feeling to the color of the Indians' skin because, whereas the former could be explained, the latter could not, and was thus indefensible.

As the country began to develop and settle into peace, increasing numbers of British soldiers were

induced to stay on after their terms of service by offers of work on the railways. There were still few white women for them to marry, so they married or lived with Indians. These Indian women were seldom of good family or high caste, because the soldiers had no opportunity of meeting such women, and because the women would have despised the soldiers if they had. These unions were the origin of the Eurasian or Anglo-Indian community which, until 1947, was still centered on the railways.

These affairs did not always come about in a deliberately cold-blooded way, and it gives a wrong sense of history to imagine a curt Englishman stepping off the ship, pointing sternly at a cowering Indian girl, and saying "I'll have that one."

The civilian reader might think that in these restricting circumstances the pastime of seeking women's company in dancing, wining, riding, tennis, picnics, and theatricals would not be frowned on; but he would be wrong. Such activities were called poodlefaking, and they were severely frowned on. When a subaltern applied for leave some colonels would ask him how he intended to spend it, and if it appeared that he was merely going to poodlefake they refused the leave.

Social life for the British in India was a goldfish bowl. The servants knew all about what was going on, and it was useless to attempt to conceal anything from them. Few people even tried, in spite of the danger of blackmail.

Ours was a one-sexed society, with the women hanging on to the edges. Married or unmarried, their status was really that of camp followers. But it is normal for men to live in the company of women, for if they do, they do not become rough or boorish, and the sex instinct does not torment them. In India there was always an unnatural tension, and every man who pursued the physical aim of sexual relief was in danger of developing a cynical hardness and a lack of sympathy with women which he had no business to learn until many more years had maltreated him. Of those who tried sublimation, some chased polo balls and some chased partridge, some buried themselves in their work, and all became unmitigated nuisances through the narrowness of their conversation. And some took up the most unlikely hobbies, and some went to diseased harlots — which didn't count as poodlefaking — and some married in haste, only to worry over who was now seducing their wives in the hill stations where they had seduced so many other people's wives. And a few homosexuals followed their secret star with comparative comfort in that large and easygoing country, where there are so many sins that there is no sin, except inhospitality.

(To be concluded)



The son of an Irish mother and an Indian father, AUBREY MENEN is an English writer who makes his home in Amalfi. While still an undergraduate at University College, London, he was "discovered" by the late H. G. Wells. Mr. Menen began by writing plays for the Experimental Theatre in London. During the war he rose to be the leading radio personality in India, and since 1947 he has devoted himself almost exclusively to his novels, which have been published with steadily increasing interest in this country.

THE WAY THE NEW INDIA THINKS

by AUBREY MENEN

I

WHEN an Indian comes to the Western world these days, he finds that nobody has read his newspapers, nobody has read his books, and very few people know anything of his national history. This neither surprises nor dismays him. What he does find upsetting is that so many people are sure they know all about the way he thinks. He finds that, broadly speaking, two opinions prevail. No sooner has he finished with the ordinary courtesies on meeting a European or an American than either 1) he will be told that he and all his countrymen have great spiritual depths and will save the world by the exercise of their psychic powers — and here there is often a vague impression conveyed of saints in white robes floating through the air — or 2) he will be denounced as a fool who is blindly preparing to hand India over to the Communists.

There are 400 million Indians. In that large number there will be found, of course, some saints and a fair sprinkling of fools. But the normal Indian feels that he is far from being either. He regards himself as a typical member of the civilized portion of the human race; and since Indians make up one fifth of that community, it must be admitted that there is much to be said for his point of view.

He will have some difficulty in getting his point of view adopted, I know. But I think it highly important that he should. There are two ways of remaining in a state of dangerous ignorance about another nation: the first is to have too high hopes about it; the second is to have too low an opinion. The West has adopted both concerning India, and it is worth taking some pains to correct matters.

I once assisted at a merciless experiment in brainwashing. The object was to make a group of intelligent young Indians say that a certain proposition was absolutely true when they were denied all means of knowing whether the statement was true or false;

moreover, they had to state their belief with convincing arguments and genuine enthusiasm. The brainwashing was a complete success.

I should first explain that the young men were all born and bred in the climate of Bombay, where it is hot and dry for nine months of the year and where it rains torrentially for the remaining three. There is no other change of season. The boldness — and the inhumanity — of the experiment was this: after several months of daily indoctrination these young men were supposed to declare, and to show every sign of believing, that John Keats's "To Autumn" was a great and true poem. They did. I was shown their written answers by one of their chief inquisitors, a professor of English literature at Bombay University, and asked to admire his handiwork. His ravages had been complete; their brains had not only been washed but scoured till they shone with perfect reflection of his own ideas. But I could not help protesting at the human anguish that lay behind the triumph. What could the unfortunates have made of "Seasons of mists and mellow fruitfulness" who had never seen a mist? Or of "the soft dying day" when they had seen nothing but blood-red, ten-minute sunsets? Or, indeed, of "redbreasts"? With what agony must these boys, sweltering in the heat of May, have echoed the poet's cry, "Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?" They were all, poor devils, made Bachelors of Art.

On August 15, 1947, these young men and thousands who had suffered before them were told that they were free men and the intellectual leaders of one fifth of the human race. It is plain that the world faced disaster. No group of people as ignorant or as badly educated had come to power since the Romans found themselves masters of Italy. But the Romans were more fortunate: they knew how to make war, and they had been accustomed to

governing themselves. The leaders of India had been forbidden to do either. Instead of fighting, they had paraphrased Sir Walter Scott; instead of politics, they had been told to read Shelley.

2

THE man who was responsible for the extraordinary system of education that I have described was Thomas Babington Macaulay. When India became an Imperial possession, he was asked to go out there to prescribe what the new subjects of the Crown should be taught. He took ship, and sailed East with a cabinful of books. These were translations of the major works of Hindu civilization. By the time he had rounded the Cape of Good Hope he had read the lot and decided that they were all rubbish. On arrival in India he had made up his mind that the inhabitants should henceforth be educated in a foreign language which they should be taught by means of studying a foreign literature; that is to say, they were to be taught English literature in the English language. They were to be taught nothing whatever that was Indian. He explained this in a Minute on Education, which was adopted.

This enormity was put straight in our own times by a great man. With the simplicity that often goes with greatness, this man reminded Indians of an elementary fact. He told them that they had no need to try to think like Englishmen; they could perfectly well think like themselves. They had been doing so for several centuries before the English had conquered them, and they could do it again. He was right. An Indian shot him dead for his pains, but India is at last beginning to follow his advice.

This man was Mahatma Gandhi. No Indian has been so widely known in the West as he, and none found more of a puzzle. Those who revered him as a great Indian were sorry that he often behaved so like a Western politician. Those who admired him as a statesman were irritated at his Oriental ways. But to Indians he was no puzzle at all. He was the final product, and the first destroyer, of Macaulay's huge mistake.

I should like to explain this by two brief glimpses of him, as I knew him.

In the first he sits wrapped in a shawl and a dhoti next to a gas fire turned so high that blue flames are coming out of the asbestos heaters. But he is cold, because this is London. The room is owned by Mr. J. F. Horrabin, a Socialist M.P., and it is filled with people. We stand, or squat at Gandhi's feet. Behind me is Ernest Bevin, a future Foreign Secretary; on the floor or against the walls are future cabinet ministers, from chancellor of the exchequer downwards. In a few years these men will give India what Gandhi is asking for — her freedom. They are now questioning him, respectfully but

searchingly. Gandhi answers them one by one. He gives good answers, but they are lawyer's answers. He speaks in a studied, clear, colloquial English. He smiles, but is not witty. There is no magic; there is no magnetism; there is no personal electricity. Macaulay would have approved of his vocabulary, if not of his accent. John Stuart Mill, Milton, and Byron would have endorsed his sentiments. I am prodded in the back by a trade union leader and prompted to ask the Mahatma if he really believes that India should have no factories. He evades the point. He says that factories are satanic. The meeting breaks up, and on the way home I remember that his answer had been merely a quotation from William Blake's "Jerusalem."

Now, this other picture: Gandhi is without his shawl. He sits on a mud floor and he is hot, because this is India. He is sipping a glass of milk and talking about love. The love he speaks about is not of the philosophical kind: it is fleshly, and forbidden, love between a girl and a young man. The young man squats in front of him, in tears. He has become enamored of a girl who is not of his caste. He and she wish to marry but both families have refused their consent, with horror. He wants to strike a blow for sexual freedom (like Shelley), to break the bonds of caste, and to elope. He is a nobody, a government employee of no great rank. He does not know Gandhi but he has come to Gandhi's mud hut, told his story at the door, and been admitted. Outside, in the sunshine, waits a foreign correspondent of the *New York Times*, because the world is at war, and India is boiling with rebellion. The correspondent is not interested in love affairs, but Gandhi is. The correspondent waits, therefore, in the sun, while Gandhi, sipping his milk, gives the young man advice.

"You must marry her, but you must not elope."

"No, Gandhiji. What *shall* I do, then?"

"You must convince your mother that she is wrong."

"But . . ."

"And then you must convince the girl's mother."

"But Gandhiji . . ."

"And then, my son," and here the old man smiles enchantingly, "they will both give you their blessings and you will live happily ever after."

"But it is impossible, Gandhiji! They are ignorant; they are prejudiced . . ."

"My son," says the old man, and now he does not smile at all, "you must not speak to me of your mother in such words."

Gandhi says nothing more, and sorrowfully the young man goes away.

But the Mahatma, disappointing as he was, was also right. The mothers were, after titanic labors, convinced, and the unorthodox marriage did take place. It is strange, now, to look back and see that Gandhi, at that time, was the only man in India who believed that Indians, including Indian women,

like the rest of the civilized world, had their measure of good, plain, common sense, and that this would suffice them to solve their own problems in their own way.

3

GANDHI knew that it would take many years for the people of India to learn their lesson. After all, he had taken half a lifetime to learn his. But now they have learned it. The first important book to be written since Indians began to think for themselves shows this very well. Of its class, it is a masterpiece.

It is over a quarter of a million words in length, and sells for the reasonable price of \$1.00. The title is *The General Report of the Committee of Direction of the All-India Rural Credit Survey*, published by Mahdavi Das for the Reserve Bank of India, Bombay. It is about agriculture, and very fittingly: four out of every five Indians who earn their living do so on the land. The typical Indian, therefore, is a peasant. That is why Mahatma Gandhi dressed like one; he went half-naked not because, as Sir Winston Churchill thought, he was a fakir, but because he was a democratic politician.

Everybody in the West has a mental picture of the Indian peasant. It is generally a wrong one. The Indian peasant is, according to this picture, an unfortunate being who is either starving, or living on that picturesque addition to the standard weights and measures, "a handful of rice." A moment's thought will show that this picture is purely literary: a starving man cannot till fields with a plow and a yoke of buffaloes, nor can he do a hard day's work under a boiling sun on "a handful of rice." Sometimes, it is true, he starves, when there is a famine. But famines, like strikes and epidemics in the West, are fortunately not the normal state of affairs.

Naturally, therefore, the first truly Indian book begins by making short work of this legend. Very nearly one half of the whole population of India, it tells us, are proprietors of their own land. India, then, is not only a country of peasants: it is a country of landed proprietors. I think this a useful fact to remember, especially for people living in rented rooms in London, Paris, New York, and Chicago. It is difficult to feel a gush of sentiment about landowners, and the writers of this report are very unsentimental.

They agree, however, that the Indian peasant is poor. But here again, we should be cautious. The poverty of the Indian peasant is not the bread-line hopelessness of the unemployed in a slump; it is not the degrading and endemic want of the Neapolitan slum-dweller. The Indian peasant may not eat copiously, but he eats enough at most times, and more than enough when times are good. "He is poor," as this report says, "but he is not bankrupt."

His trouble is that a peasant needs capital as much as a shopkeeper or a businessman. Like most shopkeepers and businessmen (or householders, for that matter) anywhere in the world, he borrows it. Unlike most businessmen, he borrows it from moneylenders, and the result is that he — half of India, we must remind ourselves — is head over heels in debt.

The British Raj knew this and took steps to put things right. It set up coöperatives. These, run largely by the leading villagers, lent money at easy rates of interest. It was an excellent plan; foreign experts congratulated the Raj upon it, and the Raj, not relying on foreigners, continually congratulated itself. Unfortunately, the result of this plan was that the peasants remained, with peasant obstinacy, as much in debt to the moneylenders as ever. Why?

The Raj sent out teams of Indians to investigate. These, tearing themselves away from robin-red-breasts and spring dawns, came back with the confusing information that, according to the villagers, the scheme was a great success with all concerned; the coöperatives were very popular and the co-operators were very grateful. In some instances, villagers from miles around banded together and waved flags to demonstrate their contentment. Sometime later the Raj found that the peasants were not only still in debt to the moneylenders, but they owed more than ever: worse, the coöperatives, while flourishing in annual reports, were not lending anybody any money.

There the matter rested, a mystery — one of the many such which were held up to young civil servants, fresh out from England, as warnings of the difficulties in dealing with Indians. They never, it was said, told the truth.

But the editors of this report sent investigators, properly trained according to modern methods of inquiry; asked for the truth and finally got it.

The trouble, they found, was that by devious means the moneylenders had made *themselves* heads of the government coöperatives, and then they had quietly, but efficiently, wrecked them.

How had this chicanery escaped the attention of the Raj and its investigators? The answer is simple: it was a purely Indian fraud and this the English administrators, installed in their offices in remote Delhi, could not foresee.

Now the authors of this report had learned the lesson which Gandhi had taught the young man who had a marriage problem. Gandhi had pointed out that however elevated the young man's ideals might be, he was an Indian living in an Indian community, and therefore the first thing that he must try was to solve his problem in the context of his community. The authors of the report used, that is to say, their common sense.

They found that the countryside was dominated by caste, and in particular by a group of the upper

levels in the caste system. The moneylender and the landlord, the head of the coöperative and its officials, had all the same caste interest, even when they were not all the same man, as they frequently were. They hung together, not only against the peasant, but against the government and against its investigators; in short, they hung together to defeat anybody and everybody but themselves. They even extended their solidarity to the towns; when the peasant wished to market his produce in a wider field, the middlemen and the wholesalers worked hand in glove with the same village tyrants that he suffered under at home.

The Indian caste system rouses, I find, much indignation in liberal Western circles, and I think that I should explain the peasant's dilemma in terms which may be received more calmly. I, for instance, was born in England. I belong to the middle castes — or middle *class*, as it is called in the West. My subcaste is that of a *writer*. Now *writers* may eat at the same table as other members of the *middle class*, and go to the same religious edifices (or *churches*) as they. But they are not considered (as a subcaste) financially sound. Should I wish to borrow money, I cannot do so from the normal moneylenders to the middle classes, who are a subcaste known as *bank managers*. I may choose a member of this subcaste who is personally friendly toward me and has no contemptuous feelings toward my caste division, but he will not lend me any money, because it would be against the rules of his own caste community. There will be complete solidarity among all of his caste brethren. None of them will lend me any money.

This drives me to appeal to a lower division of my own caste, the sub-subcaste of *publishers*. These, having me at their mercy, will lend me money (called an *advance*) on condition that I sign a bond giving them four fifths of the usufruct of my property. Worse, they will distrain upon that small part of my property that remains to me without any application to the courts whatsoever, until my loan is fully repaid. The reader may well feel that this is a scandalous state of affairs; but, on the other hand, he will also notice that it is taken very calmly by everyone concerned. The reason for this is that, in its way, it works.

It is just so with the Indian caste system in the villages. It is scandalous; yet in its way it works, and that is why it is taken so calmly.

But the Indian peasant, like most Western authors, remains poor and chronically in debt. It is vital that he be freed from this tyranny of moneylenders and caste solidarity. How can this be done? By abolishing the caste system? That is a noble-sounding answer. Fortunately, it is not the way that the new India thinks.

Applying the lesson that Gandhi had taught the young man, the authors of this report do not propose a head-on assault upon a national institution.

Instead, they propose to go round it. To do this, they call in the state. The state, they say, can set up an organization which can by-pass the caste solidarity of the villages, and thus by-pass the moneylender. It can open banks for agricultural credit, to which the peasant can go, openly and without fear, and borrow the money he wants.

And here there is a surprise in store for those who are quite certain they know how Indians think and that Indians think like the Communists. Their state machine will not take over the land, or dragoon the moneylenders, or collectivize the peasants, or redistribute income. It will act as a battleship once acted when Britain ruled the waves. Its very presence will keep order. The state bank will have large resources but no compulsory powers whatsoever. It will be there to lend money. It does not propose to interfere in the lives of the people at all. Few committees in the West recommending government assistance to the needy have been so modest in their estimate of the powers that they need.

They add one further proposal. It is something of a paradox and wholly Indian. To counteract the machinations of the caste system, they propose to set up what is virtually a caste of their own. Cadres of young men are to be specially trained in an extraordinary and, I think, very imaginative course. They will first be sent to the villages, where they will learn to be good farmers, then to schools where they will learn to be sound bankers. These banker-farmers will then be dispersed to rural centers, full of a caste mystique of their own, to administer the new scheme, on very moderate salaries. As I have shown, they will not have the power to become tyrants; and it is unlikely, on the other hand, that many moneylenders will enroll themselves in such an austere and devoted band.

On the 11th of May of this year the necessary legislation was passed and the scheme is under way. A. D. Gorwala, D. R. Gadgil, B. Venkatappiah, N. S. R. Sastry, and Mahdavi Das are the men who have provided us with this excellent sample of the new, realistic, and pragmatist Indian mind. They are all economists. For those in the West who are sure that Indians have exotic spiritual gifts to offer the world, this fact will come as something of a disappointment. But such disappointments will become, I am afraid, more frequent as the new India reveals itself. Indians have another burden besides that laid on them by Macaulay. All countries have their religious absurdities, but India has had more than most — so many, in fact, that she has consistently exported them in the shape of swamis. The West is not to be blamed if it has formed its opinion of India from men such as these. But it is my pleasure and my privilege to draw your attention, instead, to Messrs. Gorwala, Gadgil, Venkatappiah, Sastry, and Das. I have not met the first four persons, but the last is my cousin, and I am happy to assure you that he has no spiritual gifts at all.



CHRISTMAS EVE AT CHARTRES

by WINIFRED HARE

STRAIGHT runs the road to Chartres, and
sharply flutes
That span of frozen plain where poplars grow
In spiring file like sconces sown to mark
The way, parting the drifted fields to show
My passage. Chiming through the frozen roots,
Glassed over from the sky the river flows
To the Cathedral sailing like an ark
At livelong anchor on the snowy tide.
But not for beasts men built her, nor the race
Of one man chosen — bells and turrets ride
The air to toll her blessing to the blind;
The deaf may see her steeples rock, and trace
Upon these porches every tale of grace,
And every year may find
That on this roof a ranging dove will light
To share the hopeful harvest of his flight.

Under the western arch, where saints and kings
Shoulder to shoulder keep their watch, I stand
Deep in the carven cave; the falling snow
Darkens the afternoon and folds the land
In drifted silence. Standing here I know
The streets surround me, though the ancient town
Is shrouded from my sight; I know the wings
Of two stone archangels still brood and beat
Upon the turrets where they stood to greet
Saint-Louis and the Maid. My roots run down
To buried depths of time — there in the gloom
The dust of missals shines in sunken rooms.
Let buried Queens and nuns be with me now
Who set these windows on the sky to show
A Virgin's glory, and the men that raised
These branching columns — still I see them build;
Between the piers the art of every guild
Is mullioned up in glass to sign their praise.

High-shining in the dimness Jesse's tree
Springs to the seat of Jesus; far above
He sits, but straining downward in his love

As if he knew the ardent agony
Of his own birth
Stretches his arms toward the waiting earth.

“Lonely as God” — I knew not till that face
Pale on the burning sapphires of his sky
Flowered in sorrow fabulous, more fierce
Than all his suffering — O proud men that pierce
His heart, fathom the blackness of his eyes
Who down the blind and hollow darkness hurled
Shining his soul's own plummet for the world
And struck the soundless fountainhead of grace.

Saints glowing in their jeweled and vaulted tombs,
Embalmed in rubies, treading on emeralds, stand
Each holding up a veined and amber hand
To shed his blessing on the sapphire gloom,
His men of lead and light
Casting their golden shafts upon the night.

Now softly fall the fires of gems that burned
By day to phoenix embers in the air,
But Christ's pale brow under the sable hair
Still looms upon the dark, for he returns
Each year, who leaves us never. Now his stare
Falls on the Virgin of the Belle-Verrière
And luminous with innocence he turns
His light with her to share.

Now, like a prism dropping from the night
A dove descends and stoops upon his brow,
Down flashing clasps in crystal plumed flight
The final brightness — lo, his feathered light
Cleaves down the darkness like a winged plow
To sow upon his wake the star foretold!
Sheer through the winter sky above the world
Towers the shining furrow of his trail.
Immortal diamond falling to us! Hail
His passage as the hurtling pinions fold
And plunge their rush of radiance in the head

Of Christ. Now darkness spreads,
Shadows surround him, and the shining bough
Fades from us as the quatrefoils furl
Into the sky their curling leaves of gold.
The parables of rose and lance are done,
Hooded in long arcades at setting sun,
And now his forehead white
As crystal wings is shaded into night.

One candle in a cup of ruby glass
Flutters against the darkness at the feet
Of Mary Belle-Verrière, where pilgrims meet,
Their flickering entreaties in a mass
Of wicks to her entrusted. She is near
And holds to them upon her azure knees
All day the solemn Christ Child — have no fear
Who from the world and all its weathers flee
To seek her shelter, kneeling in the lee
Of prisms kindled to a burning spear
Crimson and cobalt, streaming on the hair
Of children — through her body strikes the sun;
Motes from her mantle slanting down the air
With blooming sapphires stroke the veils of
nuns.
She bends to every prayer,
Her pity touched by every taper; keeps
Her vigil through the night while pilgrims sleep.

This night in Bethlehem how long ago
Before the years of glory and the light
Of windows set to burn in shadowed heights,
She wandered in the sleeping town below
This very star first-born — Then was there snow
Whirling above the desert? when she crept
Slow through the frozen streets, by Joseph's arm
Upheld, and was the stable rank and warm
When stumbling to the lantern held, she stepped
Over the threshold? Was the breathing dark
Gentle around her, and did Joseph kneel
And hollow out the straw and draw her down
Heavy with double pulse, and did she feel
With joy the thrusting head, as bursting sparks
Of pain beat through her belly, and he knelt
And held her head and kissed the clenched hands
And shuddered at her straining, till the furled
Godhead, the child in fierce fulfillment broke
From virgin womb upon the winter world —

Did Joseph count the crown,
Or did he catch him in rough-woven cloak
And tear that cloak to make his swaddling bands?
That was her time of triumph, when she lay
In musty straw and watched the lantern sway.
Perhaps a cobweb spun across the beam
That braced the manger shimmered in her dream
As if the star descended. Joseph bent
Over the manger, watched while Mary slept;
Musing above the miracle he kept
The first and wondering worship of this day.

Now to the hushed cathedral pilgrims come,
Kneeling to light their candles here below
The darkened window, light to her the hum
Of many hundred prayers until the glow
Sheds down a tapestry upon the snow
Spread to the town under the drifted walls
Of Notre-Dame de Chartres, as if she calls
Us to her with the shepherds and the kings,
For now he travails toward us, as the light
Leaps in the window — in a thrust of wings
Up from her head a crystal dove takes flight
Toward new Pentecosts across the night;
Hodie Christus natus est,
The Child is gathered to the virgin breast.

Now at the stroke of midnight I am rung
Back to the present as the angels bring
Tidings to shepherds far ago; I sing
Now — in the tower seven bells are hung,
The sky is hallowed with the heavy sound
That wakes bone voices from the swaying ground
And beats a pulse into the holy stone.
I cannot see but know that all around
The world men kneel with me, and I am swung
Into the falling sky as seven-tongued
The bell-spire rocks — a hail of frozen stars
Rings on my mouth — as sailing high and far
The flying ranks of arches trembling soar
Michael is poised upon the buttressed keel
Trumpeting to the turrets as they reel
Above the carven saints, and Gabriel's horn
Of granite from the shrouded steeple peals
Their molten music: Wake, the Christ is born
Sounds from the sailing ark
That men may find the stable in the dark.



A Houston lawyer who served in the Middle East and on the War Department General Staff during the War and who last year succeeded Robert Cutler as Special Assistant to the President on National Security Affairs, DILLON ANDERSON, like all Texans, has a special fondness for poker and bird dogs. Occasionally he goes quail shooting with a good friend, Billingsley, and Billingsley's Old Ruff is a bird dog which has to be seen to be believed.

BILLINGSLEY'S BIRD DOG

by DILLON ANDERSON

I WELL remember the year Billingsley acquired Old Ruff, his pedigreed pointer with lemon spots — the worthy son, as Billingsley often described him, of a champion bitch. The proprietorship of any bird dog with less than superior attainments was simply foreign to Billingsley's nature. I refer, of course, to Richard K. Billingsley, Esquire, that peerless poker player. Hart, Fielding, and I, as long-time poker and hunting companions of Billingsley's, had been invited to accompany him and Old Ruff on the first hunt of the season, which was to be held on a ranch in Atascosa County.

I shall never forget the conversation around the log fire the night before the opening; how it was dominated by Billingsley; and how his sole topic was Old Ruff, then a four-year-old with the prime of his life still ahead of him. We heard every detail of how he had been "finished off" in the early autumn by an expensive trainer in Illinois. Billingsley — who, mind you, had bought the dog in the spring and thus had never hunted over him — kept us up until a late hour talking about Old Ruff and his extraordinary abilities in the presence of the birds. His concluding remark, uttered as the fire burned out and we made ready to retire, was: "I think I will enter Old Ruff in the National Field Trials next year in Georgia. You'll see why tomorrow!"

Old Ruff spent the night straining at his leash, which Billingsley had affixed to a cedar stake driven in the rear of the camp house. A full moon was out, and Old Ruff howled and whined and barked all night long. I remember the occasion in starkest detail, for I rolled and tossed through the dark hours, unable to catch more than an intermittent doze. I could tell that Hart and Fielding had a bad time of it too. Not so, Billingsley. After a remark or two about how *really ready* Old Ruff was for tomorrow's hunt, he began to snore, and this continued throughout the night.

Along about dawn things quieted down ominously outside, and Billingsley arose to see whatever might have happened to silence his pointer. From what he said to himself as he strode around outside, we gathered the dog had simply pulled up the stake and dragged it off with him. So, while we dressed, Billingsley stood on the rear stoop in his nightshirt calling Old Ruff, who from time to time could be heard barking in the distance. We were dressed and halfway through with the coffee before Billingsley came back into the camp house. Though nobody had the heart to comment on what was going on outside, we could plainly observe Old Ruff through the screen door, still dragging the leash and stake and hard at work consuming the remaining portions of the Dominecker rooster he had brought back with him.

The first day

Billingsley appeared to be refreshed from his sound night's sleep, and I noticed that Old Ruff showed no signs of weariness; after his meal he panted earnestly and seemed to be filled with that early-morning exuberance known to all lovers of the pointer breed. And he was truly a hale and handsome pointer with a big frame, a massive head, eager eyes, a long red dripping tongue, and a vigorous wag in his tail which seemed to sway his entire hindquarters.

After breakfast we were met outside by Wilbur, Billingsley's local friend who had agreed to take us through the fields and indicate the areas where the big coveys had been seen earlier in the fall. Wilbur, a sallow, unshaved young citizen with protruding teeth, brought along a puny, liver-colored pointer of his own — an unwelcome development so far as Old Ruff was concerned; Ruff growled, showed his teeth, and revealed in the bristling hair on the back of his neck a readiness to fight the local dog on the spot. In fact, only Billingsley's fast move in seizing

Old Ruff's leash saved us the unseemly spectacle of a most one-sided contest.

Old Ruff's debut

Immediately he was unleashed, Old Ruff bounded off, barking, in the direction of a baygall and very shortly disappeared into it. Meantime Wilbur's Joe worked slowly down a very promising fence row that led away from the camp house, and within ten minutes he was obviously trailing closely on game. The covey was not far ahead, as later events disclosed, for Old Ruff reappeared just in time to bark up fifteen or twenty birds not a hundred feet ahead of Joe.

"Takes him a little while to settle down," Billingsley said airily, speaking of Ruff; then to Ruff he said, "Look close, boy. Steady." But the animal was already well out of earshot.

Old hunters will understand, I am sure, why I must abandon here any attempt to recount the actual sequence of events that opening day; why it is painful enough to set out the results even in summary form. The unvarnished truth is that though we saw no fewer than a dozen fine coveys of quail during that day's hunt, we never got one shot at a covey rise, and the only single shots we got were birds we flushed ourselves. Billingsley ascribed our bleak experience to our poor shooting, Joe's errors, faulty shells, inadequate cover for the birds, and even to a gentle drizzle that fell on us throughout the day; but he saw no fault whatever in Old Ruff's performance.

Several times Wilbur's Joe came down on quail and held the point with steady posture, but invariably Old Ruff would beat the hunters to the spot, rush headlong into the covey, and flush the birds while they were still far out of our range. And each time Billingsley's explanation was different. Once when Ruff went barging in ahead of Wilbur's Joe, Billingsley explained that the birds must have been running and were thus about to avert the slower dog's point. Then, when the covey rose all around Old Ruff about a hundred yards away, Billingsley asserted fiercely that they were only field larks — no lark could fool Old Ruff; not a dog with a nose like that!

Billingsley never had any explanation whatever — and apparently did not consider one necessary — for another vicious habit Old Ruff disclosed during the day; that of barking and chasing after the flying quail until they sailed great distances away, quite too far to be watched down for single hunting.

About noon we had wandered far from the camp house, and when we had come upon a most likely-looking meadow filled with ample Johnson grass cover, Wilbur's Joe froze in his tracks not fifty yards ahead of me. I called to the others, but Billingsley at the same moment summoned us all in the opposite direction. Old Ruff, he announced, had not been seen in some five or ten minutes and

must therefore be down somewhere on game. Wilbur — who actually rents the ranch from Billingsley, I must say — whistled his Joe to come along, but that splendid, lean, and faithful hound would not move from his point. Meanwhile Billingsley continued to yell and bellow that we back up Old Ruff, that we honor his point. "You can ruin a dog," he proclaimed, "by leaving him alone on birds." So, finally, Wilbur whistled his Joe in, and the latter gave up, reluctantly, to follow us.

When we finally found Old Ruff he was on the far side of an adjoining farm marked POSTED. No HUNTING. He was not on quail; he was in hot and raucous pursuit of the neighbor's flock of guineas. Nor could he be called off until the guineas found sanctuary on top of a strawrick.

"Glad to see him get all of this kind of foolishness out of his system while he's a young dog," Billingsley remarked as we returned. But before we could get back to the place where Wilbur's Joe had pointed the covey, Old Ruff chased a jack rabbit through the area, flushed about twenty-five fine quail, and ran off down a ravine after them, barking and jumping with insouciant glee.

Afternoon

At noon we ate our sandwiches and apples under a big live oak tree, while Old Ruff skirmished at crawfish holes on the bank of a nearby stream. He drenched himself thoroughly in a little blue hole there before coming back and shaking cold water over us all. Then, as we finished eating, Old Ruff lapped up all the crumbs, scraps, and apple cores in sight, and was actually eying Wilbur's Joe hungrily, I thought, when Billingsley spoke to him with the only note of even implied criticism I ever heard him use in regard to his dog.

"Ruff," he said, "I hope you settle down this afternoon. A dog with as fine a nose as yours has got to be steady. Steady — steady, boy."

It must have been midafternoon, and our bag of birds was still pitifully light, when we heard Old Ruff barking in a nearby field. Shortly thereafter we saw him come running our way with a big covey of quail in full flight ahead of him. We were in tall cornstalks, and the birds flew very close by us, affording several excellent but very fast shots. We knocked down four birds, of which we got three, and Ruff ate the fourth one whole.

I noticed a smug look on Billingsley's face as he narrowly beat his dog to the bird he'd shot; and as we walked away he said, "Well, we can thank Old Ruff for another covey. I wonder where Wilbur's Joe was on *that* one." He was smiling broadly.

Old Ruff's endowments

These events in Atascosa County took place seven years ago last fall, and Old Ruff is now nearly twelve years old and is in semi-retirement. (Billingsley still takes him along on some hunts "for his

judgment, though his nose is not what it used to be.") Since a bird dog's career is built upon the acuity of his sensory gifts, let me describe Ruff's several endowments.

Old Ruff is blessed with good teeth, an amply salivated maw, and a steady appetite. In the course of one day's hunting I have seen him devour two rabbits, a setting hen and her eggs, three cans of dog food, a field rat, the edible portion of a young armadillo, and uncounted quail. That particular day was, to be perfectly fair, perhaps the high point of his career. Likewise, I must add, lest I do Old Ruff an injustice, that in the late afternoon he threw up most of the armadillo.

Old Ruff's hearing

Any early evening, Old Ruff can hear the Billingsley back screen door slam at whatever distance he may have strayed from home, for this usually means that the master has returned from the office and is opening several cans of dog food. On the other hand, I will affirm that I never once observed Ruff heed, obey, or even pay the slightest attention to Billingsley's words in the field, or to anyone else who tried to hunt over him. As a matter of fact, whenever anyone else tried to speak to the dog, Billingsley would start talking to himself. "Just how Old Ruff knows which one of us to obey is more than I can see," he was always fond of saying on such occasions.

"Hold, Ruff; steady, boy; easy now, *easy*," or "Look close, Ruff; look now; dead; dead *bird*," I've heard Billingsley bellow after winging a quail, with Ruff all the while romping through the fields in his own happy, carefree pursuit of his next morsel of food. Then, never a man without a command appropriate to the action, Billingsley would yell at the top of his voice, "Hie away, Ruff; hie away, boy." This was usually followed by a prideful comment upon what a rangy dog Ruff was. "You can have your slower dogs — dogs for single shots, dead birds, and so on," he would aver. "You can have your setters to pick out a single here and there. But Old Ruff is already out there in the next county looking for another covey."

Old Ruff can see

A remarkable demonstration of Old Ruff's farsightedness took place in the fourth year we tried to hunt over him, and at a stage which Billingsley was describing as the height of his career. We hunted that winter in the cutover timberlands of a South Louisiana parish where the abundant quail hadn't been shot at for some time.

Our host, Pierre LeBlanc of the black mustache and booming voice, furnished a fine coal-black setter named Thibodeaux, whose work throughout the day was steady, consistent, and effective. Both Billingsley and Old Ruff appeared in the early stages to resent Thibodeaux's quiet ease and poise

in the presence of birds, and Old Ruff in particular barked a great deal as he circled around the spots where Thibodeaux was at work. But as the day wore on, Billingsley seemed to accept the setter as a fair dog — for his breed, that was — and spoke quite a bit about the advantages flowing to a dog who hunted in the type of country he knew and was *used to*. "Wait," he said, "until Old Ruff gets acclimated here — gets the feel of things, I mean, in a strange place."

It was late afternoon before we approached our day's limit. We were, nevertheless, within one good covey shot of the mark and hopeful, since the last we'd seen of Thibodeaux, the black setter, he was working far off to our right near a likely-looking oak mott.

Pierre and I moved, almost instinctively, in that direction, while Billingsley, a little weary by now, trudged along behind. Then, to my utter amazement, we saw Old Ruff in the pointer's posture and stance which have brought that magic spine-tingling thrill to bird hunters through the centuries. Billingsley saw him about the same time and cried, "Old Ruff's on game," in a new vibrant voice. Confidence, pride, and stern discipline were implicit in his tones. His admonitions then to his dog were wonderful to hear, not to mention his asides to Pierre and myself. "Steady, Ruff; hold it, boy," he said; then to us, "What a point! Gad, that's a superb dog. . . . Hold back, men; easy! Can't you see he's right on the birds?"

At this state Billingsley, whose eyesight is quite erratic, say beyond the end of his gun barrel, went into an absolute transport of rapture.

"Look!" he cried. "Right ahead there. It's Thibodeaux, down on birds. He's frozen, and Old Ruff is *backing him up*; he's honoring his point! There's a *dog* for you."

This was the first time Old Ruff had ever given Billingsley leave to claim he'd honored another dog's point, and I thought Billingsley's inordinate rash of pride was understandable; at least until I recognized the object which Billingsley had concluded was Thibodeaux at point. That which had deceived both Billingsley and his dog was not the fine setter at all, for indeed he was nowhere about. It was a pine stump, burned black — the same color as Thibodeaux and only about twice as big.

And feel

Whether Ruff's remote threshold in this department is due to plain numbness or to a long-cultivated stoic strain in the breed is a point of sharp difference between myself and his master. But Ruff's insensitivity was extraordinary, I must say. There was, for example, the time in Kenedy County when we came upon Old Ruff in an attitude which Billingsley described as an absolutely classic point. He even took time out, while I held his gun, to photograph the point (a picture which, incidentally,

came out so well that Billingsley used it that year as his Christmas card).

Then, as we edged forward to flush the birds, Billingsley broke the silence of the prairie with rapturous praise. "By God," he exclaimed, "Old Ruff might as well be set in concrete."

As a matter of fact he was not far wrong. Ruff was caught and held fast in a coon trap.

"Bound to have been painful — not a howl — not a whine — never even whimpered," Billingsley said as we extricated the still uncomplaining Ruff.

And smell

As anyone will tell you, a bird dog must have a good nose. Ruff has grown old, as I have said, and one day he will be gone; nevertheless, I shall put it down as I see it, and Billingsley can make the most of it — or the least. *In my opinion Old Ruff has not yet pointed his quail number one.* I contend that pure coincidence, propinquity to birds and other dogs, all in good quail country, more than explain every episode linking Ruff with quail — except, of course, as to cripples and dead birds which he ate.

This is a harsh conclusion, but it has not been reached lightly. On the other hand, I shall suggest a possible qualification, if only out of an exalted sense of fair play and in deference to Billingsley's steadfast belief that Old Ruff was for years without a peer in the field; and, indeed, there are a paltry few equivocal episodes where I could possibly have been wrong and Billingsley might have been right.

For example, let us take the hunt three years ago on the Dickson Ranch in Lavaca County, where the grass burrs are perhaps the worst and the quail the thickest of anywhere in the South.

It was about midmorning on a bright day, and though we'd seen many quail, we'd bagged only a meager few. Old Ruff's eager ebullience and prodigious pursuit of rabbits, stinkbirds, and other irrelevant game seemed to have had a contagious and deleterious effect on the local dogs furnished by our host, so that they had all run around wildly for the first hour or two.

Then Billingsley and I suddenly came upon Old Ruff standing still in a pasture of good bluestem cover. I had to admit that Old Ruff had assumed an attitude of a bird dog on birds. As we moved up, I could tell that Old Ruff was no more pointing birds than he was playing a French horn. It is true his hindquarters were immobile, and his right forepaw was raised from the ground, but from my particular angle of view I was able to see that he was inert simply because he was in the act of extracting with his teeth a grass burr caught between his toes. So I naturally approached the animal in desultory fashion — whistling, as a matter of fact — all to the palpable disgust of Billingsley.

I watched Old Ruff gnaw away at the burr as we came closer upon him; then suddenly the largest covey I had seen all season arose immediately in

front of the startled dog. Billingsley killed one quail and winged another, though I must confess it all took place so unexpectedly that I was unable to get my gun up for a shot before the birds were out of range. Billingsley beat Ruff to the cripple and bagged it nicely.

For the balance of the day — in fact, for the balance of the season — Billingsley was absolutely unbearable. The talk he put out about the beauty of the point and the size of the covey grew all out of proportion to the facts. Nor did he omit the detail of my failure even to get a shot on the covey rise.

Any fair account of Old Ruff's career must include an event the season before last when Old Ruff retrieved a bird late one afternoon. It was toward the end of a day of failure after failure, and we had scratched out only a handful which we had flushed ourselves. We were approaching a little baygall, where I thought I'd seen a wounded bird fall, when Old Ruff came out of it with a quail in his mouth. This naturally perplexed me, for I had never seen Ruff fail to eat any quail within his hungry reach.

"That's another thing about Old Ruff," Billingsley said proudly. "You can always count on him to bring in a lost bird."

This remark was made just before Ruff came close enough for me to get the scent of the dead quail, which soon turned out to be awful. The poor creature had obviously been dead for several days, and was actually coming apart at the seams — a fact which Billingsley and I both pretended, each for his own special sporting reason, not to notice.

No account of Old Ruff's nose would be complete without a summary of that day rather early in his career when we sought to hunt over him in some Fort Bend County rice fields. Quail were prolific in that area, and it was still early in the morning (Ruff had flushed no more than three or four fine coveys out of our range) when our hero met and made a new friend. She was a fine specimen of Llewellyn setter — a beautiful spotted bitch whose owner had been less careful about her on the particular day than he might have. Old Ruff's nostrils flared and vibrated in the presence of this charming setter in ways that were thrilling to behold, particularly to one who is a lover of bird dogs. It soon became obvious that the setter was in a most attractive condition so far as Old Ruff was concerned, and the two of them went romping off together in the direction of a nearby pasture despite the roar of Billingsley's stentorian commands.

We hunted all the rest of that day without the benefit of Old Ruff, though Billingsley blew his ultra-high-frequency dog whistle and called him off and on throughout the hunt. We flushed enough birds to get our respective limits and returned about dark to the car, where we found Old Ruff asleep under the bumper. It took both of us to wake him up.



A leading astrophysicist, DONALD H. MENZEL, Director of the Harvard Observatory, is the author of several books in the field of physics, radio propagation, and astronomy, and his book debunking flying saucers attracted wide attention. In the following paper, adapted from a lecture given at Birmingham-Southern College, Dr. Menzel discusses the current theories about the end of the world and then draws his own picture of the future.

THE BOUNDS OF SPACE AND TIME

by DONALD H. MENZEL

1

MOST of us have pondered the significance of infinity. Pondered and wondered! Here we are, at an instant of time. We look backward down the long corridors of history and forward into the dim and uncertain corridors of the future. Have those corridors a beginning or an end? Or do they stretch on indefinitely, in both directions? Although this question is extremely important, the limitations of the human mind make impossible the comprehension of infinity. And we cannot comprehend a limited universe either.

Suppose that I possess advance information to the effect that the world will end tomorrow. The sun and stars and planets will vanish from the sky. The earth will dissolve at the final tick of the celestial clock. Even then our minds still want to bridge the gap and say, "Well, what about the day after tomorrow?" I have heard people say that they would go insane if they had to worry about such questions day after day.

We encounter similar limitations in our concept of space. Here a trained mathematician has some advantage over the layman. Although he recognizes his inability to visualize what he may term "warped or curved spaces," he can study their mathematical properties and see how it is that space can be finite even though the universe may be unbounded.

I think it was Einstein who first popularized this concept. Certainly it was he who put time on a par with space in the equations that describe the properties of the universe. The world of relativity is not one of geometry, with spheres, triangles, cubes, and other geometrical figures. No! The world of relativity is one full of action, a universe of events. And if we use the word "geometry" at all, we are trying to describe the world of events, the world of reality.

A beginning for the earth or solar system does not involve psychological or philosophical prob-

lems, so let us see if we can find any clues that will help us date so remote a happening as the earth's beginning. We find the information we seek in the rocks themselves — or, rather, in the atoms that compose the rocks. We recognize the existence of some ninety-six chemical elements. Some are abundant, like aluminum, magnesium, iron, or hydrogen. Others are rare, like gold, platinum, radium, or uranium. A few we have built only recently in that remarkable modern laboratory, the atomic pile.

Certain varieties of these atoms are unstable; radium and uranium are perhaps the most familiar examples of radioactive substances. Here I do not refer to the special instability that makes the atom bomb possible. I refer to the ordinary, garden-variety instability we have recognized for more than half a century: radioactivity. The nucleus of an ordinary uranium atom can explode a number of times, forming different atoms in the process, finally ending up as lead. These atoms are not now being formed; so they must be the remnants of radioactive matter left over when the universe was made.

There are two kinds of uranium. The heavier one, which weighs 238 on the atomic scale, ends up as lead 206. Uranium 235 (the lighter one used for atom bombs) finally forms lead 207. By measuring the amounts of lead in a rock, we can infer the age of the sample. The older the rock the greater the proportion of the lighter lead. And when we study the oldest samples of all, including the meteorites, we find an age of about four and a half billion years.

The theory behind this calculation is something like estimating the age of a community from the quantity of trash accumulated on the city dump — or from the number of headstones in the local cemeteries. We conclude, therefore, that the solar system, including the earth and meteorites, began some four and a half billion years ago.

Telescope measures show that the universe is expanding or exploding at an enormous rate. The great clusters of stars we call galaxies are speeding away from us. The most distant ones are receding more rapidly than the nearer ones. These observations pose a peculiar problem for us. Why should we be at the center of the explosion? Why should all galaxies apparently shun us, as if we were a plague spot of the universe?

We might conclude that we merely have a favorable location somewhere near the center of the explosion, and that the most distant objects got to be most distant because they moved most rapidly. However, with millions of galaxies, it does seem a little unlikely that our position should be so unique — exactly in the center.

Einstein's theory of relativity offers an alternative possibility. It states, in effect, that no matter what galaxy we might happen to call our own, we should find the same thing happening: all the nebulae would tend to recede from it. Hence, if just any galaxy could be the center of the universe, we conclude that there must be no unique center.

This thought is a little difficult for our earth-confined minds to grasp. And yet we discover a simple analogy on the earth itself. Except for the poles of rotation, there are no unique points on the surface of the earth. Birmingham could readily compete with Boston for the title of the "Hub" city. Indeed, choose any spot in the world as an arbitrary starting point, for the surface of a sphere has no center.

2

LET us follow this analogy a trifle further. Suppose that the earth is expanding — like a balloon being blown up from inside. Then, if you are located, let us say, in Birmingham, you will find that the cities of the world are moving away from you. New York will recede more rapidly than Atlanta because New York is farther away, and Boston is moving away more rapidly than New York. But this property is not peculiar to Birmingham. If you should be at Boston, instead, the cities of the world would appear to be receding from that spot.

The world of stars is not a two-dimensional space like the surface of a balloon. It is three-dimensional. But mathematicians can reason by analogy that if this three-dimensional world could expand something like a balloon, we should find a universe similar to the one we encounter today.

We can project ourselves backward in time, turning the expansion into contraction, and recall those fragments from the distant realms of space. With some surprise, we find that these fragments, about four and a half billion years ago, were back near the starting point. The expansion or the explosion must have started just about that time.

Here are two independent pieces of evidence

which lead us to conclude that something exceptional happened just under five billion years ago. And we might just as well call this event the beginning of the universe, though perhaps the word "beginning" carries with it a significance different from "creation." The most distant objects in the universe of which we now are cognizant require from three to four billion years for their light to reach us. We are almost seeing them before they are born. We try to bridge the gap in time and see what the world was like before the cosmic explosion set the clouds of nebulae skyrocketing into space.

One theory — perhaps the one most widely held today — holds great promise. The Abbé Lemaitre, a Belgian prelate, suggested that all the matter in the universe once was concentrated in what we might call a giant egg. I really mean concentrated. The individual atoms were so closely packed together that the matter may have been a million times denser than steel. A single pinhead made of this primitive matter would have weighed about a hundred pounds. Some estimates have set the density even greater, so that that primeval pinhead would tip the scales at a thousand or even ten thousand tons!

We do not know the exact size of this egg. In fact, size is almost meaningless in such a body, because size implies the presence of a gauge or independent measuring rod. However, according to present-day standards the egg probably had a diameter somewhere between a hundred and a thousand times greater than that of the orbit of the earth.

Our imaginations tempt us to visualize this cosmic egg as a sort of rock surrounded by a vast sea of nothing. But, from the standpoint of the egg, there was no possible way to penetrate the shell and explore this supposedly empty realm beyond. A rocket ship that might try to take off from the edge and leave the egg behind would be doomed to failure. No power source could possibly enable the ship to break away.

Our egg, presumably, is extremely hot. But if we are on the outside looking in, we are doomed to disappointment. Any ray of light that tries to escape falls back leadenly to the surface of the egg. None escapes to render the egg visible to a person on the outside.

What I am saying is this: that there may be two worlds — one inside and one outside the egg. But they are completely independent and it is impossible for us ever to pass from one to the other. I do not mean to imply that a being in the outside world would be completely unaware of the existence of the egg. The same law that forbids radiation to escape from the egg also forbids it to enter. Hence, if light from the sun or star were to fall upon the egg, the radiation would be reflected. In this sense we could "see" the egg as we see a rock or any

other opaque body. But we cannot expect to break it open.

For countless eons (or for only an instant, according to whatever system you deem appropriate to tell time in so static a universe) this cosmic egg lay incubating. Suddenly, about five billion years ago, the egg hatched, if a violent explosion equivalent to the blast of a super atomic bomb may be termed "hatching."

What made this egg hatch? Here is a question that seems beyond our present ability to answer, though we may eventually understand how the explosion started. In any event, we see that mutual gravitational pull tended to hold the mass together. There may have been small oscillations; the "shell" was flexible (like that of a reptile's egg). It may have moved spasmodically, like a cat in a gunny sack. I strongly suspect that electric currents, inherent in the initial mass, may have exerted explosive forces similar to those of solar prominences.

Anyway, the mass broke up and the universe was on its way: an enormous, expanding cloud of gas and radiation. Some force, perhaps gravitation, caused the cloud to break into pieces, like a cake cut with a knife. These were the masses that formed the supergalaxies, the largest cosmic units we recognize. At some slightly later stage, these units further broke up into crumbs, shall we say, just to continue the cake analogy. These crumbs — individually so large that light takes about a hundred thousand years to move across one of them — represent the galaxies or Milky Way systems of stars.

One of the most significant and still mysterious characteristics of these galaxies is the tendency that many of them have to form spiral structures. A few are amorphous masses, but we can arrange them in a sequence that strongly suggests an evolutionary pattern, as indicated by the late Dr. Edwin P. Hubble of Mount Wilson Observatory.

Rotation is probably responsible for the dominant form of these galaxies, which are flat, disk-shaped structures. Each galaxy of the millions accessible for telescopic study has peculiar characteristics that make it as much of an individual as you or I. But the dominance of spiral structure, ranging all the way from a delicate wave to tight loops, shows the basic importance of this formation. We have generally supposed that rotation is responsible for it, but we are not entirely sure. Some of them display a layer of dust in them.

I should not be surprised to find that cosmic electric currents similar to those we find in solar prominences play a part. In space we find many clouds of gas whose filamentary structure calls to mind the similar nature of prominences. Why such clouds do not evaporate into space is puzzling — unless there are weak electric currents flowing through the interstellar medium.

The stars and stellar families did not form immo-

diately. Nor did they form all at once. In fact we see some stars in the sky that could not possibly have existed since the beginning. They shine too brightly. They are using up their energy at so great a rate that their lives will be short — short, that is, in terms of the cosmic scale.

According to the dictionary, evolution is the natural force that tends to grow complex things out of simple ones. We see that gravitation and electromagnetism must play an important part in the evolution of the universe. The forces between atoms and the ability of atomic nuclei to release vast amounts of energy are also important.

As a result of this atomic interplay, the chemical nature of the universe changed rapidly during the first few minutes of its existence. An experienced cook can judge, from the color and tenderness, just how long and at what temperature the meat was roasted. Similarly, from the chemical composition of the universe, an atomic scientist can calculate what happened during the early stages of the universe. Within minutes after the initial explosion occurred, the temperature dropped below the critical value for cooking up new atoms, and the present chemical composition of the universe was fixed — fixed, that is, except for the atom-building processes going on within the stars. Our knowledge of this early phase of atomic cookery is due largely to George Gamow, atomic scientist of George Washington University.

3

ARE there any other major forces contributing to change in the universe? If gravitation and related forces are building complex structures, we see one natural law that operates in reverse — a conflict between what the biologist might term anabolism and catabolism. This important force, which tends to tear down, is built on the laws of chance. We call it the second law of thermodynamics.

The first law of thermodynamics is simple. It merely states that the total energy content of the universe is constant. We must include all kinds of energy — motion, gravitation, electricity, and atomic. The second law relates to the way in which energy flows in the universe. It guarantees — or practically guarantees — that a bucket of water put on a hot stove will boil rather than freeze. A hot object placed near a cold one will grow cooler.

How does the law of chance enter into this phenomenon?

Atoms and radiation are undergoing constant shuffling throughout the universe. We may aptly compare the world to a huge pack of cards. The arrangement at any moment, with honest and meticulous shuffling, is purely a matter of chance. If bridge were played with millions of cards instead of the customary fifty-two, the chances of really

good hands would be very small. The game would be colorless. Successive hands would be very like the ones preceding. But the game that nature is playing with atoms is far from colorless. Nor are successive deals the same. Each one shows a progressive change in the direction of uniformity.

Wherein does our analogy fail? The answer, and apparently the only answer, is that the "cards" were stacked originally. We are far from the ultimate completely shuffled state indicative of a run-down universe. Energy struggles to escape from stellar prisons. The universe is rushing toward a condition with matter strewn in cosmic ash heaps and with radiation flung to the ends of space. To start the world over again we should have to collect the escaped radiation and force it, against its will — that is, against the laws of nature — back into the cores of stellar cinders. When cards have been thoroughly shuffled, what process will rearrange them in their original state? To revive the cosmos from this final depression will require more than a new deal. He who wishes to revivify the universe must be able to restack the deck.

A new pack of cards has the four suits arranged in sequence. After a single shuffle the order is disarranged, and statistics tell us the original order would thereafter recur naturally only once on the average in a million trillion trillion trillion trillion shuffles. The chance against the "perfect" bridge hand of thirteen trumps is 160 billion to one. If every man, woman, and child in the United States were to play ten hands of bridge a day, the ideal hand would be expected to occur about once a year.

If time were truly infinite, every arrangement of all the particles might be expected to recur again and again. Is the universe perpetuated in this manner? We must not forget that the deck has been stacked at least once.

We see, however, one major fallacy in the argument. By this reasoning I, or rather an assemblage of matter that unfortunately resembled me, must have long ago been writing exactly the same words that you are now reading. This immediately calls to mind a drawn chess game wherein the same position has occurred several times over.

Is the universe like such a chess game? Repetition would seem to be a sort of inane activity. Indeed, Sir Arthur Eddington, well-known British astronomer-philosopher, discarded the possibility chiefly because he felt that it would be rather tiresome to keep doing the same things over and over. He says, "I am an evolutionist, not a multiplicationist."

However, I specifically point out that repetition cannot possibly occur in a universe that is expanding.

The second law of thermodynamics makes the universe "run down." Stars use up their sources of atomic energy, grow cold, and die. We have

seen that the force of gravitation is reversible. There is nothing in the motions of the planets to indicate in which direction time is going. From the standpoint of celestial mechanics, a motion picture of the solar system looks just as reasonable backward as forward. The exception is our own earth, where the friction of the lunar tides is radiated into space as heat.

But where is the world going? And how long will it last? We have explored the beginning. Let us now talk about the end.

4

FORECASTING the end of the world is a favorite pastime of astrological or numerological devotees. Nowadays such predictions seldom rate more than a few lines in the newspapers and are treated with contempt or amusement. But it was not always so. When the Scriptures were taken more literally — as well as more seriously — the fear of imminent catastrophe was general. Men regarded every bright comet that appeared as a warning from heaven that the cataclysm was at hand. Every volcanic eruption and every earth tremor caused the devout to pray for postponement of the dreaded event.

Predictions of the end of the world fall, generally, into three classes: 1) supernatural cataclysms engineered by a deity shocked at the wickedness of ancient Gomorrah or modern Hollywood, 2) destruction from natural causes, and 3) death from mere old age. Science cannot deny the possibility of a catastrophe of the first sort, though most scientists profess disbelief in miraculous phenomena. In any event, the miraculous does not readily lend itself to mathematical analysis. We can, however, invoke the laws of mathematics, chemistry, physics, and astronomy in an attempt to pierce the veil of the future, a billion years, a trillion years. Will the sun still be shining? Will our earth still be here? What will it be like? Will it still be populated by our descendants?

By now we cosmogonists are ready to admit that our earth is an insignificant part of the universe. Even so, some of us would regard the destruction of the earth as serious, despite the fact that its loss, from the cosmic viewpoint, would be inconsequential.

What calamities can befall our own planet or affect its habitability? First of all, there is the danger from collision. Men have ever been fearful lest the earth or sun smash into some cosmic body. The dark-star menace has been the theme of many a thrilling bit of science fiction. The prototype of such stories was written about fifty years ago by the famous astronomer, Simon Newcomb, who pictured the effect of a giant meteor's falling into the sun. The solar activity resulting from the crash heated the oceans to the boiling point, covered the

earth with a sea of slime and mud, and destroyed all traces of life. Such a collision is always a possibility and it might work real havoc provided the dark body were large enough.

Space, however, appears to be fairly free from bodies of planetary size, though the earth is being continually bombarded on all sides by small bits of iron and rock. Most of these, which are about the size of sand grains and small pebbles, are kindled by friction of the upper atmosphere and are burned out long before they reach the ground. These are meteors or "shooting stars," of which many millions daily strike the earth. Occasionally larger ones, not entirely consumed, reach the ground. Though several meteors have caused considerable damage, there is no definite record of one's having caused the death of any man.

A cosmic projectile that fell in Arizona many thousands of years ago made a dent almost a mile across and six hundred feet deep. Numerous such meteor craters are known. As recently as 1908, a meteorite struck in northern Siberia, exterminating a large herd of reindeer, uprooting trees over an area of some five thousand square miles. The seismic shock and atmospheric blast were recorded halfway around the globe. If such a bolide were to fall in the center of a densely populated area like New York City, it would undoubtedly cause tremendous damage and much loss of life. Even so, such a catastrophe would fall far short of being the end of the world.

The menace of comets was widely advertised about 1910, when the earth barely missed the head and actually passed through the tail of Halley's comet. Here the danger, as heralded in the newspapers, was twofold: from solid matter in the nucleus and from poisonous gases, cyanogen and carbon monoxide, which the spectroscope revealed to be present. The latter danger, in particular, was played up in the more lurid newspapers. The word picture of the morning after, painted by some journalist with an eye for the sensational, sticks in my memory to this day; a view of the sun's rising on a world utterly lifeless — and soundless "save for the ghastly popping of swollen bodies."

Pure sensationalism! The gases mentioned are lethal, to be sure. But the tail of a comet is almost a vacuum and would add only the minutest amount of gas to the relatively dense earth's atmosphere. Motorcar exhausts put far more carbon monoxide into the air of a city street than would be found in an equal volume of a comet. Head-on collision might produce some damage. The nucleus of every comet contains solid matter, meteorites held together with frozen gases. Certain well-defined crater-like depressions, the savannas of the South Atlantic states, may well have resulted from cometary impact. The moon's pock-marked surface is ordinarily accounted for in terms of meteoric collision.

Collisions with stars or gaseous nebulae are also possible. As far as potential damage is concerned, we can immediately drop the nebulae from the picture. Like comets' tails, they are too tenuous to offer appreciable resistance to the passage of bodies through them. A star, on the other hand, would spread devastation. Several thousand million years ago, possibly when the universe was less expanded than at present, the chance of such an encounter may have been much greater than it is now. We have already noted the low cost of insurance against cosmic accident of this type. The possibility of a collision happening within the entire life of the sun is negligible.

But if a collision did occur, or if the sun happened to explode naturally, to form a nova, the earth would flare up momentarily. Oceans would boil and evaporate in a vast explosion of steam. The mountains would burn with a red heat and our rivers would run with molten metal. In a matter of hours, the earth — including the ashes of all of its former inhabitants — would have evaporated into space.

What future has the moon? It is now receding into space — slowing down the earth by tidal friction in the meanwhile. This recession will continue for a long time — for billions of years — until finally the earth and moon rotate like partners in a dance, facing one another, while the day of twenty-four hours lengthens to nearly two months!

But this is not the end. The tides slowly make the earth reverse. Eventually the sun will rise in the west and set in the east. And now the moon draws in toward the earth. Enormous tides rise until, finally, the earth's pull on the near side of the moon so exceeds that on the far side that the moon breaks into millions of pieces. These distribute themselves around the earth in the form of a ring, like that of the planet Saturn. A ring of rocks surrounding the earth!

I ask you to make allowance for the uncertainties in my picture of the future. I warn you that I have gone far beyond our existing knowledge. In thus extending our recently discovered "laws" of physics over millions or billions of years, we are like the fabled race of *ephemerids* who lived in the tube of a thermometer. Ephemerids are a sort of intelligent bacteria. Their span of life was a tiny fraction of a second, but of this handicap they were unconscious. They had their astronomers who determined the height of the thermometer tube, and their physicists who made laboratory experiments. Of all their natural laws, one was very firmly established by observation over hundreds of generations: the mercury was rising at the rate of a thousandth of a millimeter a second. By simple arithmetic they could calculate the end of their contracting universe, when the mercury would reach the top of the tube and crush them against the wall of glass. Imagine the turmoil that

resulted when some later generation of scientists discovered that the mercury had reversed itself.

This fable is pure fancy, of course. And yet I know of no law of physics today as firmly established as that of the ephemerids. The law of gravitation? A mere infant, discovered so they say by Sir Isaac Newton in 1665 although it was in effect long before Newton's day.

5

ASSUMPTIONS! Postulates! Axioms! Theories! Physical laws! Is there any reasonable way to overcome the handicap imposed by the finiteness of human life? The difficulty lies in the fact that so-called physical laws are not "laws" at all, in the precise meaning of the word. They are not rules to be explicitly obeyed; like the ephemerids' law, they are descriptions of the behavior of nature as perceived by man. The correctness of this viewpoint is borne out by the alacrity with which physicists amend them when they discover exceptions. The law of gravitation has already undergone substantial revisions in terms of Einstein's theory of relativity.

Stars, particularly Polaris, have ever been the poet's symbol of constancy. Science reveals, beneath this disguise of drab monotony, a dynamic and changing universe. The words that Shakespeare put to Caesar's lips —

I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament —

have the opposite significance in terms of the polestar's true behavior: its small but perceptible daily motion, its gradual drift across the heavens, and its fluctuations in brightness and velocity.

The whole universe seems to be evolving, slow as some of the changes may appear to finite man. Every sun is pouring out vast quantities of energy in the form of light and heat. Every second brings the world a second nearer to extinction since, as far as we have been able to ascertain, no replenishment occurs. The sun picks up a few meteors; feeble starlight and so-called cosmic radiation fall on its surface, but these additions are negligible. They can have no more effect on the life of a star than an extra bucketful of water thrown into Lake Erie would have on the life of Niagara Falls.

It is, of course, conceivable that the stars may have a source of energy of a nature still unrecognized by earth-bound scientists. Fred Hoyle and Hermann Bondi, well-known British astronomers, have recently suggested that stars, moving through the universe, attract to themselves enough hydrogen to replenish the loss of energy by radiation. They have further supposed that, as space expands, new atoms of hydrogen form to fill that

space. But this process of continuous creation of matter is completely speculative, and no observational evidence exists to support the idea.

I cannot bring myself to believe that the universe is a perpetual-motion machine, effectively manufacturing energy from nothing. Without such a miracle, the present state of the cosmos appears to be temporary. Someday the cosmic fuel will give out and the sun will grow cold along with the other stars. If this view discourages you, take heart from the fact that you probably will be able to find a few stellar embers still glowing on the cosmic hearth a hundred billion years from now.

But, if changelessness is an ideal, we shall eventually find it — the stagnation of a Buddhist Nirvana, the quiescence of death. In this distant future we find space strewn with the cold bodies of stars. Perhaps the earth, then a frozen fragment, still swings around the burned-out cinder that used to be our sun. Radiation, the soul of stellar life, has leaked out of the stars and dispersed itself uniformly through space. The universe is a mere graveyard, haunted by the ghosts of the dead.

The phoenix, fabled Arabian bird, was supposed to end its long life by flying into the fire, only to rise with renewed youth and live through another cycle. Has our world an existence similar to that of the phoenix? Will a new universe arise from the ashes of the old? When two dead stars happen to collide there will be a momentary flash. Some persons seem to believe that the stars could thus be rekindled. But the fires lit in this fashion would sputter feebly and then die away.

Some scientists have visualized an inverse process occurring out in the depths of space, the building up of atoms from wandering stellar energy. In cosmic radiation they see the birth cries of infant atoms — atoms that may subsequently condense into stars to replace those of our present system when they are worn out. Every known law of science, especially the law of chance, argues against such a possibility.

Will the galaxies ever cease their expansion and fall back to their starting point, like a spent sky-rocket? If not, it appears that the universe, like the century plant, is fated to bloom but once and die. However, we cannot be sure that expansion will continue indefinitely. If the expansion can reverse into contraction, we visualize the possibility that the universe may eventually rebuild the egg from which it was born, setting the stage for another performance of the cosmic drama. There are difficulties, probably insuperable, with this truly phoenix-like view of creation, appealing though it may be to those who find perpetual extinction philosophically unattractive. I am inclined to favor the opposite view: indefinite expansion, the flashing of fireworks, a glorious blaze, followed by oblivion!



An Atlantic Story



CRARY MOORE is the pen name of a former Bostonian who moved to Cambridge after her marriage two years ago. "Here," she writes, "you see, and marvel at, the everyday doings of tremendous intellects. You also meet their wives." Her story of an anniversary gift, and of how it catalyzed mind and heart, is one to remember. It marks Miss Moore's fourth appearance in the Atlantic.

THE BLUE IMAGE

by CRARY MOORE

BEN LANDRY had come South from New York, which Julia thought a very Babylon, to marry her and take her far from home. They lived in the bleached, dusty town surrounding a prairie university, where his fellowship in mathematics afforded Ben an empyrean solitude. He was twenty-seven, six years older than Julia, and long since resigned to the nourishment of his genius. Like the mythical pelican's offspring, it had to be fed with his blood. All day, joyfully, he worked in a library cubicle; and all day she dreamed at home: queer tumbleweeds dreams of love and possession.

"I won't ha've a vile old baby," she said, "to take me away from you," and saw that he was flattered and apprehensive.

She was tall: ruddy and gay, sometimes volcanic, much too thin, with a variously lilting Tidewater voice that made h'oos of house and dwelt long on darling. She had loved parties, and amazing coincidences, and scenes: to exchange a flower for a compliment, to court and appease, to stalk off-stage in a very fine dudgeon. When Ben was working she was filled with wonder and desire, and would not leave the room. She longed to compass what he compassed, literally to touch the force which brought sweat to his brow; shortened his otherwise happy temper for days at a time; and made him, to her vast amusement, count on his fingers. Until he had solved his problem, he was only a soulless entity to be fed and massaged — since thinking made his back ache — and tricked into changes of linen. He said crossly that he thought better when he was dirty. She was enchanted.

"How does it feel . . . your stuff? What's it like?"

He tried enthusiastically to explain it. In the early months of their marriage, she struggled with calculus and solid geometry, but the air was too thin. She was *not* stupid, he said indignantly; just hadn't the knack of manipulating symbols. The essence of mathematics, he said, was being unlike anything at all: being pure.

"Pure?"

"Relevant only to itself."

"Sometimes," she said, her brow piteous, "I feel irrelevant." Not at all fooled, he reassured her anyway. She was amazed and grateful that he should be "on" to her, and still love her so much. To Julia, things were banal as soon as understood.

Not so to him. He spent hours marveling at familiar monuments: the elegance of Newton, the power of Gauss, the "beauty," as he put it, of Euclid, so delightfully combining scope and rigor. This capacity for wonder was the keystone of his temperament; in him, "delight" was a profound, a general emotion, and alertness to fun redeemed his lack of humor. He was ardent and generous. The bloom of Julia's apricot cheeks was positively blatant; she smirked knowingly at the looking glass. She had also acquired new reticences, and would blush at a low limerick. Julia insisted that she grew pale during his creative fits, when for days there was only her mood to fill the living room.

He said constantly, "You *are* my happiness."

"But I don't make it."

"Be content to own me, Judy. Don't try to be me."

Since a wedding trip in the Tirol, they had not stirred. Strangely for her, she delighted in the constriction of three rooms. He suggested that

she send for her horse, or at least for a dog to walk, and she would not. The housework was done by a grim Swedish woman they called "Moby Dick," whom Julia loathed and admired. Toward the close of the long, barley-colored afternoons, when her hectic daydreams grew stale, Julia would be possessed by random frenzies, resulting in towering arrangements of carnations, for instance, which lacked only bugs and cut peaches to look like Savery paintings. Or she glutinously polished their furniture, which was extremely good. He liked, she worshiped, "nice things," and she cherished them with violence, often killing what she loved. The casualties in Waterford glass were tremendous. Her furious domesticity surprised Ben and often made him bilious, since she was an extravagant cook; she licked the spoon and penciled rude remarks in Tante Marie. She loved a feast, and made a great thing of their first wedding anniversary.

He rose to the occasion with a handsome present; to the spirit, not at all, for his work was then in full spate and he dared not interrupt it. A lost train of thought was fatal. Julia's celebrating, they later discovered, had been typically hyperbolic; she eventually produced a magnificent, leather-lunged son. Ben was overjoyed, and so, to his great surprise, was she—better than overjoyed: happy. She insisted that the deed was done that very night and no other, that their anniversary had been a milestone in more ways than one.

"That is true," he said. "But don't be confused by epiphenomena."

2

His anniversary present was a Chinese ancestor-portrait, probably of the late Chien Lung period, about 1780. It represented a blue-robed Taoist, a minor official of middle age, seated in the traditional manner on a carved, lacquered chair; since it was at least six feet by two, they unrolled it, that morning, on the hall floor. It was stained and creased, seeming too shabby for the rich little room. Julia was hostile at once.

"It looks," she said, dissembling politely, "as if it had been prayed to."

"It looks a damned nuisance," he said, undecieved. "I hadn't thought about where to hang it. Shall I take it back?"

"No!" Contrarily, she was beginning to want it.

"Really it's not a proper present. You should have a piece of jewelry," he said. "I somehow couldn't walk by that shop once more and leave the old boy behind. Ugly or not, he does have power."

"Ugly!" she cried, outraged. "It's a very fine kakemono."

"Chu," he said, "is apparently the Chinese word. Well," hastily, "keep it rolled up, then. Probably the man's own descendants did, and only hung it on Veneration Day, or whatever."

"Funny . . . to find a queer old thing like that, way off here. Maybe it was sort of meant to belong to us, Ben."

"'Meant'! Southern comfort! Stone Age!" He picked up his briefcase.

"Ben . . . do we go dancing this evening?" She saw his face draw in.

"If I finish. I don't dare stop. Judy, I'm awfully sorry."

"There's no oaf like a mathematical oaf," she said, but kindly, and he left.

That morning, determined to hang the scroll somewhere, she ranged the apartment, growing increasingly nervous. Finally she removed a Carolean silver mirror from the chimney piece and replaced it with the scroll.

"You look like hell," she said aloud, and stamped her long veiny foot. The kakemono fell down. Inanimate objects were apt to mock her. Standing precariously on the peau-de-pêche mantelpiece, she rehung it firmly, then jumped off with a thud and backed away to the windows, for a long look.

It was too blue, too plain, too crude. And barbarously big.

All day she was cross and hasty, harassing "Moby Dick" almost beyond endurance. She kept interrupting her own preparations to gaze again at the saturnine blue image. Unframed, flapping in drafts, it looked insubstantial and arty, a specimen, not a decoration. But she could not help responding to the occult air of authority possessed by excellent things; this was unquestionably "good." She would not admit to hating it, but wondered at Ben's choice: was it a flaw or a new facet in his taste?

Loss of the mirror was a loss of light, for it had faced the western windows, diffusing, from its soft depths, a pale harvest shimmer over the lovely room. The scroll, dark at six o'clock, seemed a great tare against the wheat-gold walls. She turned away, jealous, to dress for Ben's return. If he had not finished his work, she would be alone all evening with this gross intruder for company. Hearing her husband's step, she hurried, jerking at her russet hair, and ran out in a rush of silk tissue. On the study doorstep she halted.

Merely by the position of his cropped oval head, she could tell how he sat: slouched loosely in the pink chair, like someone beginning a day's ride. He was well away. The nape of his neck was austere, like a small boy's.

She passed him, deliberately rustling, sat down opposite, and took up a magazine. He smiled brilliantly at the ceiling.

On the carpet, harsh against its patina, his black notebooks were tumbled open, the white pages speckled with minute symbols. Dimly, she understood these to be the maps, as it were, of actual, unimaginable worlds, where his mind could stroll like a surveyor. It was much more fascinating, to her, than any derring-do. Sometimes Ben was un-

nerved by her wonder to the point of cruelty. "You just think it's classy," he said often, "or are you jealous? Or have you a holy longing for essences?" By which he meant: stick to what belongs to you. And that was everything she could touch, his person included. She could make him fat or thin or clean or dirty, and he was delighted to be relieved of the bother of choosing his clothes. She could make him laugh until he helplessly slapped his knee, which, with a Circean satisfaction, she thought the most vulgar of gestures. She could invest surrender with such sweetness that he wept for joy. His physical awareness of her was so keen that she could exacerbate his nerves with perfume. Yet, when he worked, and she turned her eyes on his averted head, he reacted like a horse trying to twitch off a fly.

Even his person, she thought, was mathematical, having "economy" (in his sense), "elegance," "symmetry." His black hair was like a Norman helmet, its definite horizontal repeated by his eyebrows. It was a face without superfluities, the ears small and close, the nose one arched stroke. She washed him with her attention as the sea washes a rock.

"Cut it out, my darling," he said suddenly, "or go away."

"Cut what out?"

"You know what. I can't concentrate."

In a great rustle, to indicate injury and hauteur, she withdrew, and doggedly set about transferring his dishes from the living-room table to a tray. Rising from a table by his elbow, the sacrificial smell of food and wine sometimes distracted him. He would not move to eat, and, whether it was the divine madness or only a dry summer, he was drawn too fine.

It was nice to know, she thought in quotation marks, that he paid her more mind than his dinner; and she turned to the looking glass, aware of nostrils and cheekbones, to see if irony became her. But instead of her hot histrionic face, she saw the kakemono.

It was a cold shock. The Taoist was sarcastic.

She blew out the candles and turned again. Now, in lamplight only, he looked benign. It was eerier than a portrait which follows you with its eyes, than a fine mask which changes expression with each angle of view. She knew that chus were not painted from life; there was a superstition about it. The painter would knock at the gates of a bereaved house, carrying his sketchbooks full of noses and eyes and whatnot; then the family would choose from these until they had a full complement of resemblances. The "portrait" was only a facsimile of facsimiles, and still it was alive after almost two hundred years, and not to be trifled with.

It occurred to her that Ben's present was demanding and inconsiderate. It looked like hell over the fireplace, where her lovely mirror should by rights

have been; it drank all the light, it devoured her room, it had made a fool of her. If you cast an important glance at a mirror and there is no mirror, you have been caught out and mocked. It was an unpresentable present, and she was angry.

Must she rearrange her house, her whole life, around his passing fancy? Her eyelids began to tickle, but even as she had the thought, it occurred to her that she might have had to love a Great Dane or something. She was promptly overcome with affection for Ben, and a longing to look at him. Self-pity, for Julia, was like a drug: alluring, then degrading, then no fun at all. In her long hours alone she could indulge it at length, and rave, if she pleased, like Hecuba; but the relief was always surprising when she stopped. Sometimes, at night, for no reason at all, she cried on her husband's shoulder; but it was not worth it. His unfailing kindness shamed her. Sometimes she thought of firing the abominable "Moby," and doing all the housework herself, earnestly, well: like an acolyte.

The only times that utterly abolished her loneliness were the fleeting lapses between his ideas. Waking from the long deep sleep that followed a completed exploration, he was enchanting, with a mind as sweet as morning; some special air hung about him. Its clarity, the exhilaration they both felt, reminded her of the Alpine wind above tree-line she remembered from their wedding trip. She had thought, at the time, that she could actually smell ozone: not a fragrance, more a coolness.

It was of those times that she had her happiest daydreams here, in the long afternoons, in the shimmering room filled with the light of a northern harvest.

3

HE LOOKED up smiling when she brought in the tray.

"Do you miss me," she said, "when you're wherever you are?"

"Not at the time. Afterwards, very much. You know that." He looked at her directly with large leaf-shaped eyes, answering the plea in her voice but still impatient.

"Good. Where are you now?"

"In Hilbert space. It has an infinite number of dimensions."

"That's very fancy," she thought. "In fact, that's impossible."

"On the contrary, it's necessary, or other things I know are true aren't true. It works, you see," laughing, "and it describes other things that work."

"Things you can touch? Any?"

"Well . . ."

"The least sign of usefulness, and you'd stop?"

"Someday, there will be a science which can't be born without my — no, *these* — mathematics."

"Science about what? Galaxies and fusion bombs?"

"That's pedestrian. Probably, some unforeseeable class of facts."

"What if we blow ourselves up, in our pedestrian way?"

"Well, not here then. Wherever there is intellection."

He took a deep, unthinking gulp of soup, and opened the notebook again. She ran her hand in circles over his skull, with the whorled grain of his hair. "Don't," he said. "Have patience, darling."

Without quite willing to, she rubbed harder. His scalp stiffened.

"Judy — don't — tease," he said tonelessly, in real anger. His voice frightened her, and she went quickly out, to pace the living room under the gaze of the unwelcome Taoist.

After her hectic indoor day there was no hope of sleeping until midnight at least. At home she would have been worn out even by this hour, with riding and swimming and parties — and she thought of white curtains astir in a breeze smelling of tobacco flowers; of high clouds and moonlight and the wide estuaries. Night in this splintery town was hideous. As the northern sky at last grew black, it gave the bug-haunted screens an ominous look, and beyond them the windows of strangers seemed hostile. As it grew late, the light indoors was harsh. Now the scroll was black, against a wall drained of color.

She took it down, with great pains to prevent its rattling, and again hung the Carolean mirror: instantly, the room was beautiful again. She put the kakemono on the floor, weighting its corners with books, and for the first time closely scrutinized her enemy.

In spite of its wide yellowing borders, the scroll filled her eyes with a flood of blue. The seated figure looked as long, from waist to hem, as though he had been upright; hence the robe was tremendous. It was simply a flat expanse of unshaded blue, with only a few bold black lines to indicate folds. It was exactly the blue of a kingfisher's wing in shadow: not dark, not pale, not green, not purple — a pure, an intense blue, softened a little by age and dust and creases. Painted on dense silk, it neither held nor reflected light; no sky could be that color. This in itself, she thought, accounted for a certain strangeness; that the scroll was painted, as it were, in a lightless world without weather, for even the background was a strange murky color, not so warm as the color of earth. Against it, white looked oddly like pearl. The upcurving toes of the boots were white; their black uppers scarcely showed under the immense robe. The Taoist's feet were planted firmly on the rung of his chair. Only the tips of its arms showed beyond the vast blue sleeves. These were bordered heavily with black.

The long-nailed boneless hands, not white, yet pale as melon rinds, curved about a long white stick which was held a little to one side. It was curved also, not so deeply as a crescent, its flat tip pro-

jecting above the sloped blue shoulders. On one side of the figure, as if suspended, was an incense pot whose white legs looked like the root of a great tooth; on the other was a blue-and-white urn containing a stunted tree covered with flat pinkish flowers. Both the pot and the urn were boldly badly drawn in false perspective. The urn's rim was an awkwardly tilted ellipse.

It was like staring at a light bulb.

The priest's throat was obscured by a sparse black beard, each hair precisely drawn, and framed by the curved wide border of his robe. The hat was extraordinary, like a red and blue crown, for in the center there was black, perhaps the top of his head. A tremendous pin, nearly a foot long, and apparently of bone, projected at dead-level to either side.

He sat in the traditional pose, hieratic and serene; and of course, intentionally majestic. The generations had been destined to esteem this tall person as almost a god, and his portrait did not so much glorify as remove him, from pettiness to a plane of awesome repose.

The reverent beholder was meant to see not a person, not even the memory of a person, but the idea of a person. There was no testimony of deeds; his long nails, in fact, condemned them. The white stick was not a weapon but a badge of position.

Yet he was not dead and he was not a symbol. There was nervous force in his monumentality; the stick was held with too much vigor, and something about the rhythmic folds of the sleeves, the asymmetry of the stick's position, hinted that he had drawn it back preparatory to a violent gesture. The face was too human. Under heavy peaked eyebrows, the uptilted, surprisingly deep-set black eyes looked keenly out, staring with a curious directness, bracketed with crow's-feet which suggested a squint. The nose, indicated merely by two strokes, seemed unduly long and thin for a Chinese. The mouth was bright pink, plump and a little pursed under the sparse mustache.

She was passive, now, before the Taoist, and no longer hostile. Without thought or activity, her mind was full.

Silently, with a somnambulist's soft gestures, she climbed to the mantel, again removed the mirror, and laid it face down on a chair seat. Then she hung the scroll, for a moment holding its face close to her own. He, the priest, the official, was not precisely smiling, yet had an air of secret irony, of a wisdom more practical than celestial. He had, in fact, the face of a chess player or negotiator.

Above the baroque mantelpiece, vertical once more, the man seemed bigger, and less amiable; his face, ten feet above her, was elongated, and looked scornful. She had an impression of profoundly masculine energy only temporarily in check, of pride and self-command. Magnetized, a little dizzy, she could not turn her back.

For a long time, Julia and the scroll were face to face and did not come to terms. Confrontation had become a question of acceptance, not of knowing. She simply stared without speculating. By now the Taoist had dominated her mind. He was no longer a symbol of anything extraneous, nor a clue to Ben, nor a decoration, nor an intrusive person.

Somehow, eventually, she realized that she had fulfilled all the demands of the scroll, and she was exhausted as if by a violent emotion. Her legs ached, and she was suddenly shaken with chills. She turned away, and went into the bathroom for her nightgown; shivering at the touch of satin. Still in a daze, she washed, brushed her teeth, forbore to scent herself, and returned for a last look at the kakemono. Its imprint on her had not softened. Lightheaded, unconscious of anything but the blue presence, she glanced into the darkened study, then went silently into the bedroom.

It was very cool. The leaves rustling outside were faintly lit by the street lamp, and their shadows flickered on the dim white bed. Under the window, the carpet shone a speckled silver. Very softly, she crept into the low enormous bed and wearily turned her cheek into the pillow. Then she remembered that the lights were still on in the living room, and thought of the Taoist's night vigil with a smile, as if it were a mild joke. His blue image was still whole before her eyes. There was nothing to be thought about the scroll, and no thought came to her; she took it comfortably, unconsciously for granted that she would in time make some disposition: find it a better place, or keep it rolled up to enjoy at her pleasure.

It was all over now. She could not sleep, yet was not restless. She was conscious of her own pulse,

of the blueness that shimmered behind her eyelids, of being cold, of gooseflesh on her shoulders, and all these seemed phenomena of great clarity and intensity.

The faint warmth to her left was Ben, sleeping like a stone, flat on his back. She raised herself on one elbow to look at him. The sheet was drawn up to his chin. She could just make out the hollows of his eye sockets, the marble, convex lids. His breathing was even and barely audible. Something in his sleeping face was impregnable, and she was more awake and more alone than ever in her life. Pulling the covers over her shoulders, she felt enclosed in his warm tent, and became conscious of the faint clean smell of his body, something like walnuts, and the starchy smell of his pajamas.

Very cautiously her hand stole out, her knuckles supporting the sheet, the fingertips turned down to touch his thin warm wrist. He did not stir at first, and then she realized with a shudder of delight that he was looking at her with wide-open eyes.

"Where were you?"

"Looking at the chu. I'm still dizzy."

"The door was shut. Was I right not to come in?"

"Yes. Thank you for not."

"I missed you."

"Ben! Have you finished?"

"Yes, have you?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"I just do. How beautiful you look. Are you tired?"

"Yes."

"Too tired?"

"No."

"Come close. I am so happy."



HARK, HARK, THE LARK

by MARIE DE L. WELCH

AND heaven widens with the skylark's ways, —
 Into and from the sky he falls and springs
 So gay and gifted with such various grace
 The harpers pause to hear him play his wings.
 While between earth and air he springs and falls
 It seems that heaven is in no special place
 And cannot have a gate, having no walls.



WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING *was called to teach at Harvard, his alma mater, in 1914. He had married Agnes Boyle O'Reilly in 1905; she was already a teacher, endowed with much of the humane fervor of her father. Toward the end of their first spring in Cambridge she embarked with his backing and aid on a parent-teacher experiment from which was to emerge the school now nationally known as Shady Hill. The spirit which they and their associates imparted to the instruction, and the principles which they evolved as they went along, deserve most thoughtful appreciation at this moment when so many classrooms in America are bursting at the seams. Perhaps once again it is a time when parents can help.*

CREATING A SCHOOL

by AGNES and ERNEST HOCKING

I

CAMBRIDGE is a school-bearing town, and justly proud of it. Wasn't it Stanley Hall, psychologist, who, making a study of children's fears, asking several hundred Massachusetts children what they were most afraid of, found two who answered "ignorance"? Their homes, he noted, were in Cambridge.

The Agassiz School, on the northerly stretch of Oxford Street, ranked high. Its principal, Miss Baldwin, a Negro, held a critical community's standing respect. Numerous children of Harvard faculty folk turned up in "Miss Baldwin's school." But now, in the spring of 1915, it was time for the old building to be torn down and rebuilt. Demolition set in well before spring closing, and refugee pupils were assigned pro tem to neighboring schools. These fugitive squatters in already crowded school-rooms were doubtless made as welcome as human nature would permit; but nothing could abolish the fact of strain for both teachers and taught. Our eight-year-old son Richard began to bring home caustic teacher's reports; long division was getting him down. What could a parent do?

It was this accidental situation that started a train of events. It so happened that Richard's mother, Agnes Hocking, had a teacher's impulse from early years, and not a little experience, first in Boston public schools, then at the George Junior Republic, Freeville, New York, where in 1905 she had spent her honeymoon. Later, she had carried on for two years a school in New Haven, an "open-air" grammar school, with the approval and under the interested eyes of local school authorities and a group of M.D.'s whose counts of red corpuscles were highly favorable, as was the record of the school during epidemics of flu and whooping cough.

As newcomers in Cambridge, this was no moment for us to start a school, and we had no intention of doing so; but if circumstances required, one of us was ready to meet a temporary emergency.

We had built a commodious back porch for our old house at 16 Quincy Street, open sleeping porches on the second floor, on the first floor an extra porch-room for anything that might happen along — why not school quarters for half a dozen of the refugees from Miss Baldwin's school? After consulting with a few friends similarly discommoded, among them Mrs. Wallace Atwood, wife of the geographer, Agnes Hocking went into action. Young Richard found himself with former comrades and one or two new ones; and with parental aid from several sides, work went forward with such zest and good effect that at the end of the term there was call for continuance, with several new applications.

We had counted our teaching resources. They appeared good; we could have special help from the faculty families among us, and by pooling costs we could employ two or three regular teachers. We found Miss Greene for the three R's and for general oversight and record-keeping; Mrs. Hocking was to teach history and poetry, involving reading and composition; Ernest Hocking was to come in for short periods of mental arithmetic. Mrs. Robert Duncan Reynolds was to teach Latin; Mlle. Thioux was to teach French. With this use of home talent, compensated by free tuition for members of the teacher's family, expenses could be light (I believe our per capita share for the first year was \$72). If we could recommend ourselves by the quality of our teaching, our program could be financially attractive, especially to faculty

families. And so it proved: the school grew with a speed which was little short of embarrassing.

In the fall of 1915 we began, if I remember rightly, with a group of some twenty pupils. Before long we had between thirty and forty, and a sizable waiting list. School activities spread into the dining room, the front porch, the under porch, the garage, and, of course, the yard, under the curious eyes of the Harvard Union on one side and the Colonial Club on the other. There were important additions to the teaching staff: Mrs. James Sturgis Pray, pupil of Thomas Whitney Surette of Concord, taught music in a way that made music a part of the school temper and lured several uncertain singers into control of their voices; Mrs. Neal, wife of Professor Herbert Neal of Tufts and a biologist in her own right, gave nature studies and conducted bird walks; Mrs. Wallace Atwood, with the help of Professor Atwood, made geography a living interest. Mrs. Wright, wife of architect James H. Wright, gave lessons in drawing. The question was bound to arise in the spring, not whether to carry on — that seemed settled — but what to do with the waiting list for the ensuing year. At this point, I, who had to oversee physical arrangements and had been moving our piano from drawing room to dining room and back for the music periods, presented an ultimatum. The school must limit its numbers or move. It decided to move.

Under the circumstances, this meant — unless by a rare chance the Harvard Division of Education were to want us as a long-needed experimental school — buying land and building a school house or houses. And the new plant must be ready by fall. The undertaking was, on the face of it, quixotic. But Agnes Hocking had the necessary quixotism; and one of the parents, John Sturgis, the banker, had an equally necessary down-to-earth joint-stock plan for financing the dream, which, with several outright gifts from Richard Cabot, John C. Runkle, Paul Sachs, Mrs. Edward Forbes, and others, put the impossible within reach.

2

WE BEGAN with no preconceived educational theory. We had a few firm convictions stemming from experience as to what constitutes good education. We were definitely “experimental”; much in the way of method, personnel, equipment had to be improvised. If the Division of Education needed an experimental school we might possibly serve. The question was canvassed with good will on both sides. The outcome was a friendly decision against the transfer. But the discussion was far from fruitless: it made us clear about our own special character. Some of our improvisations, which certainly involved educational hazards, also held educational possibilities, and we as a small and personal enterprise could try them out.

For example, the parent-teachers. Professional educators could fairly consider them as amateurs. For us, while they were at the beginning an obvious mainstay of our economy, they had an independent value: it was in fact the amateur that we wanted, in the literal sense of lover-of-the-subject. In public schools, especially in the younger grades, the “room teacher” must teach whatever is to be taught, love it or not. We wanted teachers who loved geography or history or arithmetic, and we found them at first in our community of college parents. The same was true of the consequent admixture of parental control in school management which gave our enterprise from the first a certain invaluable domestic and democratic quality, not without problems of its own. We were first called “Coöperative Open-Air School.” So, too, with the constitutional aversion to textbooks, strongly marked in Agnes Hocking, who believed in bringing even children into contact with original sources!

In addition to these heterodoxies, there were others that at once set us apart not only from the run of well-conducted schools, but also from all “progressive” schools of that time. We were often classified as progressive — chiefly, I suspect, on the ground of a certain informality in our procedures which led to the supposition that, like the typical progressive school, we were consulting and catering to the existing “interests” of children. Our principle was the exact reverse of this. Interest was of course of the first importance, and we secured it; but not by bending our work to what was on the surface of children’s minds. We expected children to *take an interest* in what was worthy of their interest; and with teachers who cared for their subjects, they did so. We could therefore take the hard way rather than the easy way in the subject matter of teaching. We could hold to the further heterodoxy that we were bound to keep alive in children a *love of thinking*, and the ability to think. This was a far cry from the yielding morass of progressivism as it then was.

Our teaching of arithmetic may serve as an example; I can speak of it with some assurance as I was the first culprit. I was interested to refute a prevalent superstition to the effect that there are some children who are naturally averse to the subject of number. For this purpose I deliberately rejected every attempt to “make arithmetic interesting” by lugging in concrete activities, such as carpeting floors. My faith was that while the human infant has a native bent to counting, very few are congenitally addicted to floor-carpeting. Number has its own order and beauty, which is only obscured by irrelevant lumber.

But how about “learning by doing”? A noble maxim, if it is some skill you are to learn: one can no more learn to write without writing than learn to walk without walking. We made great use of learning by doing. But no maxim has been more

misused. It has been taken to mean that we must learn everything by doing something *with our hands*, even when it is *thinking* we have to learn. Our position was that children learn to think by thinking, not by doing something else. So my exercises in mental arithmetic were not problems in traders' profits, nor in weights and measures; they were exercises with numbers themselves, in all their airy emptiness.

The proof of the pudding, I pointed out to my pragmatic colleagues at Harvard, is pragmatic: these children were getting rid of acquired phobias about number, and believe it or not were beginning to enjoy arithmetic! Among other things, they were painlessly mastering multiplication tables, which many schools today approach with fear.

The teaching of history and poetry was the special province and delight of Agnes Hocking. This is how she spoke of it in words written a decade after the founding, at a time when Shady Hill was outgrowing its second home, and she, contemplating her farewell, was recommending her now mature fledgling to her successors: —

"It was our wish to keep alive the intellectual hunger, and the hunger of feeling, which are already in a child's mind as he moves on from his world of play into his years of schooling. In trying to keep this eagerness alive, we found out several very simple truths. One of them came about in this wise. We had been studying Indian life for a month, visiting models of Indian villages in the Museum at Harvard, and making drawings of their houses, graves, flint utensils, etc. We had been reading the great chapters in Fiske's *Discovery of America* that pictured Indian life in the days when this country lay undiscovered. We had hunted out Indian songs, dances, and picture writings. In our handwork we had made Indian costumes and rugs. Our compositions had been, as nearly as we could make them, expressions of an Indian's mind. And then came an anxious note.

"A careful mother felt that we would never 'cover the ground' which the (neighboring) school was completing this year in its fifth grade if we spent so much time on the Indians. I wrote her that she was entirely right; there was no possibility of our covering that ground. For we should spend yet another fortnight on the Indians, then a whole month in the same widely prying way in reading Washington Irving's *Life of Columbus*, a further three weeks on Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, and another week on his *Conquest of Peru*. There would be no hope of our doing more than getting within hail of the Revolution during the whole school winter. I told her that it would have been possible for us to inform the children *in an hour* about the arrival of the white man in this world of the Indians; but — and here is the truth she helped me to realize (and she happily joined me in seeing it) — *information is not education*. If we are to educate

these children, it is life we must give them, not a few informing facts about life. Nutshell condensations of fact may be useful in later years; for children, they are the death of interest and the beginning of distaste.

"One learns gradually what are the books that hold life for the children. Curiously enough, they are offered later in the colleges as the great riches of literature; but the very thing that makes them 'literature' often makes them fit for younger minds as well.

"To take one subject, history; three kinds of sources, we found, could help a child to live in a period: the great epics or the diaries written at the time, both of which unconsciously breathe out an age's very atmosphere; then the work of the best historians, who have so steeped their minds in their subject that they can sometimes really re-live it; and thirdly, the works of men of genius like Shakespeare, Scott, Kipling, and endless others who by virtue of superb imagination are able without apparent effort to call an era to life. For those who were breaking their way to these treasures for the use of elementary schools, there was of course much labor of discovery and selection of what could be available — a happy and growing labor of library-building. But once they are found, a teacher with these three sources can hope to make the past with its riches a joyful possession of children also.

"And are the children able to digest these things, so far 'beyond their years'? Yes, on one condition: if the teacher really enjoys and cares for them, the child's interest will be there, and with the interest the gaining of what is the child's own. And it is no shallow contagion or imitation that I mean; it is a real appropriation. Two little stories will give a hint of the children's capacity to win not ours but their own personal understanding.

"In medieval history a class of eleven-year-olds had come to the Council of Nicaea — a knotty subject, you will very justly say. I believe Helen Crothers was in charge. They had read from Dean Stanley's great book on the Eastern Church his account of the meeting of the Council, the assembling of the bishops, the arrival of Constantine, and of saintly sufferers held in the greater reverence the more twisted and deformed they had become, and of Arius and Athanasius — each one described vividly by persons who had actually seen them. Finally the arguments of the Council began, the theological puzzles that have been with us ever since. What did an eleven-year-old boy make of this whole incident? In his weekly composition, describing the Council, he ended with this judgment: 'Constantine and those people seemed to think it right to be a Christian with your head and nothing else. Christ believed you had to be a Christian *with your whole body*.'

"The second story is of a boy who had been reading in and out of class his Malory. The *Morte*

d'Arthur each child owned in the Everyman's version; he did not read it all — we would select a knight and read all we could find about him, and then another and another. One day after a long quiet time of reading, this boy looked up and said, 'Malory is like what Ponce de Leon was hunting for in Florida.' 'And what was that?' asked the teacher. 'Why, the Fountain of Youth,' said he, 'that is what knights are made of!' Now this child was not of a peculiarly literary mind, but it seemed to me that his comment was true literary criticism. He had had time for sufficient absorption to make his subject a real possession. Out of such personal discoveries come the permanent tastes of life."

We regarded poetry not as an ornamental way of saying things but as a vehicle for *conveying faith without dogma*, and with the conviction — equally unorthodox — that the conveying of faith is an obligation of the school second to nothing. It was here that poetry became a staple of the school diet; for poetry assumes without argument a universe living, not dead — a world in which every queer detail is bathed in the light of love and symbol.

For this reason we, in a form-fearing era, held to an item of ritual — the "morning exercise." There was no dogmatism; but there was faith and imagination — music, too, as a path to the free upper air without words. If anyone felt like saying the Twenty-third Psalm or the Lord's Prayer, he said it. There was no routine. And so far as I ever heard, nary a warped soul to protest against these universal utterances as sectarian. At Shady Hill, poetry as interpreted by Agnes Hocking became a major means of providing what every child's soul needed, for want of which a desiccated schooling dries life up at its roots.

3

CREATING a school is like any other job of creation; there comes a time calling for all there is in you, and more, even for heroism. The summer of 1916 was our heroic passage. Everything which normally would be done serially had to be done simultaneously: incorporating the school; determining what land to buy and buying it, as we did from the old Charles Eliot Norton estate — "Shady Hill"; making plans to fit the land, and getting all concerned to agree on them; getting estimates, bids, contracts signed; starting land-filling, excavation, drainage, building itself; pacifying good and respectable neighbors who had reasonable doubt of the desirability of a school next door.

To keep this intricate mesh of interdependent events moving toward a datable school-opening required some one dedicated head, able to carry unlimited detail and to endure endless worry and

non-performance, infinitely unwilling to give up. There were several of our members who at much sacrifice carried the burden of special tasks, notably architect James Hayden Wright. There was just one person who had heart and will to hold the threads together, and she should at the time have been somewhere else — in northern Vermont taking care of her three children. She achieved a certain ubiquity by shuttling back and forth in hot and dusty trains. Her husband in early summer, having previously signed on for Plattsburg, was as good as nonexistent for school or home. Other school officers were on vacation; many an imperative decision had to trail through rural mails. At the same time, the staff for the coming school year had to be completed — her special responsibility. How Agnes Hocking, who always disclaimed "executive capacity," carried all this, God only knows.

Open on time the school certainly did not. For a set of buildings to be used in September, mid-August is a fairly late beginning. By August 12, the main contract was awarded and work begun, though our contractor proceeded on faith since the legal paper was not signed until a month later. By September 14, we could see our financial situation in the clear: liabilities, the total investment, \$10,704; assets \$9750, the gap fillable by a modest mortgage. We then planned to begin schoolwork, and as I recall, we began on October 16, 1916.

But in retrospect our delayed opening had its advantages. We should have been the poorer if, having everything in order by Labor Day, our pupils had been deprived of the joy of putting finishing touches on their own school. There were benches to be made; there was painting to be done. We had engaged a teacher of carpentry, Mrs. Bangs of Newton; indeed, one of the smaller buildings was to be "the carpentry building." Learning by doing? Yes, by all means. Learning what? To use tools and brushes? Of course. But this was incidental. What, then, was the purpose?

To give freedom of constructive imagination in a hundred small tasks auxiliary to our teaching in history, dramatics, and so forth? Yes.

To set standards of workmanship to symbolize and enforce the mental standards proper to the school? Yes.

To create a sense of tangible investment, and so of spiritual proprietorship such as every good worker begins to feel in his work? Yes, that too. But then, this also and chiefly: —

To give every child an experience of the inner glory of a physical task done with love and with a wish for perfection. This experience is part of all understanding of human history, medieval or other; and of the woe of history wherever the love of perfection in labor has no scope.



Sportsman, author, and conservationist, CLARK C. VAN FLEET is a native Californian who for more than four decades has roamed the forests and fished the streams of the West Coast. Like every true lover of wildlife, he is appalled by the carelessness with which politicians and government officials invade national parks and game sanctuaries which were thought to be inviolate. In the case he is describing, the Pentagon is to blame.

THE ARMY INVADES THE WICHITA MOUNTAINS

by CLARK C. VAN FLEET

AFTER the blood bath our continent suffered in the latter half of the nineteenth century, a sharp reaction set in throughout the nation. This was the period when the very heavens stank with the odor of decaying flesh from the valley of the Republican River to the Dakotas as the vast herds of bison were almost completely exterminated for their hides, and when every stream in the high mountain country was lined with beaver and other fur carcasses, thereby offending the air as the bundles of peltry moved by bateau and pack train to points along the Mississippi River. By 1920, in an effort to save the last remnants of formerly plentiful big-game animals, refuges were set aside through the good offices of President Theodore Roosevelt and a dedicated group of conservationists who saw that the final chapter in utter destruction was near at hand. It was a long, arduous, and thankless task. But after many vicissitudes and a struggle against odds, a pitiful remainder of animals survived, and in some instances flourished. What we have today in the nature of unique ungulates and other rarities that formerly covered the western mountains and plains in untold numbers we owe to Theodore Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot, Elliott Coues, and a host of others who stemmed the tide of waste and destruction. Now we are encountering forces within the government itself that seek to undo this great work of conservation.

In 1905 the Wichita Mountains National Wildlife Refuge in Oklahoma was established — first because of the beauty of the region, second because it offered both summer and winter range for the animals the refuge sought to preserve, and, most important, because it was the last remaining area on the western plains that retained natural grass and other physical features characteristic of the early plains. On it were allowed to range American bison, long-horned cattle of the old Texas breed, and wild turkey, with lesser game and a few prairie dogs.

By careful guarding, these remnants flourished and have continued to do so to the delight and gratification of nearly a million sightseers a year. The preserve is a mecca for naturalists, students, and conservationists as well. It is one of the gems in our collection of wildlife refuges.

By unfortunate happenstance it is partly bounded on the south by the Fort Sill Artillery School. Old Fort Sill was nothing but a collection of cavalry barracks used to control and suppress the numerous bands of Indians confined by our benign government in what was then Indian Territory (now Oklahoma). Gradually, particularly during and after World War II, this reservation was expanded into the modern artillery school.

As the size of our cannon increased, with longer and longer range, the high brass in the school management cast sheep's eyes at the stretch of country to their north and west now uninhabited by humans, except for refuge personnel. What a grand place for maneuvers and gun emplacements! Why not take over?

Their first effort proved abortive. Aroused conservationists and other interested groups denounced the plan both in Congress and throughout the country. The mass of the people waxed vociferous and the Army backtracked. Now, only two years later, the high brass have about-faced, and their latest attempt is devastating in its implications.

They have demanded that 10,700 acres of the refuge be turned over to them. The basis of this plea is national defense, an almost sure-fire appeal in the present state of national affairs. But the curious, the baffling part of this request is the falsity of some of the main tenets upon which it is founded. In the testimony of the Army's representative before the House Armed Services Committee the following statements were made: —

"Approximately 80 per cent of the 10,700 acres which the Army proposes to acquire has been fenced

off and access is denied to the general public except by special permit."

"The recreational facilities are all in the northern 19,884 acres."

"The portion of the refuge requested by the Army is the most inaccessible and least used part."

The above contentions are all pure fabrications, and I am sorry to record that the Congress passed the Army's budget for Fort Sill without amendments.

These are the facts about the Wichita Refuge. There are six good recreational lakes in these "inaccessible" 10,700 acres. There are seven excellent picnic and public campgrounds accessible by fine roads and with all modern facilities and garbage disposal. There are many miles of scenic drives, no permits are required, and there are no fences in the whole of the disputed area except along the southern boundary.

Somewhere along the line from adjutant to Pentagon the Army has become entrapped in its usual "snafu," has got its signals crossed, or has found itself deeply entangled in its own red tape — or, and this is a looming possibility, the high brass thought it might be pleasant to have a nice, comfortable recreation area all to themselves where they could build some cabins on any of the six lakes (the fishing is good), avail themselves of the excellent hunting such a former refuge would afford, and summer in the cool atmosphere of the Wichita range. It gets pretty hot come July in Fort Sill. The Congress should have investigated the facts. A question of integrity is involved.

The Congress also allowed the Army something over \$2 million to purchase a strip of privately held land west of Fort Sill. This will add a parallelogram 8 miles long by 3 miles wide to their present range and will extend their total range to a length of 36 miles, not quite twice the maximum range of their longest rifle. If they can't land their shells within a 3-mile radius at this distance with modern target pinpointing, they had better go back to playing mumblety-peg — the guns wouldn't be of any service in a modern war anyway. If the Army wants this refuge area merely as a buffer zone, as its contention is, why not continue the coöperative agreement already in effect with the refuge management, which has worked so satisfactorily for many years in the past? The evidence indicates that the Army feels that it is now in the saddle, with public fear of the future as its riding animal, and it is going to press this advantage for all it is worth.

The Army has under consideration other demands that vitally affect game refuges in the Mountain States. It insists on taking over the Kofa and Cabeza Prieta refuges in Arizona. The Air Force requires that the Desert Game Refuge in Nevada be turned over to it for aerial gunnery practice. In each instance peculiarly vital havens for

unusual big-game animals would be affected. Kofa is the final refuge of the Galliard mountain sheep and a pygmy form of our western antelope. Cabeza Prieta is a sanctuary for mule deer and other forms of western game. The Desert Game Refuge is the last and only home of the noble Desert bighorn making its final stand against the encroachment of civilization in this remote mountainous section. These vestiges of native American wildlife would be lost forever if these Army exactions were approved. At Kofa the Army wants to experiment with lethal gases, presumably on the wild inhabitants of the area — a loss that can never be replaced, agonizing both to the poor beast and to the wildlife lover.

From the Sangre de Cristo range to the Sierra Nevada bulwark, and from the Colorado breaks to the sinks of the Humboldt, is a vast country of true and part desert, hundreds of square miles of which are relatively uninhabitable by man or beast. Even a lowly jack rabbit would have to carry a canteen and pack his lunch to negotiate much of it. Yucca Flat, which lies near the heart of this desert, has already been subject to the life-destroying impact of the atomic bomb. There are still vast areas practically devoid of life that could be utilized for poisonous gas experimentation, the firing of an "Honest John," or the maximum range of a 280 mm. cannon. I think it is time we produced another Teddy Roosevelt.

Conservationists, sportsmen, wildlife lovers, it is up to you. All is not lost yet, but the hour is getting late. Congress has been buffaloed by facts, figures, and untruths under the Army label, and appears to be supine under this barrage. The congressional correspondence I have received in reply to my pleas on this matter has been filled with political innuendoes and hazy platitudes. In many instances my cries have been ignored.

As for the Defense Department, it reminds me of the farmer that had the mule to sell. In answer to his advertisement a customer came to buy. He looked the ancient quadruped over with meticulous care. Finally he announced succinctly, "That mule's no good. He's blind."

"You're wrong," the farmer replied vehemently. "That mule can see as well as you can. I'll show you."

He led the mule to the barn door, pulled off the halter, and turned him loose. In the middle of the corral was an old and sturdy oak. The mule headed straight for it and rammed his head forcibly into the trunk.

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed the would-be buyer triumphantly. "That mule is blind as a bat."

"Naw, naw," answered the farmer in some confusion. "That mule ain't blind. He just don't give a damn."

This sums up the attitude of the high brass. They just don't give a damn.



Books and Men



VIRGIL M. ROGERS, Dean of the
School of Education at Syracuse Uni-

versity, has come to his position after more than thirty years of service in the public schools. As teacher, principal, and superintendent he is eminently qualified to evaluate Dr. Rudolph Flesch's recommendation that parents and not professionals should teach children to read.

DR. FLESCH'S CURE-ALL

by VIRGIL M. ROGERS

1

IN SPITE of the fact that public school authorities think that last spring's high school graduates are by and large the best produced to date, college English teachers take the dim view that too many of the new crop of freshmen are poor readers and spellers.

A number of parents are dissatisfied with their children's reading progress even before they get to college. Nevertheless, the elementary and high schools have done a creditable job on the whole. Illiteracy in World War I meant inability of a recruit to read and write his own name, while in World War II it meant failure to complete the fourth grade in school. The more than one hundred "then and now" studies of school achievement indicate that reading is at least as well taught today as formerly.

Some of these studies indicate marked superiority, as in the case of Northwestern University's study of 529 Evanston, Illinois, junior high pupils, tested as nearly as possible under the same conditions as students taking the same tests in 1933. The results, announced last May, showed that today's eighth-graders "made significantly higher scores in reading, spelling, and arithmetic reasoning problems and were about the same in arithmetic computation." They were also noted to be considerably younger than the eighth-graders of 1933.

Complaints from the general public, however, continue to center on reading and spelling deficiencies, often accompanied by vague suggestions as to how these can easily be cured. Dr. Rudolph Flesch, lately the most strident of these critics, is all too explicit about what should be done. His most recent book, *Why Johnny Can't Read and What Can Be Done About It*, published last spring by Harper and Brothers, has been bought and discussed widely. An abbreviated form appeared in syndicated newspaper installments all over the country, often with editorial blessing and highly slanted chapter headings, and hundreds of classroom teachers find themselves reaping a harvest of mistrust, antagonism, and divisiveness which Flesch has sown.

Dr. Flesch's highly readable journalism is addressed to fathers and mothers as opposed to teachers and beamed with the personal you-and-I approach of the television advertiser. Slightly more than half the book develops his thesis that children in the United States, in contrast to those in other parts of the world, are being made into poor readers and spellers — "word guessers" — because our schools, dominated by "entrenched experts" in the teachers' colleges and by profit-seeking textbook writers, "threw phonics out the window" about 1925 and substituted "the word method." Because educators "do not want the truth" and our schools follow one line as truly as though we had an "all-powerful Ministry of Education," the only solution is for parents to teach their children how to read by the alphabet and phonic method before sending them to school. We should start our children at the age of five the way the British do. "Reading readiness," says Dr. Flesch, "is a myth."

The second part of the book is devoted to a "guaranteed method" of instruction for parents to use, based on Dr. Flesch's own experience in correcting the reading difficulties of a twelve-year-old neighbor, Johnny. The preschool child is to be started on the short sounds of the five vowels, then moved to the consonant sounds. When he becomes "reasonably good at connecting the right sound with the right letter," he is to be started on seventy-two exercises beginning with one-syllable words containing short vowel sounds in combination with all the consonants. The exercises then progress through various consonant combinations to two-syllable words, long vowels, and diphthongs. The "home primer" ends with a list of eighty three- and four-syllable words which Johnny will have learned simultaneously to read and write and — Dr. Flesch implies — to spell. He can then read anything that is set before him.

Educators object to Dr. Flesch's cure-all just as physicians object to a packaged patent medicine prescription for an illness without benefit of diagnosis. One specific objection to Dr. Flesch's argu-

ments is that he seems to equate reading with mere pronunciation of words. It is because comprehension is the *sine qua non* of all reading that modern reading authorities advocate a child's learning words always in context. They therefore strongly condemn the "seventy-two exercises," which consist solely of lists of words. They wonder what might be the five-year-old's concept of such words as *sum*, *zest*, *quench*, *teem*, *coy*, *foist*, *cloy*, and many others which he is to learn to read, write, and spell — in isolation — as he proceeds through the exercises.

Educators object also to Dr. Flesch's contention that phonics alone will produce perfect spellers, since one principal direction which misspellings take is toward phonetic spelling. The "current campus favorites" listed on page 40 of his book — incidentally, the "favorites" of campuses fifty years ago — include many examples: *grammer* for *grammar*, *miricle* for *miracle*, and so on.

Educators object to Dr. Flesch's book on other grounds than its subject matter. They decry his pandering to the all too human but essentially nonproductive tendency to blame somebody rather than to seek the truth; to the attempt to increase divisiveness between home and school in order to promote his argument. From one who has been an advocate of *The Art of Plain Talk* (1946) and *The Art of Clear Thinking* (1951), this new book comes as an extremely muddled effort indeed. As the blurb on the cover asserts, it is "an angry book." Therein, I believe, lies the secret of its confusion — blind, unreasoned anger that can cause a man to make extravagant statements, such as, "If they had their way, our teachers would *never* tell the children that there are letters, and that each letter represents a sound." Such anger can trap a man in his own contradictions. "The teaching of reading — all over the United States, in all the schools, in all the textbooks — is totally wrong and flies in the face of all logic and common sense," says Dr. Flesch (italics mine); then he proceeds throughout the book to cite various schools and textbooks of which he approves.

Anger can cause a man to set himself up as an authority in a field toward which his emotions have propelled him. To maintain this elevation, Dr. Flesch must then write scornfully and inaccurately of such long-respected reading experts as William S. Gray, Arthur I. Gates, and Emmett Albert Betts.

An angry man could persist, even in the face of easily verifiable facts to the contrary, in his belief that "there are no remedial reading cases in Austrian schools . . . in Germany, in France, in Italy, in Norway, in Spain — practically anywhere in the world except in the United States." *Backwardness in Reading* was published in London in 1953 by a British teacher named John Duncan; Fred J. Schonell's *Backwardness in the Basic Subjects* indicates that around 15 per cent of British students present remedial reading and spelling problems,

boys twice as often as girls, much as in the United States.

The question of reading came up last summer during Syracuse University's Canadian-American workshop for school administrators. Canadians frankly told us that they have reading problems too. Dr. C. C. Goldring, visiting consultant for the workshop and for twenty-five years Director of Education in Toronto, Ontario, reported that the Toronto school system has been operating its own reading clinic for the past six years and that remedial work extends into the high school. Dr. Bjorne Karlson, a former elementary school teacher in his native Norway and now specialist in "reading difficulties" at San Diego State College, writes: "Hallgren, in Sweden, estimated that 10 per cent of all Swedish school children are cases of specific reading disability. . . . In Gothenburg, I saw more elaborate remedial reading material than I have encountered anywhere in the United States." Denmark has a separate journal, *Laesepedagogen* (*The Reading Teacher*), devoted entirely to the subject. The Norwegian Ministry of Education has recently subsidized a program for the training of remedial reading teachers.

As to Dr. Flesch's contention that the United States itself had no problems until "phonics was abandoned in favor of the word method," one can only wonder how he could have missed such a landmark as Horace Mann's Seventh Annual Report as Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, covering the year 1843. Mann was describing a word method which he had been fascinated to observe in German schools. His enthusiastic description suggests that it was a combination of word and phonic and kinesthetic methods.

In his war against the alphabet method then exclusively used in Massachusetts schools, Mann had written in a report five years earlier: "More than eleven twelfths of the children in the reading classes in our schools do not understand the meaning of the words they read." He was determined that a better way of teaching reading be found. In 1925, American educators were seeking still better ways, and the job itself had increased manyfold.

2

DR. FLESCH thus stands self-convicted of confusion and downright distortion. Yet what led the reader to this "angry book" in the first place may still remain: his child does not read well and he is worried. What can he do? The parent of such a child has every right to press for an answer.

Quite possibly the child is not a retarded reader. Perhaps the parent has become worried because at some time he thrust a bit of reading matter into the child's hands, asking him to read it aloud, and the child did not, in the parent's estimation, measure up. Consultation with the child's teacher is the first

step in finding out whether or not a real problem exists. It cannot be too strongly urged that this approach to the teacher be made at a time convenient for her, and in good spirit. Some teachers are poor interpreters; some are like those parents who think they are giving an answer if they place the "blame" somewhere. Some — there's no blinking the fact — are poor teachers who do not even like children. The chances are, however, that the teacher will be glad to work closely with the home in the strengthening of her pupil's reading skills.

There is much good written material that could increase understanding of modern methods of teaching reading, books such as Kathleen B. Hester's *Teaching Every Child to Read*, put out by Harper's education division, and William S. Gray's *On Their Own in Reading*, Scott-Foresman, 1948. Most teachers would be glad to lend reading material to interested parents, perhaps some of the excellent bulletins provided by the textbook companies.

John Hersey's "Why Do Students Bog Down on the First R?" published originally in *Life*, May 24, 1954, illustrates many things, two of the most important being the way local committees can be helpful and the way a gifted citizen in a democracy can contribute to the good of his community.

Another especially good article, which deserves a wider circulation than its forbidding title and its appearance in a professional journal have given it, is "Classroom Use of Clinical Principles and Techniques in Remedial Reading," by Sister M. Jeromine, I.H.M., director of the reading clinic at Marygrove College, Detroit (*Catholic Educational Review*, May, 1954).

"The question foremost in the mind of the parent on the day of the testing," says Sister M. Jeromine, "is usually, 'Why didn't this child learn to read?' . . . *In some cases the question may never be answered* [italics mine], but it really matters little as long as both reading disability and the personality maladjustment respond to reading therapy. It is one of the greatest consolations of a reading clinician to see the therapeutic effect of tutoring upon the child's personality. The secret, perhaps, is the 'golden touch' of individual attention in an atmosphere of complete acceptance of the child."

As to method: "The clinician's attack on the reading problem itself is directed by the principle that every child can learn to read *within his capacity if the method best suited to him is used* [italics mine]. All educators recognize that the method must be adjusted to the child, not the child to the method. . . . If visual skills are low, with auditory powers average or better, the obvious method to use is the phonic approach supplemented by the visual, perceptual training so that eventually the child's visual memory will improve and enable him to learn non-phonetic words by sight."

For the skilled teacher this will not be as difficult as it sounds. With the employment of grouping

and subgrouping, and appropriate materials under the direction of a remedial reading consultant, the regular classroom teacher can effectively meet the needs of the majority of her pupils. The first principle, says Sister M. Jeromine, is for the teacher to have the attitude that "it is not a reading problem she is solving, but a child she is helping to mold." The parent who reads Sister M. Jeromine's article will not need this further admonition, but here it is: Do not hesitate to take advantage of any available reading clinic services for a retarded reader.

Now what about the schools themselves? There must be a widespread orientation of teachers, regardless of their subject matter specialties, from kindergarten through the university graduate school, to be more alert and more sympathetic to reading problems. Too often the college teacher's attitude has been one merely of criticism of the high school or the grade school, when he might have been a key factor in the salvaging of a potentially good student.

Not nearly enough work is yet being done in the high schools. High school teachers, like college teachers, have been too much inclined to think they can do nothing about "what the grade school didn't teach." Particularly in matters of reading rate, development of comprehension, variation of reading method to meet different purposes, all high school students need help in some degree regardless of Dr. Flesch's assertion that everything will come to Johnny automatically. There must be more remedial consultants who can help the classroom teacher do a better job.

I should like to see more public-school-connected reading clinics, not because these would mean more reading problems but rather because they would mean more chances to correct such problems. As it is now, most clinics are operated in connection with university and college programs. There is need for more good clinics to which children could go without expense to their parents. Some school districts do already help with such costs.

I confess my inability to match Dr. Flesch with some simple formula of my own which will guarantee a reading millennium. Any such formula would prove fallible as his has done. Reading methods, like words themselves, are more effective when they exist in combination rather than in isolation, in spite of our regrettable tendency to think we must choose this *or* that.

One is left finally with some concern for Johnny himself. Have his parents really tried to impose upon him Dr. Flesch's "guaranteed method"? I take reassurance from knowing a little about the resourcefulness of children.

The old-fashioned recipe for rabbit stew begins: "First catch one rabbit." I am comforted to reflect that many a five-year-old Johnny is probably fleet of foot, like the rabbit.



personalities of classical antiquity, ROBERT GRAVES makes his home on the island of Majorca. Here he has also encountered a modern myth, the love story of Frédéric Chopin and George Sand, a reality which caused no little consternation among the Majorcans when the lovers, with George Sand's children in attendance, took over a monastery for their honeymoon.

THE SPOILED HONEYMOON

by ROBERT GRAVES

I

THE illicit winter honeymoon which George Sand and Frédéric Chopin spent in Majorca over a century ago was the subject of a recent luridly sentimental film, and has contributed more than any other event to the immense profits that this island makes from tourists. Some ninety thousand sentimental pilgrims go annually in fleets of buses to the former Carthusian monastery at Valldemosa where the lovers rented a cell for three months. Yet *Winter in Majorca*, George Sand's account of their stay, which proved miserable from start to finish, is so hysterical in its hatred of the Majorcans and so inaccurate in all matters of fact that the Spanish government has banned its publication. I find it equally paradoxical that nobody — and I include André Maurois, George Sand's most recent biographer — has ever troubled to check up on the story and discover why this unusually generous and kindhearted woman made such an exhibition of herself.

The village of Deyá, my home since 1929, lies only a few kilometers along the coast road from Valldemosa, through which one goes on to Palma, the capital; and when I first settled here, peasant life had changed less than probably anywhere else in Western Europe during the past century. The three disturbing elements of war, industry, and tourism had been successfully kept out. So I have found it fairly easy to reconstruct the honeymoon episode in the light of my own experience and of the relevant documents.

"George Sand," in private life the Baroness Aurore de Dudevant, had secured a legal separation and the custody of her two children from her husband, a long-nosed, rather brutish country squire. The children, who also visited Majorca, were Maurice, aged fifteen, and Solange, a girl of eight. Not only was George one of the first women to claim sexual equality with men as regards forming as many irregular unions as she pleased in the name of love and reason, but she was also one of the

first women to support herself by writing, and she enjoyed an enormous vogue as a romantic novelist. Chopin, a promising young composer, had recently turned to her for solace after breaking off his engagement with a Polish compatriot, Marie Wodzinska; but George was keeping the liaison secret from her Parisian friends, because Chopin, being extremely conventional, would have died of shame if his family had heard of it.

George wanted to carry him off to some idyllic spot where they could live openly as man and wife, avoiding censorious eyes and freed from all the distractions of city life which interfered with his music and her writing. It was difficult, however, to wean him away from his piano and his settled routine, although he adored her. George had not yet given her current lover his *congé*. He was Maurice's tutor, the playwright Félicien Mallefille, who now realized that Chopin had formed the habit of receiving George's nocturnal visits, and who loudly threatened to kill him. At this point, Chopin developed a troublesome cough which he persisted in describing as bronchitis; his friends, suborned by George, made it an excuse for persuading him to winter in the South. At the same time, the doctors told George that Maurice, who had been ill with rheumatic fever, needed country air.

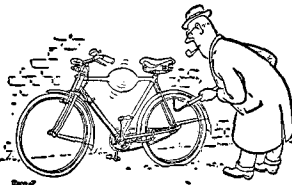
Among George's friends were Mendizábal, the great Spanish Liberal leader who had been responsible, three years previously, for the suppression of the monasteries and sequestration of church lands, and Manoel Marliani, the pleasure-loving Spanish consul in Paris. Both of these assured her that the most idyllic climate, the most peaceful life, and the most hospitable people in Europe were provided by Majorca. Chopin was easily induced to accept this view. The only difficulty would be his piano, but arrangements were made for shipping it over to Palma. So George, the two children, and a French maid went ahead by slow stages, and were overtaken at Perpignan by Chopin, who appeared

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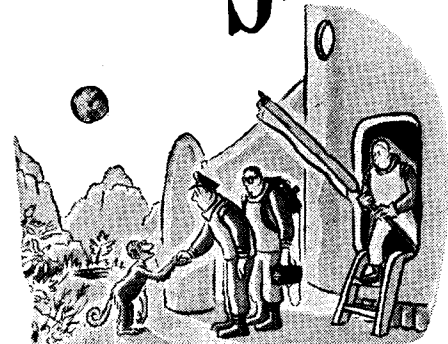
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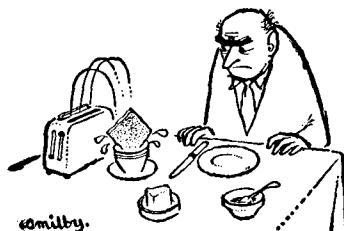
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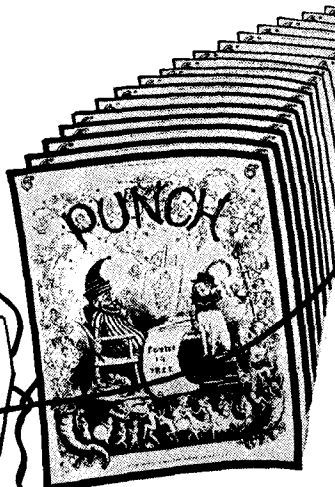
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to be in very good health and spirits. They crossed the Spanish frontier under the escort of Mendizábal, with whom Chopin had traveled from Paris. After spending a night or two in Barcelona, they were taken to Palma in a steamship, *El Mallorquin*, which accepted a few passengers but which was mainly used for the export of Majorcan hogs.

2

THE Carlist Wars were still in progress. Palma overflowed with refugees. Normally, one needed only to present a letter of introduction to a member of any prominent noble family, and a suite was at once put at one's disposal; but hospitality was now strained to breaking point. Even so, if George had appeared alone, or with her children, something might have been arranged, because the small literary avant-garde of Palma Liberals who had read her novels felt greatly excited by the visit. But Majorcan society was, and still is, extremely proper: George's arrival from Paris with children, children's nurse, and an acknowledged lover made it impossible for any respectable family, however Liberal, to offer her accommodation.

The avant-garde had also read the French papers and must have known about her recent Italian honeymoon with Alfred de Musset, whom she was publicly accused of having seduced, betrayed, and abandoned; and about her other open affairs with Charles Didier, Prosper Mérimée, and others. They doubtless saw another prospective victim in Chopin. The rest of the nobility, being Francophobes and staunch churchmen with a severely Catholic education, knew little of this immoral creature and wished to know nothing further. It sufficed that she was a friend of Mendizábal, whom they regarded as their personal enemy. This attitude must have been galling to her, because she had become easily the most celebrated woman in France, where she could carry things off with a high hand.

Palma boasted four good inns, but here again overcrowding seems to have been the excuse, not the reason, of the family's rejection. For the first few days they had to be content with lodgings above a cooper's shop, close to the port, where the beds were wretched, the food was coarse, and the noise of hammering made work impossible. They hoped to rent a house, but could find only an unfurnished apartment without doors or windows — which the hard-worked local carpenters would not undertake to supply; nor was any furniture on sale in the shops. George had almost decided to go home, beaten, when she heard of a country house for rent, in the village of Establiments, a few kilometers inland from Palma.

A problem which I have not been able to solve is: What happened to the French maid, Amélie? She certainly came over on the boat, because her

name appears in the passenger list. Whether she gave notice and sailed straight back, or took another job in Palma, or got married, nobody seems to know. In any case, she disappeared and left George to take on all the family chores.

According to *Winter in Majorca*, written while the events were fresh in George's mind, they spent a delightful three weeks in Establiments before the winter rains suddenly began, in December. Then the house, which had no fireplace and was called *Son Vent* ("Windy House"), became uninhabitable. The fumes of the charcoal braziers made their heads swim, the walls swelled with damp, the windows and doors let in a thousand drafts. They shivered with cold, and Chopin's cough returned. Ignorant Palma doctors then diagnosed laryngeal consumption. After two or three days' stay with the French consul at Palma, they were lucky enough to rent a cell in the Valldemosa monastery, then occupied by a Spanish refugee, and buy his furniture, which was good and fairly cheap.

George's account, however, does not square with Chopin's contemporary letters. On November 15, shortly after reaching *Son Vent*, he had written to his friend Jules Fontana at Paris: —

Here I am in the midst of palms and cedars and cactuses and olives and lemons and aloes and figs and pomegranates. The sky is turquoise blue, the sea is azure, the mountains are emerald green; the air is as pure as that of Paradise. All day long the sun shines, and it is warm, and everybody wears summer clothes. At night one hears guitars and serenades.

But he wrote again on December 3: —

MY DEAR FRIEND: —

I have not been able to send you the manuscripts, since they are not ready. For the past three weeks I have been as sick as a dog, despite a heat of 18 degrees [Centigrade, equal to 64 Fahrenheit], despite the roses, orange-trees, palms and flowering fig-trees. I caught a bad cold. The three most celebrated doctors of the island met for a consultation. One peered at what I had expectorated, the second sounded the organs of expectoration, the third listened while I expectorated again. The first said that I would die, the second that I was dying, the third that I was already dead. And yet I live as I used to live in the past. I cannot pardon Jeannot for failing to give me any advice for the treatment of the acute bronchitis from which he must have been perfectly aware that I suffered. I had great difficulty in escaping from the leeches, cuppings, and similar operations. Thank God I am now myself again. But my illness interfered with my *Preludes*, which you will receive God knows when.

After a few days I shall be living in the loveliest spot on earth: sea, mountains . . . all one could wish. We are going to live in an old, ruined, abandoned Carthusian monastery, from which Mendizábal seems to have expelled the monks expressly for my sake. It is quite near Palma and nothing could

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be more charming: cells, a most poetic cemetery . . . in fact, I am convinced that I shall feel well there. The one thing I still lack is my piano. I have written to Pleyel. . . .

Tell nobody that I have been ill; it would only cause gossip.

YOUR CHOPIN

It seems, then, that Chopin's illness was not caused by the sudden onset of winter, but by a cold caught in Palma during a spell of unusual heat which lasted until December 3; and that by then the decision to move to Valldemosa had already been taken. My guess is that a heavy storm toward the end of November made George realize that *Son Vent*, having been built only for the summer, would become impossibly cold and drafty by Christmas. So, having already come to an agreement with the tenant of the Valldemosa cell, she left before the new month began and temporarily planted the family on the French consul at Palma. There Chopin consulted three doctors, who, though George persisted in denying that they were right, diagnosed consumption. Naturally Gomez, the cruel and avaricious owner of *Son Vent*, to whom she had promised a lease for the whole winter, felt aggrieved when she returned him the key. One of the doctors must then have talked indiscreetly about Chopin's symptoms; Gomez's vexation turned to alarm and he considered himself entitled to damages. Majorcans still burn the bedding on which a consumptive has lain, fumigate the house, and rub the bedstead with vinegar. He made her buy the sheets and blankets.

The Carthusian monastery, built at the top of a mountain pass, was large and solid. The family moved in with a sigh of relief. George installed an iron stove in their commodious cell, and soon they were comfortable enough. All the Carthusian Fathers had been expelled except one — the apothecary, who lived a hole-and-corner existence in one of the smaller cells and wore ordinary clothes. The atmosphere was gloomily romantic.

3

ACCORDING to *Winter in Majorca* and the relevant chapter in George's *Story of My Life*, Maurice's health now improved miraculously, but Chopin grew worse and proved a "detestable invalid." He petulantly rejected the local food (with its taste of rancid oil), and she had not only to cook for him with her own hands but buy most of her supplies from Palma, seventeen kilometers away by cart track. (They had bad luck here; 1838 was one of the rare years when the olives are attacked by weevils, fall before they ripen, and yield a really horrible oil.) George adds that the villagers, headed by the mayor, formed an organized conspiracy to cheat her, and that the only servants she could hire were

the local witch and a vicious little *niña*, both of whom robbed the larder without shame — assisted by the hypocritical Maria Antonia, a refugee who occupied the next cell. They were also greatly troubled with fleas — two of which once appeared on a roast chicken brought straight in from the kitchen, and put Chopin completely off his food. The village children, George declares, regularly drank half the milk they brought for Chopin, then watered it to disguise the theft. Rain fell without cease, roads were washed away. Snow followed.

The villagers were deeply offended that the family did not attend Mass, and threw stones at them when they went out for walks; they announced that George was very wicked in exposing her children to consumption, and that God would punish her by letting it carry them off. Furthermore, it was openly said that Chopin would die horribly and go to hell, and that where his body was buried would be nobody's business. But Maurice and Solange, George writes, put these superstitious wretches to shame by gladly doing all they could for their sick friend.

Heavy seas prevented all boats from leaving the shelter of their coves; we felt ourselves prisoners, far from all enlightened help or effectual sympathy. We could almost see Death hovering over our heads, waiting to seize the sufferer, whom we were single-handed in our struggle to keep alive. There was not one human being within reach who would not willingly have hastened him towards the grave, so as to be the more speedily rid of the alleged danger of his proximity. This thought was horribly depressing, though we felt strong enough in ourselves to make up to one another, by solicitude and affection, for the help and sympathy which were denied us.

Chopin, we are told, was just able to sit at his piano — which had at last arrived after a great struggle with the customs — and compose his glorious *Preludes*.

There is one, especially, which came to him on an evening of lugubrious rain and depresses the heart to a frightening degree. We had left him well enough, that morning, Maurice and I, and gone to Palma to buy necessities for our encampment. It took us six hours to travel three leagues, through torrents swollen by ceaseless rain, and reach the place where the floods were deepest. It was pitch-dark and we were shoeless and abandoned by our driver. We hurried back, braving unheard dangers, because our invalid would be anxious for us; as, indeed, he was; but his anxiety had turned into a sort of quiet despair. We found him sobbing as he played his wonderful prelude. When he saw us enter, he rose, uttered a loud cry, and said confusedly in a strange tone: "Ah, I *knew* that you were dead!" After recovering his spirits and becoming aware of our plight, his retrospective view of our dangers made him ill. Then he declared that while waiting for us he had seen it all in a dream, and not distinguishing dream from reality, had calmed and as it

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were lulled himself by playing the piano, persuaded that he too was dead. He saw himself drowned in a lake, with heavy drops of cold water falling rhythmically on his breast.

And again: —

He grew completely demoralized. Though supporting his sufferings with considerable courage, he could not assuage the terrors of his imagination. The monastery had been full of phantoms for him even when he felt well. But he never complained; I had to guess what was wrong with him. Once, when I returned with my children from our nocturnal prowls among the ruins, I found him, at ten o'clock, sitting at his piano pale as death, with haggard eyes and hair almost standing on end. It took him quite half a minute to recognize us. Then he immediately made an effort at laughter and played us the sublime things that he had just composed — or revealed to us the terrible, nerve-racking ideas that had forced themselves on him in his hour of loneliness, grief, and terror.

They all returned to France as soon as Chopin was well enough to face the journey. According to George, the Majorcans treated them hatefully to the last.

It is clear that the intensely conservative and religious Valldemosans saw in her only a domineering, cigarette-smoking, ill-dressed, irascible woman, living in open sin with a foppish piano-player six years her junior, and teaching her children to be as bad Catholics as herself. News travels fast in Majorca; a great deal of scandal must have reached Valldemosa even before she arrived there. This was the first French family to settle among them, and for the past fifty years the Spanish parish priests had been denouncing the French for their godlessness, immorality, and military aggression. Nevertheless, the villagers, being generous and law-abiding, tried at first to be neighborly, as is proved by the torchlight visit which a troupe of masqueraders — headed by the mayor — paid to their cell. If George had made the trifling concession of sending her children to Mass on Sunday morning, all would have been well; but she had brought them up in the “noble religion of philosophy” and taught them to despise the Church, which made her occupation of the cell particularly odious. It had been previously occupied by a certain well-beloved Father Nicolas, one of the monks whom, as Chopin joked, Mendizábal seemed to have ejected as a personal favor for himself.

Chopin was an aristocrat who never disguised his contempt for the common people; the villagers will have described him among themselves proverbially as “a man who expects you to doff your hat from three leagues away,” and her as a “shameless one who leaps out in anger like a stone from a crushed cherry.” Toward children and youths the Majorcans show the greatest indulgence; but Maurice

hotly championed his mother, and his precocious sketches made the Valldemosans uneasy, especially the “Monastic Orgy,” which George mentions that he pinned up in the cell. Moreover, Solange offended their sense of propriety by wearing trousers and playing the tomboy, instead of busying herself with the needle, the catechism, and other useful tasks.

For the Majorcans George was no *grand esprit*, but an evil woman, perhaps a witch, without shame or maternal responsibility. The moral rule in Majorcan mountain villages is strict and simple: a girl must not only *be* a virgin at marriage, she must have the reputation of being so. Any scandal that cannot be disproved prejudices her marriage. If she has once gone astray, three courses are open to her: emigration, penitent celibacy, or to become the village harlot — shunned by all good women and despised by the men who visit her under cover of night. Her presence is tolerated only if her role is discreetly passive and if she attends confession regularly. Since divorce is impossible, married couples behave as if sincerely attached to each other, even though they are not, for the sake of good manners.

4

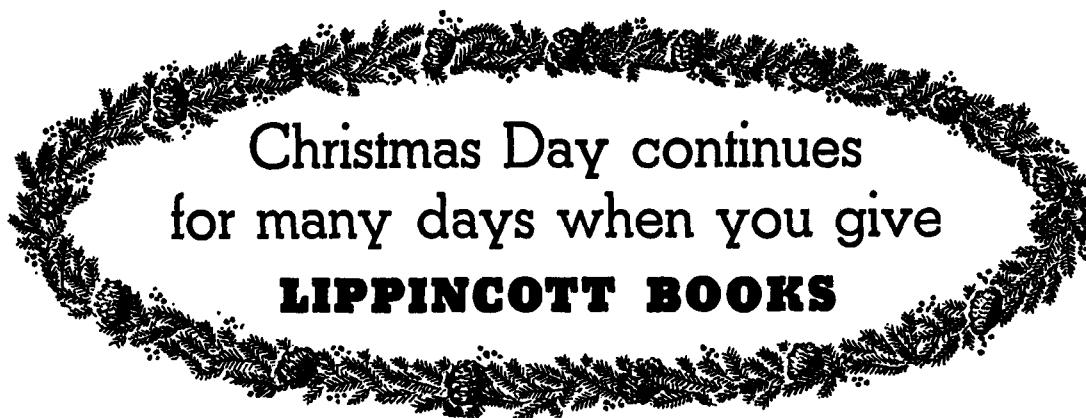
SOLANGE does not figure prominently in *Winter in Majorca*, which was written soon after their return to France and before she had fully revealed the infamy of her character. Yet she seems to have played an extremely important part in the drama. Until then she had been known only as rebellious, arrogant, and lazy, a domestic child-tyrant who relied on violent displays of temper for getting her own way. George spoiled and idolized Solange, perhaps because of having paid such a heavy price to win custody of the children; but she was repaid with the cruelty, deceit, and greed that Solange had inherited from her father.

Even today, when a foreign family settles in an isolated Majorcan village, the difficulties of religion, social behavior, and diet are increased by that of language. It is safe to say that apart from the mayor, the notary, and two or three others, nobody in Valldemosa could speak Spanish, a language of which George Sand had only a smattering, and nobody at all could speak French, Majorcan being in use everywhere. Majorcan is an ancient language, the basic elements of which no adult Frenchman or Frenchwoman, except a Provençal, can hope to pick up in less than six months of study. However, a French child can become fluent in Majorcan after a few weeks' residence. Maurice was too old to learn; not so Solange. Of the whole family, therefore, Solange alone will have known what was being said in the kitchen, and therefore must have acted as intermediary and interpreter between Chopin, her mother, and Maurice on the one hand, and the Valldemosans on the other. This explains why

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sixty years later Sebastian Nadal, a Valldemosan who took part in the masquerade procession, had a clear recollection of Solange but none of Maurice. He remembered George only because she used to "write books under a tree in the monks' cemetery and had a companion, the musician Chopin, who passed as her husband." Solange, in fact, held the key to the situation.

Now, it was Solange who, seven years later, engineered the fatal breach between her mother and Chopin by representing herself as his only true friend and making him believe a series of revolting and scandalous lies. When she eloped with a scoundrelly sculptor named Clésinger, she visited Chopin in Paris and told him tearfully that George, after encouraging Maurice to seduce his own adoptive sister, Augustine, had taken a secret lover — Borie, a journalist — and then told Maurice to shoot Clésinger. She herself, Solange said, had been cruelly turned out of the house at Nohant to make room for Borie.

A girl who lies like this at fifteen can hardly have behaved much better at eight. Personally, I cannot accept George's picture of Solange as a ministering angel. Solange will have been bitterly jealous of Chopin, once he became the most important person in the household — the invalid who must be cosseted and humored at all costs; and angry that because of him the village viewed the family not only as moral, but as physical, lepers. And she will certainly have reported what the women were saying: that it was disgraceful for Chopin to live with a married woman in a cell which had been for centuries occupied by holy monks; that he was a consumptive and would soon die — good riddance to him — and that, unless he repented of his evil ways, he would burn forever in hell. Long acquaintance with Majorcans has taught me that they would not have spoken directly to her mother or to Chopin on these subjects, even if they could have made themselves understood; but that they would have felt it their duty to enlighten Solange on the seriousness of her position. If, therefore, she passed on all the gossip to Chopin and her mother, this clears up several historic obscurities.

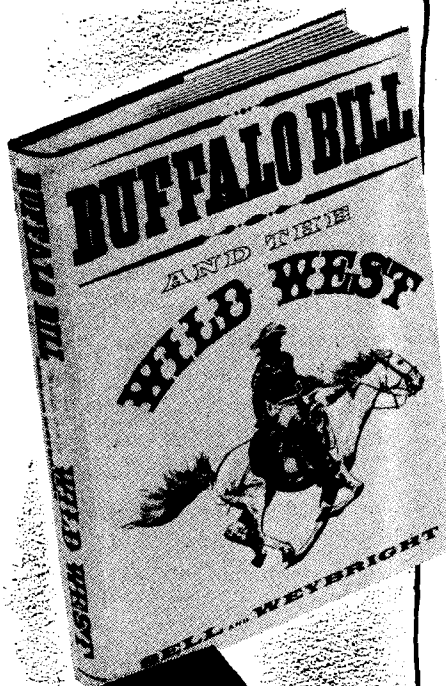
It must be remembered that the affection between George Sand and Chopin had been one of opposites; she was a Radical freethinker, he a devout Conservative. He loved her, but knew that his family would be scandalized if they heard that he shared a bed with a married woman, whose children slept under the same roof; and that she

neither believed in a literal hell nor allowed them to believe in one. Did he perhaps feel that the villagers' moral censure was deserved, and that the very monks were rising from their graves to warn him of his impending death and damnation — unless he repented? Did he thereupon seek out a priest and make his penitent confession in Latin? If so, the priest would be bound to answer that Chopin's only hope of salvation, if he could not do without George, was to live like a brother with her for the rest of his life — meanwhile trying to save her soul and those of her children. That would square with all the known facts, including Maurice's later resentment against Chopin for playing the virtuous part of paterfamilias at Nohant; and with Chopin's boast to his friends that he provided a wholesome background for the children, who would otherwise have grown up as wild libertines. It would also account for Chopin's improved health in the middle of February, remarked on by George, his sickness having been to some extent psychological.

Chopin never ceased to love George, but a misplaced trust in Solange — his acceptance of whom as his one true friend suggests gratitude for his reconversion — eventually persuaded him that George was unworthy of trust; and an obstinate mother-love prevented George from telling him the ugly truth about Solange. The breach between them remained unhealed. When George heard three years later that he was dangerously ill, and wrote to his sister for news of him, the letter was suppressed. He died in the conviction that his deep and Christian love had been betrayed; and two days before the end he whispered reproachfully to his friend Franchomme: "She promised me that I should not die except in her arms."

Long afterwards Liszt, in whom Chopin confided, wrote that "all the long-scattered rays of happiness were concentrated within this phase of his life. . . . The memories of the days passed in the lovely island of Majorca, like that of an entrancing ecstasy, which fate grants but once in a lifetime even to her most favored children, remained perpetually dear to Chopin's heart. He always spoke of this period with deep emotion, profound gratitude, as if its joys had sufficed for a lifetime, and without hoping that he could ever again find such felicity — in which the flight of time was marked only by the tenderness of a woman's love and the brilliant flashes of true genius."

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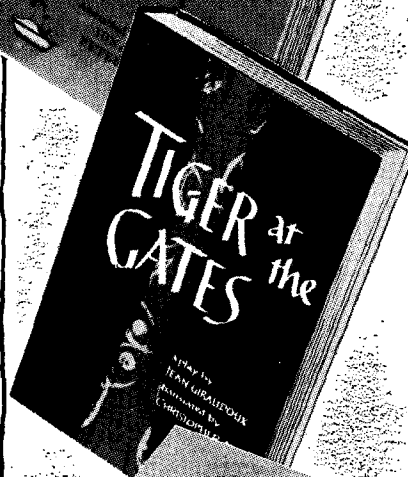
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In the casual book-buying season which extends quite precisely from Boxing Day to Thanksgiving, the ad man feels free to the point of abandon to pursue his trade of lily-painting. For the serious book-buying season, however, he faces up to the duty of providing a Field Guide to the Book Readers.

A few easily identifiable species first. If the subject, male or female, turns first to the financial page of the paper, collects dividend checks and has ever been heard to mention the stock market, he will be lured by a massive and soundly helpful **Managing Securities** by **Sidney M. Robbins** (\$8.00). If in addition to all the foregoing characteristics, the subject has shown signs of addiction to the livelier chapters of our social history, give him **The Great Crash, 1929** by **John Kenneth Galbraith** (\$3.00). "It may well be that this is the wittiest book ever written by a professional economist."

— *Stuart Chase, New York Post*

If the subject has been observed out of doors or is given to talking informatively, even entertainingly, about flora and fauna, he is easily identified even by the beginning book-reader-watcher. For him **The Edge of the Sea** by **Rachel Carson** (\$3.95) is the threshold of a new experience, an eloquent and revealing guide to this attainable other world where the sea around us draws back to let us touch its depths.

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Man Meets Dog by **Konrad Z. Lorenz** (\$3.00) "To anyone who has owned or been owned by a dog or a cat, this book will prove a delight." — *Bruce Lancaster, NYHT*. Trickier to spot is the person who does not tip his hand by pacing the beach, skin-diving or keeping a bird list. He may not own even a dog whistle, but if he is a secret devotee to nature books, his library will testify to his passion.

Another literary-form identification leads to the purchase of **The Best American Short Stories 1955** edited by **Martha Foley** (\$4.00) "... the best in many years" — *Minneapolis Sunday Tribune*



Sometimes identifying characteristics are to be found in the inanimate objects that surround the subject. Evidence of an interest in art leads you to **The Victorian Vista** by **James Laver** (\$5.50).

The plus factor here is a montage of the paradoxes of that intellectually busy age. If the art is specifically photography, **Look at the U.S.A.** by the editors of **Look** (\$7.50) is an obvious and very beautiful solution. The bonus is word-painting of the regional scenes by such old pros as Mary Ellen Chase, Paul Horgan, Louis Bromfield, Frederick L. Allen, Joseph Henry Jackson, Gerald W. Johnson, Wallace Stegner, David Cohn. "The strong and diverse heart of America . . . vitality and variety are the hallmarks of this volume." — *N.Y. Times*

Ever since the first critic went quietly mad in 48 point type, the cult market has been a recognized and treasured manifestation. The three novels of **T. R. R. Tolkien, The Lord of the Rings** (\$5.00 each) are a way of life to readers who echo "No fiction I have read in the last five years has given me more joy than *The Fellowship of the Ring*." *W. H. Auden, N.Y. Times*. These readers are easily identified because their every conversation eventually threads back to their obsession.



The internationalist, may his tribe increase, is self-defined. If he's high on your list, buy him the incomparable **Times Atlas of the World** edited by **John Bartholomew, M.C., M.A.** (\$20.00 before Dec. 15, thereafter \$25.00), then move south to **The African Giant** by **Stuart Cloete** (\$4.00) "... a fascinating book from beginning to end." — *Herbert L. Matthews, N.Y. Times*, and north to **The Young Hitler I Knew** by **August Kubizek** (\$4.00) "... the most important book [about Hitler] including *Mein Kampf*", *Dorothy Thompson* and wind up with a tour of the U.S.A. in **The Easy Chair, Bernard DeVoto** (\$4.00). These chapters "demand rereading, reappraisal, for the significant impact they have on one's own judgments. They are rewarding . . ." — *A pre-publication review*



And if he has the appendage of a musical instrument or has been heard in full voice, there is a

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handsome treat in store for him in **A Treasury of Christmas Songs and Carols** edited by **Henry Simon** (\$4.95)

A reader who is still young (to avoid the scientist's label of immature) is the prey of every literate relative during this season. Here are some new books that even Johnny will read:



Thumps by **Hetty Burlingame Beatty** "... bound to be popular ... children will shriek with glee." — *Hartford Times*. Ages 4-8 (\$2.75) **Carry On, Mr. Bowditch** by **Jean Lee Latham**. Illus. by Barbara Cooney. "As my sextant figures it, "Carry On, Mr. Bowditch" is a book not only for the pre-teens, but for everybody." *Christian Science Monitor*. Ages 10-14 (\$2.75) **The Brookline Trunk** by **Louise Andrews Kent**. Illus. by Barbara Cooney. Starting with the present, two children trace the history of their town (Brookline, Mass.) back 350 years through journals, letters, and town records. Ages 11 up (\$3.00)

The Complete Tales of Uncle Remus by **Joel Chandler Harris**. Compiled by Richard Chase, the noted folklorist, who has included many stories heretofore out of print. Illustrations by the original artists. All ages (\$5.00) **A Treat in a Trout** by **Elisabeth Benson Booz**. "... A treat in children's reading." — *Christian Science Monitor*. Ages 6-10 (\$3.00) **Lonesome Boy** "With the co-operation of the superb artist, Feliks Topolski, this beautifully written short story by **Arna Bontemps** makes a slim but very distinguished book for readers of any age over twelve." (\$2.00) — *N.Y. Herald Tribune*.

Blueprints rolling around the table or a preoccupation with the invasion of Outer Suburbia by Suburbia are most helpful clues. Solutions are **Living on The Level** by **Royal Barry Wills** (\$5.00) with hundreds of practical, up-to-date plans for one-story houses by one of America's favorite architects, and **American Skyline** by **Christopher Tunnard** and **Henry Hope** (\$5.00) "... an eloquent, disturbing and persuasive volume." — *Carl Bridenbaugh, NYHT*.



The pleasant glaze of reminiscence in the eye is a characteristic to be marked well, for nostalgia of varying shades: the hearty wit of **Sanity Is Where You Find It** by **Will Rogers**, edited by **Donald Day** (\$3.00); the celebrity-studded glitter of **Untold Friendships** by **Schuyler Parsons** (\$4.00); or the understated charm of **Sunday's Children** by **James**

H. Knox (\$2.75) "... another "Life With Father," in a rural setting very different from that of Clarence Day's masterpiece — but not unworthy of that company." — *N.Y. Times*; or the candor and affection of Alan Moorehead's biography, **Winston Churchill in Trial and Triumph** (\$2.50) "... polished with a sharp perception and embellished with anecdote and quotation. It is lively reading." — *Harpers*.

A bewilderingly broad group that has some of the markings of all of the foregoing is that of novel readers. You are on your own here; we supply the words of professional guides. **Up Home** by **Ardyth Kennelly** (\$4.00) "... has the gift to evoke the wonder in everyday living ... A Dickensian exuberance to her portrayals." — *San Francisco Chronicle*

The Years of the City by **George R. Stewart** (\$4.50) "Almost too good to be called a historical novel ..." — *Newsweek*. **The Haunted Hacienda** by **Madison Cooper** (\$3.75) "His narrative skill is so instinctive and so vital he is able to make you smell, taste, see, hear, and touch all these events without ever losing sight of the people involved in them."

— *The Saturday Review*

And too recently published for words from the guides are two novels appearing at the crest of the season, for their timing is determined by other pressing engagements in print. One is **The Golden Journey** by **Agnes Sligh Turnbull**. (\$3.75) As in her earlier, **The Bishop's Mantle** and **The Gown of Glory**, she is writing for the big fiction market that asks for the story of a neighbor told with the transmuting skill that takes the large issues of crusading youth in politics, of overly-protective love, of morality in ambition and makes them the personal issues of the heart and spirit.

The second novel is **Cash McCall** by **Cameron Hawley**, (\$3.95) author of *Executive Suite*. On every field trip among the book recipients there is always one new rallying cry. We believe it will be **Cash McCall**. This is the book that will add new phrases to the exchange at the beauty salon, new hotly-debated issues to the commuter smoke rings, new simmering conflicts to the table talk. It is an uncannily close look at what is happening to people who get rich, very rich, by their own efforts. Cash McCall is one of the new multimillionaires—in real life a man rarely met, a power rarely defined, an intelligence rarely comprehended in its proper frame of the new tax morality. Here is the successful and the near-successful lawyer, the judge, industrialist or engineer, and the woman who is his wife—past, present or prospective.



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EDWARD
WEEKS

IN TIMES past, Canada and the United States have each nourished illusions about the other, and I am pleased to see that some of these are now fading away in the mist. The Canadians have nourished the illusion that we in the United States were simply waiting for the most opportune moment to invite Canada to become our Forty-ninth State; in short, that we had friendly designs on them. We for our part have nourished the illusion that Canada was a young country cousin, in the awkward stage and a little short of cash, but in the end he'd make out all right. Well, to my benighted countrymen who still think that way, I feel like saying, "Lord, how Cousin Willie has grown! You ought to go up and see him sometime!"

In a world of tumult Canada's almost measureless resources provide reassurance and a solid foundation on which the free world can build. More first-grade iron ore than we have in the Mesabi Range, more hydroelectric power than Canada can possibly use for itself, uranium which will soon be processed at the rate of 10,000 tons a day, and in Pembina the biggest oil field on this continent, three times the size of the East Texas field — and the end is not yet.

All this marks Canada as one of the coming nations of the future. I see the change when I go up to New Brunswick to fish. Guides and their sons who used to take such pride in our river are now driving trucks; the once barren acres of Labrador have become a mining community; the forests of Ontario are being opened up to new highways; oil wells are springing up in the wheat fields; new people are coming in. As a country opens up and the wilderness gives way to bulldozers, the old

order changes. *How Green Was My Valley*, that poignant novel of Wales, has its counterpart in many a Canadian district of today.

I write as an editor, not as an economist. What I want to know is the effect all this prosperity will have on Canadian literature. Good writing is often provoked by change, and the more violent the change the more poignant the writing can be. But it takes time; the opening of our West took fifty years to get into high gear and fifty years before it got into literature. The exciting things that are happening in Canada could have a dynamic effect on her literature; it could shake Canada free of certain old traditions and complacencies.

One theme of which we hear too little is the persistent growth of French Canada, that nation within a nation. Gilbert Parker, a Canadian who settled in London, first began to write about the French Canadians in the days of the vast Seigniories. After him there was silence — silence broken by Louis Hémon with his eloquent *Maria Chapdelaine*. But that promising young novelist did not live to give us more, and again silence settled in.

What is the impact of the French Canadians upon the Scotch-Irish heritage of Ontario? There must be some intermarriage; there must be some humor in their contacts, at times even some conflict. It is a sensitive subject of course, but it is also life, and it is time for it to be written. I do not recommend *Abie's Irish Rose* as the best play Broadway has produced in this century, but there are in that comedy laughter, the spirit of reconciliation, and an acceptance of human nature that Canadians would do well to remember.

From the seafaring provinces come too few books about the sea. One of the best of those I have read in recent years is Evelyn M. Richardson's *We Bought an Island*, which was awarded Canada's Governor-General's Medal and well deserved it. Her story of that tiny island of Bon Portage; of the care of the lamps, of the rescue of mariners

washed ashore, of the teaching of the children, of the gunning parties in the fall, of the awakening to a subzero house, of the heavenly respite of Christmas, and of Laurie's illness — all this is a homely, touching story charged with affection.

Think of the rugged coastline on the North Atlantic; where there are so many fishermen,

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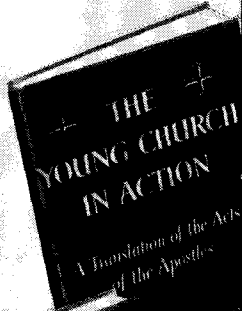
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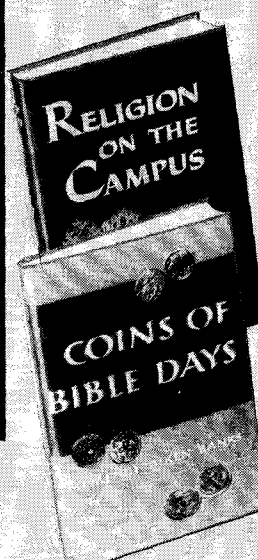
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could there not be another *Captains Courageous* or another playwright like Synge? The Canadian Navy gave a splendid account of itself in the Second World War. Why is it that from Nova Scotia, from Halifax, from Prince Edward Island, from Newfoundland, there has not yet come a story to compare with *The Caine Mutiny* or *The Cruel Sea*?

We look to Canada as the incorruptible guardian of virgin country. Their care of their forests; their ability to keep their rivers unpolluted and alive; the sanctuaries they provide for the great flocks of wild fowl — these are vital parts of their national responsibility which the Canadians may find it more difficult to maintain in the days of their new wealth. For prosperity has always trampled down natural beauty. And where will Canadians find a more lyrical theme for their poets than in this saga of the North Woods? The fine descriptive writers who paint in prose, men like Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, Farley Mowat, W. O. Mitchell, and Roderick Haig-Brown, have found their subjects in the tundra, the wind-swept prairie, the dark forest and the white water. So, I am confident, will Canadian poets of the future.

I mean no disparagement when I say that the Canadian poets thus far — poets like Bliss Carman, John McCrae, Robert W. Service — have written in a compliant English tradition. It was natural for them to do so. But in the days to come I believe Canada will produce a native poet who will break away from the past as sharply as Walt Whitman did; a poet who will never be mistaken for anything but a Canadian.

Literature always follows after the pioneer and the plow. I realize how long it took us to bring our experiences into print. The prairie schooner started rolling West in 1848, but not until forty years later, in 1888, did Owen Wister find in Wyoming and Montana the source material for *The Virginian*, that granddaddy of all westerns. The Territory of Nebraska came into the Union in 1867, but it was another fifty years before Willa Cather could write her finest novels about this same country — *O Pioneers* and *My Antonia*. The first oil well was tapped in Oklahoma Territory near Bartlesville in 1897, but it was not until 1930 that Edna Ferber wrote her glowing story of the Oklahoma Territory, *Cimarron*.

I intend these words of mine to be a spur and a hope, for I know that writing takes a long period of assimilation, and it takes independence. Canada has the makings, and I believe that it has come to a time of ripeness. Fresh hope and expectancy are in the air; here are the power and wealth of an untapped land and the feeling of destiny that goes with it. In Mazo de la Roche Canada has one of the ranking novelists of North America; there is no reason why there cannot be others. So let the new books come — and soon, please, while I am still here to read them.

The fallen sparrows

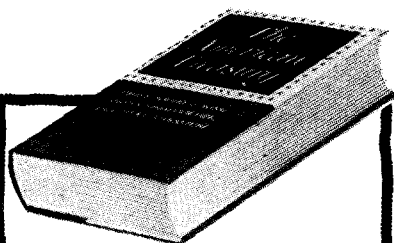
A critic has said of **Rumer Godden** that she has "three saving graces: an acute sense of psychological tension and overtone, a coolly notable skill at prose, a peculiar ability in atmosphere." These are the graces which give distinction to her pretty, fragile novel, *An Episode of Sparrows* (Viking, \$3.50). It is a story of children versus the adult world, and chiefly of one child, Lovejoy Mason, the neglected daughter of a blowzy actress. Lovejoy is put out to board with an impecunious couple who run a tiny restaurant in Catford Street, London. She lives on the defensive; neat, with carefully brushed hair, she holds her pride against the world; and since she gets no money from her mother and little from anywhere else, she soon learns to snitch things when people are not looking. One of the things she snitches is a gay packet of cornflower seeds; and having learned how to use them, she plants a hidden garden in the ruins left by one of Göring's bombs. To make it work she needs a trowel, good earth, and a strong ally to help her get it.

The boy she wants is Tip Malone, and the way she vamps him is a caution. With Tip's help the garden is laid out, the beds outlined with bits of marble from a bombed graveyard. Then come the raids for the good earth, which are carried out successfully after midnight — raids which eventually arouse the Garden Committee, the formidable wealthy spinster Miss Angela Chesney, and the law.

Miss Godden has a most successful way of lighting up in swift, deft, poetic touches the interlocking lives of her characters, and in *An Episode of Sparrows* she uses her contrasts with skill, showing us now the wealthy, lonely spinsters, Miss Olivia and Miss Angela Chesney, living in the echoes of their big house on the Square; now the boisterousness of the Malone household where Tip is one of nine robust, demanding children; and now the grim piteousness of Lovejoy's life as she ekes out her days with Mrs. Combie. Her mother's visits become rarer and more alcoholic and finally cease altogether, and it is small wonder that the little girl should devote herself with such fierce passion to the one thing that is hers, the tiny garden.

It is also Miss Godden's pleasure to poise her story so that while you read of what is happening in the present, you also have an overtone of what is going to happen in the future. " 'But it's grown-ups who kiss,' she was to say to Tip in surprise"; and by repeated use of that *was to say*, the novelist conveys the realization that their childhood loyalty was to deepen into something lasting.

I never feel quite sure about the children. Miss Godden writes about these sparrows of the street with insight but also with touches of saccharin and show-off which makes them just a shade less than plausible. I cannot believe that Tip would have been vamped away from his gang so completely, and that Sparkey would have been so soft-headed



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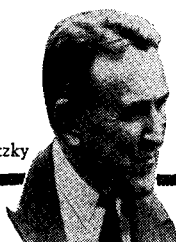
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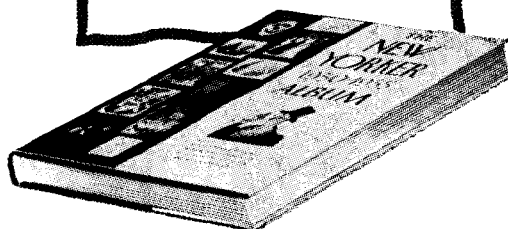


Louis Bromfield

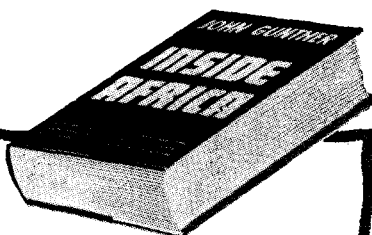
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as to betray his hero in the police court. The book with its highlights is a modern fairy tale, and Lovejoy a Cinderella in reverse.

Jessamyn West

To her short stories of American life **Jessamyn West** brings qualities which are rather rare in our fiction of today: buoyancy, refreshment, love outspoken, and courage in defeat. Her use of local color is faultless, and she has the gift of drawing character in a few sure, telling strokes. You enter her people's lives at a point when something is liable to happen, and in no time flat you are absorbed in what they are doing. Her new collection of short stories, *Love, Death, and the Ladies' Drill Team* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50), is a book of many moods. The lead story, "A Time of Learning," goes back to the horse and buckboard days for its quaint and tender pathos, and reading it I am reminded of her first book, *The Friendly Persuasion*; and the finale, "The Singing Lesson," is a lyrical embodiment of the one-room schoolhouse today. The title story, "Love, Death, and the Ladies' Drill Team" — just to say that phrase is to grin — and its neighbor, "The Mysteries of Life in an Orderly Manner," are both of them high comedy about Emily Cooper who has just been initiated into Pocahontas lodge in a small town in California; and the most lovable of all, "Learn to Say Good-by," is a family story — brother, sister, and father as they are put on the rack at the Annual Riverbank Baby Beef Contest, a heartbreak so natural that you don't know how to stop it.

The wilderness wish

Edmond Ware Smith is an editor and author; he does his intensive editing in Detroit for those two colorful periodicals, *Ford Times* and *New England Journeys*, and he does his more reflective planning and writing in Maine. Ten years ago he and his wife Mary — they were then grandparents — decided that they would escape to reality, "in a log cabin on a wilderness lake twenty-nine miles from the nearest telephone, and almost forty from a doctor and a grocery store," and the unmitigated happiness which they have had Down East is set forth in the last third of Ed Smith's new book, *The One-Eyed Poacher and the Maine Woods* (Frederick Fell, \$3.95). From his woods life he has concocted a series of stories centered upon the escapades of Jeff Coongate, an indestructible bachelor who lives by his wits, by his gun, by his rum, by his avoidance of all game wardens, and with the friendly connivance of his one and only friend, Zack. These men are at once fabulous and true to Mopang County. Independence is their creed, they are generous until pushed, and they resort to violence only when necessary. In their doings Mr. Smith has somehow bottled the feeling, the flavor, the lingo, and the elixir of his forest country.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

History

THE WONDER THAT WAS INDIA by **A. L. Basham**. (Macmillan, \$9.00.) The history of India from the earliest discovered relics to the Mogul invasion is complicated, half-legendary, and altogether interesting. This book covers art, religion, philosophy, and language as well as dynasties and wars.

THE SUNSET OF THE SPLENDID CENTURY by **W. H. Lewis**. (Sloane, \$5.00.) The life of the Duc du Maine, favorite (and illegitimate) son of Louis XIV, is the thread on which Mr. Lewis strings a marvelous collection of anecdotes and details about the last days of the Sun King, whose court seems to have been a magnet for amusing eccentrics.

CORTÉS AND MONTEZUMA by **Maurice Collis**. (Harcourt, Brace, \$4.00.) Arguing that Cortés could never have taken Mexico without the acquiescence of Montezuma, Mr. Collis supports his case with a lively account of the religious convictions which led that ruler to connive at his own downfall.

THE KING'S PEACE by **C. V. Wedgwood**. (Macmillan, \$5.50.) A study of England just before the Civil War, written with a frank bias toward individuals rather than post-factum historical theories. Lucid, enlightening, and very good reading.

Adventures

PONDORO by **John Taylor**. (Simon & Schuster, \$4.95.) Mr. Taylor, a professional ivory hunter, sets out to prove that his trade is a fairly commonplace one, but the tales he tells do nothing, fortunately, to support his thesis.

NEFERTITI LIVED HERE by **Mary Chubb**. (Crowell, \$3.50.) The author drifted into archaeology as secretary-factotum on a small dig at Tell El Amarna. She loved it, and communicates her pleasure and the reasons for it with easy charm and an eye for detail.

OUR SAMOAN ADVENTURE by **Fanny and Robert Louis Stevenson**. (Harper, \$4.00.) The book is mostly Fanny's journal of life at Vailima, full of erratic servants, absurd local politics, brawls, beachcombers, and high good humor. Fanny is a writer to reckon with.

Lives and Letters

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THE LETTERS OF PETER PAUL RUBENS translated and edited by **Ruth Saunders Magurn**. (Harvard University Press, \$10.00.) Some newly discovered letters are included in this new translation, which is thoroughly annotated and throws interesting light on Rubens's activities as a minor diplomat.

HILAIRE BELLOC by **J. B. Morton**. (Sheed & Ward, \$3.00.) An affectionate memoir of a brilliant, many-sided man, which does rather more justice to the Catholic spokesman than to the wit and poet.

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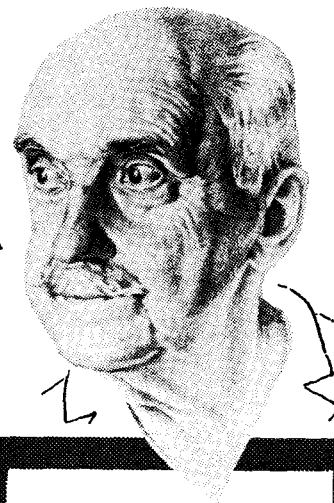
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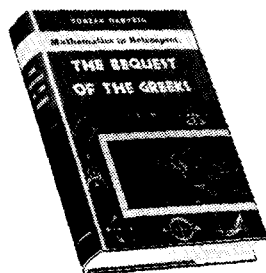
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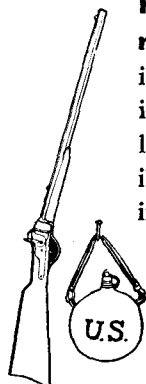


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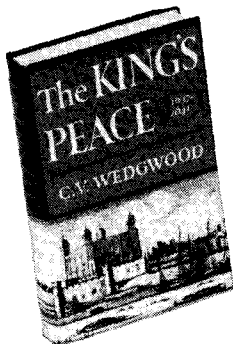
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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



THE qualities of Rachel Carson's new book, *The Edge of the Sea* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.95), are tidily summed up in the citation which the judges of the National Book Award bestowed on its prize-winning predecessor, *The Sea Around Us*—"a work of scientific accuracy presented with poetic imagination and such clarity of style and originality of approach as to win and hold every reader's attention." I would single out "poetic imagination" as the operative words, for Miss Carson is a scientist who is supremely aware that science, as Nurse Cavell said of patriotism, "is not enough." Her constant effort is to transcend the presentation and classification of facts, and to bring to the reader an intuitive comprehension of the whole life of the shore—the "strange and beautiful place . . . of our dim ancestral beginnings . . . a place of compromise and conflict and eternal change." That a work of this kind, however superlatively executed, will hold "every reader's attention" is, of course, a polite exaggeration. A discriminating colleague of mine, when he heard me saying how fascinating the book was, morosely muttered: "Barnacles . . . all about barnacles."

Miss Carson opens with a series of personal recollections—atmospheric tableaux in the delicate manner of the Japanese "floating scene." Her second chapter focuses on the sea forces which mold and determine the life of the shore—surf, currents, tides, the very waters of the sea. Then there follows a detailed interpretation of the three basic types of shore, all of which are to be found on the Atlantic coast of the United States—the rocky shore (which stretches northward from Cape Cod); the sandy shore (which runs southward from the Cape to Miami); and the coral coast (the Florida Keys).

The edge of the sea, a region of tremendous unrest where only the hardy can survive, is crowded with plants and animals which demonstrate the amazing toughness and adaptability of life; even in most of the areas where the surf strikes with

incredible violence, living things have gained a foothold. It is a truly extraordinary world which Miss Carson vividly unfolds to us and which is admirably illustrated in Bob Hines's drawings: a world full of marvels such as the tiny periwinkle, which has 3500 teeth, and the sea pansy, which has responded to the struggle for survival by turning itself from an individual into a colony; a world in which can clearly be seen "the spectacle of life in all its varied manifestations as it has appeared, evolved, and died out." To Miss Carson, the edge of the sea conveys a haunting sense of communicating some universal truth as yet beyond our grasp; a sense that through this region, in which Life began, we can approach the ultimate mystery of Life itself.

Great discovery

Early in 1947, a party of bedouins stumbled upon a collection of jars and scrolls in a cave on the western shore of the Dead Sea. This find and those which followed it in 1951-52 brought to light the oldest biblical texts known to date and other documents of immense significance to religious history. It was probably the greatest discovery of its kind since the Greek and Latin classics were unearthed in the Renaissance.

A tremendous amount has been written about the scrolls in scholarly journals, and now the strange and stirring story of their discovery and implications is compactly summed up for the general reader in **Edmund Wilson's *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea*** (Oxford University Press, \$3.25). Mr. Wilson has explored his subject on the spot and has put in a stunning amount of study; a number of specialists in the field have said that his report is in the main reliable and discerning. Insofar as presentation is concerned, it is certainly a splendid job. With its skillful chronicling of the intrigues and adventures that have attended the disposition of the scrolls; its vivid sketches of the leading protagonists in this resounding archaeological drama; its fascinating account of the difficulties of transcribing the scrolls and of the scholarly detective work done on them, Mr. Wilson's book is wonderfully rich in suspense and human interest. At the same time, its crisp exposition of the contents, significance, and controversial aspects of the scrolls is remarkably absorbing stuff, even to a reader who comes to the book with

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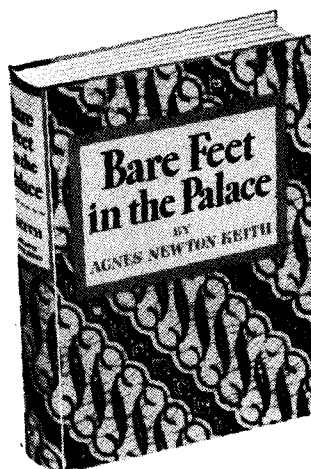
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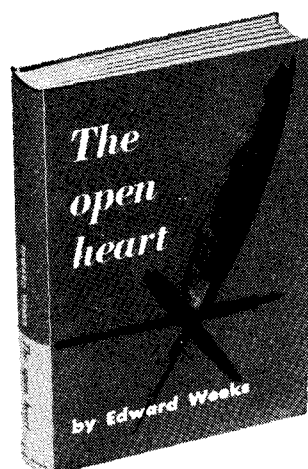
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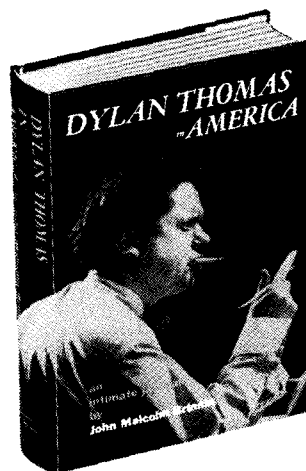
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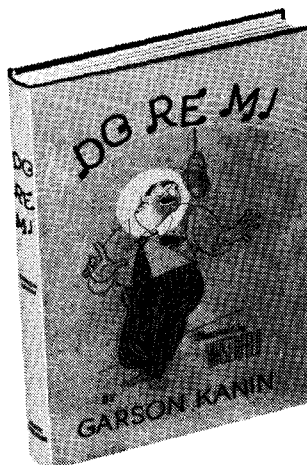
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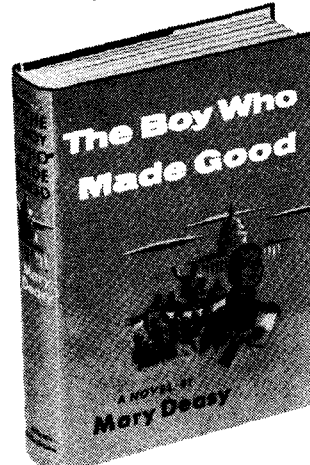
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only a casual interest in problems of biblical history.

Among the Dead Sea scrolls are a complete version of the book of Isaiah; fragments of other books of the Bible; and the literature of an early religious sect widely believed to be the Essenes, a monastic Jewish group of which our knowledge has been rather limited. It has been pretty securely established that the Dead Sea documents range from around 200 B.C. to shortly before the destruction of The Temple by the Romans in A.D. 70. Previously, our earliest text of the Hebrew Bible (except for a fragment or two) belonged to the ninth century of the Christian era.

The scrolls illuminate a whole missing chapter in the growth of religious ideas in the period between the Old and New Testaments. Documenting as they do a little-known branch of Jewish thought, altogether different from that of the Pharisees and Sadducees, they shed a startling new light on the orientation of Judaism at the time of the emergence of Christianity. On the strictly historical plane, they provide considerable evidence that the religion of Jesus grew organically out of an apocalyptic branch of Judaism. For the "Teacher of Righteousness" of the Essenes is a gentle and persecuted prophet who would seem to be in many respects a forerunner of Christ; and many aspects of the doctrine and ritual of the Essenes are persistently echoed throughout the Gospels.

The latter points are accented in a more specialized study of the Dead Sea scrolls which has recently been published: *The Jewish Sect of Qumran and the Essenes* (Macmillan, \$2.50), a short essay by one of the leading French biblical scholars, A. Dupont-Sommer. Another and much fuller study by a specialist has also just been issued: *The Dead Sea Scrolls* (Viking, \$6.50) by Millar Burrows, who was Director of the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem at the time of the 1947 discoveries and who offers us translations of five of the scrolls.

Two satires

Cards of Identity (Vanguard, \$3.75), a novel by Nigel Dennis, is a satiric extravaganza whose theme is man's loss of a real sense of identity in the contemporary world. Mr. Dennis is saying, in effect, either that modern man wavers between a multiplicity of selves, none of which give



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him a solid sense of Self; or that he settles for an artificial identity imposed on him from without and seeks to realize it symbolically — that is, by self-consciously adopting the appropriate ideas, mores, clothes, and mannerisms. This is a fruitful subject for a satirist; and Mr. Dennis brings to it a keen mind, an exuberant imagination, and a dazzling command of the English language.

His setting is an abandoned English country house where the Identity Club is holding its annual reunion. The Club is dedicated to the proposition: "Identity is the answer to everything." Its principal activity is singling out persons with identity problems and endowing them — by a gently mesmeric process of brainwashing — with brand-new synthetic identities. The action opens with the "reconstitution" of several of the local inhabitants into a staff of model servants — a missionary coup which neatly disposes of the Club's house-keeping problems. Then a succession of imaginary case histories of "reconstituted identities" are read, in the course of which Mr. Dennis rains wittily corrosive mockery on a number of targets — people who seek an anchor for today in ritualistic regression to the past; male women, female men, and other more crazily mixed-up in-betweeners; ex-Communists who have donned the garb of holiness while working the confession racket for all it's worth. Eventually, the Club's president is liquidated for signs of decline in his presidential identity, and the reunion teeters to a grotesque breakup.

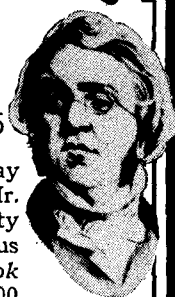
Cards of Identity unfolds as a succession of brilliantly ingenious vaudeville turns. As a novel, it is conspicuously lacking in narrative progression and dramatic coherence; and at times its freewheeling extravagances smack of intellectual virtuosity just for virtuosity's sake. The main point, however, is that there is much in Mr. Dennis's nightmarish entertainment which is both blazingly funny and savagely penetrating. The episode describing the monastery for important ex-Communists and its operations as a confession factory is one of the deadliest and most entrancing pieces of satiric writing published in the last two decades. Mr. Dennis's satire, moreover, ranges well beyond contemporary phenomena and offers us a lapidary commentary on some of the age-old frailties of *homo so-disant sapiens*.

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In her new novel, **Mary McCarthy** lets her lethal eye rove over a Bohemian sector of American society which is distinctly different from the urban garret-and-gutter Bohemia, and also from that de luxe Bohemia which is the artistic and nonconformist counterpart to Society's international set. *A Charmed Life* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.95) is a withering report on what might be described as Middle-class Bohemia.

The setting is a clearly recognizable community on the New England coast which the author has chosen to call New Leeds. The typical New Leedsians are either middle-aged or at least past the first flush of youthful promise; they usually have a modicum of achievement to their credit, sometimes an obscure fame; and they subsist largely on small private incomes fortified by the August rental of their homes. "The essence of New Leeds was a kind of exaggeration. . . . In wife-beating, child neglect, divorce, automobile accidents, falls, suicide, the town was on a sort of statistical rampage. . . . You could not take a drink without wondering whether you might become an alcoholic. Everything here cast a menacing shadow before it, a shade of future perdition. . . . Everything in the village was relentlessly running down, buckling, warping, mildewing — including the human beings."

Miss McCarthy's heroine, Martha, is a fugitive from New Leeds who, after a seven-year absence, has settled there again with her new second husband, John Sinnott. An irresistible house for sale was the cause of Martha's apprehensive return to the place identified with the unhappiness of her first marriage; the place, moreover, where her first husband and his latest wife are living. The essence of the tragicomedy which follows can be summed up very briefly. Martha is determined not to let New Leeds and its Bohemian ways make a mess of her new life. They do.

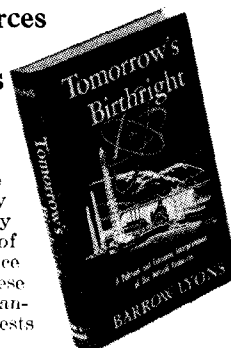
Miss McCarthy is a delightfully polished writer with a mind that is razor-sharp and with an uncanny flair for fastening on detail that has an electric impact on the reader. Her present novel does not, like some of her writing, suffer noticeably from hyperacidity; and its characterizations have no element of caricature. Especially good is the portraiture of Martha's first husband, a dynamic, outrageously self-centered man of letters; of Warren Coe, an artist who

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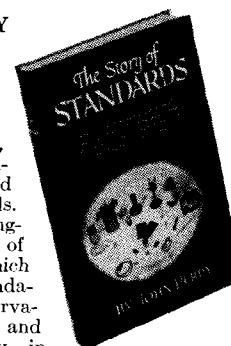
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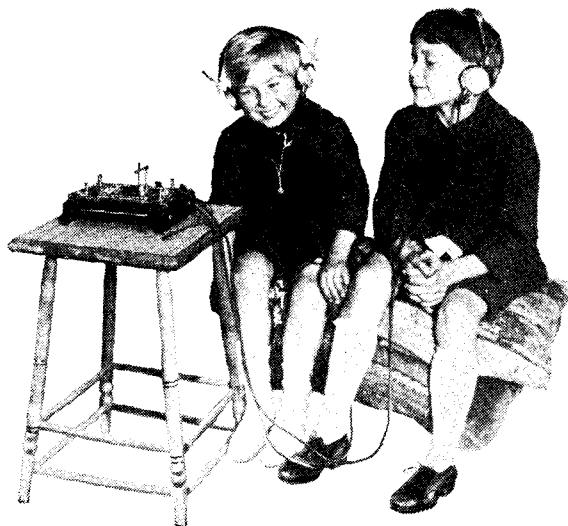
is trying to apply the formulas of nuclear fission to painting; and of the seedy old Vicomte de Hernonville, a reformed alcoholic who runs the local liquor store, deals in antiques, and proselytizes for the Roman Church. All in all, *A Charmed Life* is one of the novels I have most enjoyed in this rather lean year.

The big money

It is characteristic of the conservative temper of the nineteen-fifties that a certified intellectual such as Mary McCarthy should write a novel accenting the perils of life among Bohemian intellectuals. Whether the current reaction against the tradition of revolt and iconoclasm is a token of maturity or of cultural anemia is a question I cannot pursue here. What is certain is that, in the present social climate, novels of no special artistic merit are apt to receive the twenty-one-gun salute merely because the authors come out on the side of orthodoxy. I strongly suspect that **Cameron Hawley's *Cash McCall*** (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.95), a Literary Guild Selection, will be as glowingly appraised in many quarters as his *Executive Suite* was; and that certain commentators will say how wonderful it is that American business, so persistently maligned by American writers, is at last getting the literary treatment it deserves. It seems to me obvious, however, that Mr. Hawley's treatment of American business is not, in any serious sense, *literary*: his novel is just an extremely competent piece of slick storytelling with a Superman hero. As for its defense of the business ethos, all it has to contribute can be summed up in the statement: "What's wrong with making money? This is a free enterprise country." This argument may serve to arrest creeping Socialism in the nation's kindergartens, but it isn't going to educate any grownup who may need educating.

Mr. Hawley's story, while paying its dues to romantic love, revolves around an intricate deal which threatens to end disastrously for Cash McCall. Not yet forty, McCall is a self-made Philadelphia tycoon who, working in vastly anonymous and secret ways, buys and sells companies, pocketing a million dollars or so when things work out nicely, which they usually do. McCall is widely reputed to be a shady "operator," but by the end of the story we know that he is the soul of honor, at times almost

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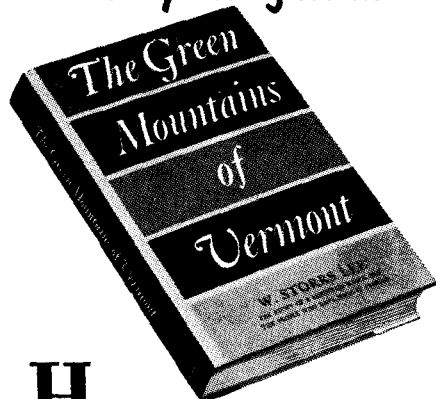
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quixotic. In addition to being so dynamic, so handsome, and so damned rich, he is a thoughtful student of Oriental religions and a connoisseur of fine living. The only sad thing about Cash is that as a fictional character he remains utterly unreal — a figure of fantasy.

What is best in the novel is the sharp, authoritative documentation of the workings of the business world — its problems, tensions, rivalries, excitements. Judged as middleweight entertainment, *Cash McCall* is certainly a fast-moving, expertly plotted job; and I cheerfully admit that I found it quite absorbing — as absorbing as a really slick movie chock-full of intrigue and lacquered with the romance of the big money.

Potpourri

THE FABULOUS ORIGINALS by Irving Wallace. Knopf, \$3.95.

A collection of short biographies and thumbnail sketches of people who served as the models for famous characters in fiction. Mr. Wallace has narrowed the field down to some twenty men and women who are not too well known and whose stories are, in many instances, decidedly stranger than fiction. Among them are Dr. Joseph Bell, the Edinburgh surgeon and amateur detective who inspired Sherlock Holmes; the governess, Claire Clairmont — friend of the Shelleys and mother of Byron's daughter, Allegra — who became Juliana Bordereau in *The Aspern Papers*; Balzac's Lady Arabella Dudley of *Le Lys dans la Vallée* — the truly fabulous Lady Jane Ellenborough, who, after a series of spectacular marriages and love affairs in Europe, spent her last twenty-five years as the wife of an Arab chieftain in Syria; Alexander Selkirk, the real Robinson Crusoe; William Brodie — upright citizen of Edinburgh by day; gambler, thief, and libertine by night — who inspired *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*; and the originals of Madame Bovary, Captain Ahab, and Proust's Baron de Charlus. Mr. Wallace's excursion into literary detection and off-beat biography is an engrossing piece of work.

THE INMOST LEAF by Alfred Kazin. Harcourt, Brace, \$4.75.

I had previously read and admired most of the essays which Mr. Kazin presents here as a selection from his literary criticism, and I found that taken together they are still more impressive. For in book form something new is added: the cumulative effect of an intense, penetrating, and, in the fullest sense of the word, coherent approach to literature. Mere elegance, wit, or narrative power leaves Mr. Kazin indifferent: his minimum

IN OUR TIMES, the search for a sound morality that is also a *working* morality is a precarious one. Here — at last — is a bold explorer to guide us. He is Edmond Cahn, a prominent scholar with an optimist's heart, a philosopher's mind, a realist's eyes. A former practicing lawyer, Mr. Cahn looks for moral guidance in the one place where morality *has* to exist and be practical — the law. He deals with actual courtroom cases, and with everyday problems that are familiar to all of us — from cheating on income taxes to sexual relations and death. He gives us no pat formulas for morality, but as he discusses each case, we see (perhaps for the first time) what a really major part moral standards play in our law, and what a great influence for good the law can be in our everyday lives. As IRVING BRANT says, Mr. Cahn "has done the one thing that is supposed to be impossible — made a limitless reach and equalled it with his grasp."

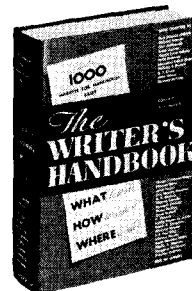
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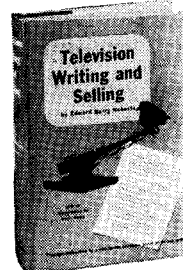
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requirement is a serious confrontation of man's fate, and it is clear that he is most deeply stirred by those artists, such as Joyce, Proust, or Flaubert, who in effect totally committed their lives to the creative struggle. It might be said of Mr. Kazin — as Winston Churchill once said of himself when accused of being demanding — that he is "easily satisfied with the best of everything"; and it is, after all, an eminently respectable position for a critic.

Most of the essays in this collection have to do with writers who, in Melville's phrase, were never "done growing"; among them are Blake, D. H. Lawrence, Gide, and Faulkner. The other items include a devastating essay on the Broadway theatrical audience; a first-class appreciation of the criticism of Edmund Wilson; and the best piece I have read on Fitzgerald's curious semi-confession, *The Crackup*. All in all, this book has an emotional vitality that is extremely rare nowadays in serious literary criticism.

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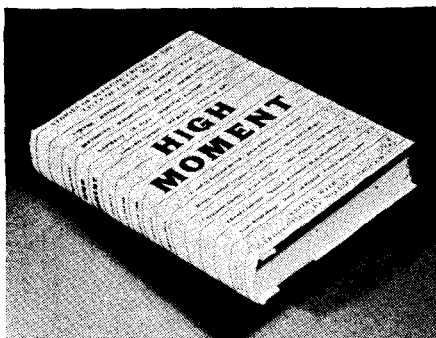
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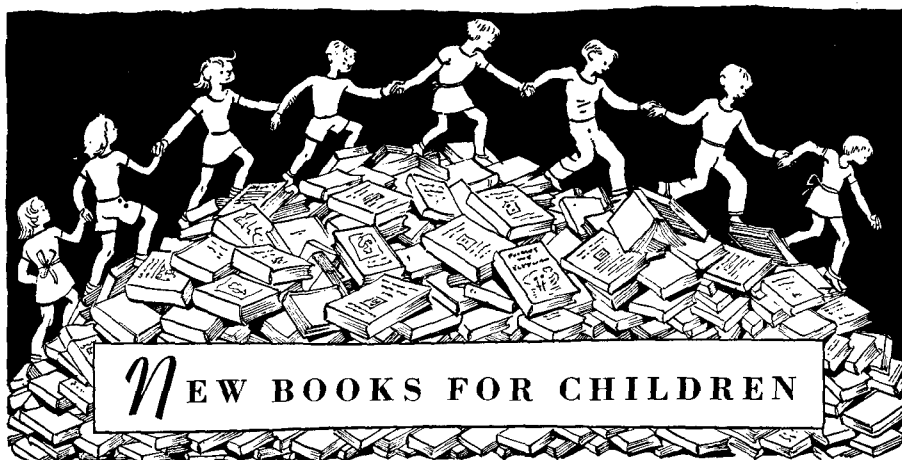
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by MARGARET FORD KIERAN

MARGARET FORD KIERAN was *Children's Page Editor of the Boston Herald* for twenty-three years. She is the author of a juvenile, *David and the Magic Powder*, and coauthor with her husband, John Kieran, of John James Audubon.

WHEN Christmastime nears, it is fun to walk away from the three hundred or more new books for young people I have been exposed to, so that I can see which few linger in my memory and why. I am doing this now, as I type in our little cabin high in the Berkshire hills, and I am not surprised to find that the picture books for the very young almost shout: "Don't forget ME!"

This would be true of *Theodore Turtle* by Ellen MacGregor (Whittlesey House), so I was glad when I found that my friend Lindsay Ann Crouse (aged six, I believe) concurred with my judgment. Your heart will bleed for poor Theodore, who has the devil's own time trying to get his daily life organized because he keeps forgetting where he puts things; rubbers, teapot, ax, garden hose — well, just everything. The illustrations by Paul Galdone are as much fun as the text, the last two lines of which brought shouts of "He's stupid!" from Lindsay Ann, because Theodore, bolstering his fading ego, says, "I am so clever at remembering." And the author asks, "What do YOU think?"

In the high praise department, too, should go *Play with Me*, story and pictures by Marie Hall Ets (Viking). With large illustrations on every page in soft pastel tones, it relates the tale of a little girl who tried hard to become friends with all the woodland creatures — the rabbit, the snake, the chipmunk, and so on, finding at last that the way to attract them was to

be very still and wait for *them* to make the approach. This lesson in getting acquainted might well be called to the attention of the average youngster who greets a new puppy with a frightening onslaught of affection, the result of which is often a howl and a gouged finger.

Books on learning to count appear with the regularity of spring flowers, so there have been some lovely ones; but none quite as gay, I thought, or as pointed, really, as *Dancing in the Moon* by Fritz Eichenberg (Harcourt, Brace). Here is a sample: "16 pigs dancing jigs, 17 moles digging holes; 18 frogs sitting on logs, 19 seals enjoying their meals." Or, skipping back a little, how about "4 pandas sitting on verandas"?

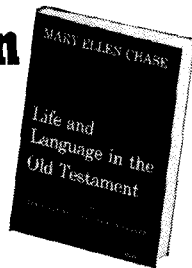
Next I remember a book about a boy who wanted just one thing for his birthday. Snow. His story is told in *Snow Birthday* by Helen Kay (Ariel). If by chance the idea were not appealing enough in itself, the exquisite country scenes by Barbara Cooney would make it hard to forget. Here is a *most* beautiful picture book, and so is Macmillan's new edition of *The Ugly Duckling*. Even if your young friends and relatives already have the old-time favorite, their libraries would be enriched by the new one. Johannes Larsen did the illustrations, which are superb.

In the familiar fairy-tale format comes *The Princess and the Woodcutter's Daughter*, written and illustrated with rare charm by Winifred Bromhall (Knopf). Little girls who like to be read to will ask for this again and again. It has a fragile quality that is extremely appealing.

Possibly because the setting was unusual, I also enjoyed *The Tailor's Trick* (Lippincott). Here Rosalys Hall tells a very amusing story about Jenckes who in colonial days was vexed with the problem of trying to

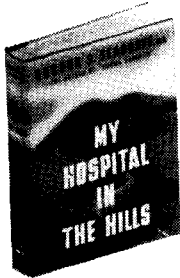
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decide which of the three women in his life he should wed. The water-color illustrations as well as those in black and white by Kurt Werth carry one gaily along to his ingenious decision.

Thumps (Houghton Mifflin) had great impact for me, too. He was a spectacular-type pig who wanted to live dangerously and did. *Hetty Beatty*, always responsible for illustrations of great strength and originality, did the text too.

Then, going on to a slightly older group, there was *Mikko's Fortune* by Lee Kingman; pictures by Arnold Edwin Bare (Ariel). I think this would appeal to children even up to eight years of age, provided they had not been overexposed to the heavy hand of the old, old West on TV.

Talk of that old West brings a mention of the number of books devoted to a man of whose name you might possibly have heard during the past few months.

Crockett — Davy, that is.

At least twelve accounts have appeared. One is *Davy Crockett* as told by Walter Blair (Coward-McCann). "My Maw," writes Crockett in this Blair version, "she's a glorious girl for her age. She can still jump a seven-rail fence backwards . . . smoke a bale of Kentucky tobacco in her corn-cob pipe, crack walnuts with her front teeth, cut down a gum tree ten feet around and steer it across Salt River with her apron for a sail and use her left leg for a rudder."

In all fairness to the old lady, I think we should dismiss any discussion of Davy and suggest, instead, that someone embark on a biography of Maw. In my opinion Davy has, as they say, *had it*.

Swiftly and gladly changing pace, I should like to call your attention to one of the most beautiful books ever to come to my desk. It is *Columbus* by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire (Doubleday). For three years this distinguished author-painter pair has been working on the project. The result is breathtaking. Look no further for an exquisite gift in the lower middle age group.

In this same middle group, though in the older division of it, I was impressed by *Plug-Horse Derby*, a really down to earth story of a little girl's love of horses and the joy she found in grooming one of her own for a big race. Written and illustrated by Emma L. Brock (Knopf).

Boys (and girls, too, for that mat-

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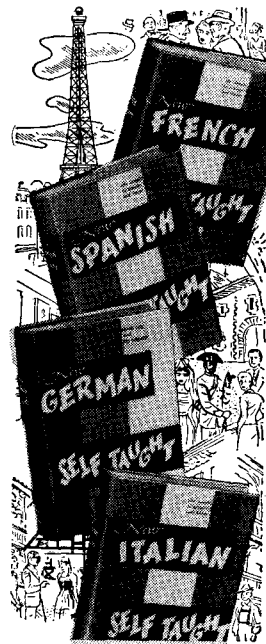
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ter) will like *Donkey Detectives* (Doubleday) by Lavinia R. Davis, I am sure. Illustrated by Jean MacDonald Porter, it is a swift mystery story with plenty of suspense cradled in a small-town atmosphere.

My especial pet in this group, however, is *Clarence, the TV Dog* by Patricia Lauber with cartoonlike illustrations by Leonard Shortall (Coward-McCann). I could tell you many of Clarence's hilarious adventures, but perhaps the crystallization of his personality can best be shown by explaining how Brian, his young master, tried to train him in obedience.

Brian would shout "Heel!" and then jump in front of Clarence. It seemed the easiest way.

For nonsense of a very superior order, look at *The Rabbit's Umbrella* by George Plimpton (Viking). Here is a fantastic yarn with more than one dash of *Alice in Wonderland* and a strong whiff of *Charlotte's Web*, though not as slyly satiric. The illustrations by William Pène Du Bois capture the mad mood perfectly. The umbrella the rabbit is holding, for example, has two holes for his long ears. Of course, then, there has to be a smaller umbrella over the first one, to protect those ears from the rain. If this story is lying around your house, I predict there will be many requests for you to read it aloud again and again and again. You might even want to whisk it away and reread it alone as I did.

A book entirely different in tone and in treatment from any I have yet mentioned is *The Wicked Enchantment* by Margot Benary-Isbert (Harcourt, Brace). Old-world folklore seems contemporary when we follow the doings of little Anemone who ran away from home with her dog Winnie. Because of the quality of writing and because of the drawings in black and white by Enrico Arno, the book has distinction.

Now as far as the oldest group is concerned, there were the usual number of glibly written teen-age stories with the usual number of more or less hackneyed themes. But *Rosemary* by Mary Stolz (Harper) does not fall into this category. Miss Stolz is deeply sensitive to the hopes and the anxieties of her young people. To say that a social problem is the background of her latest book makes it sound a bit heavy, which is by no means the case. And to point out that she writes like a Henry James near a jukebox would be flippant.

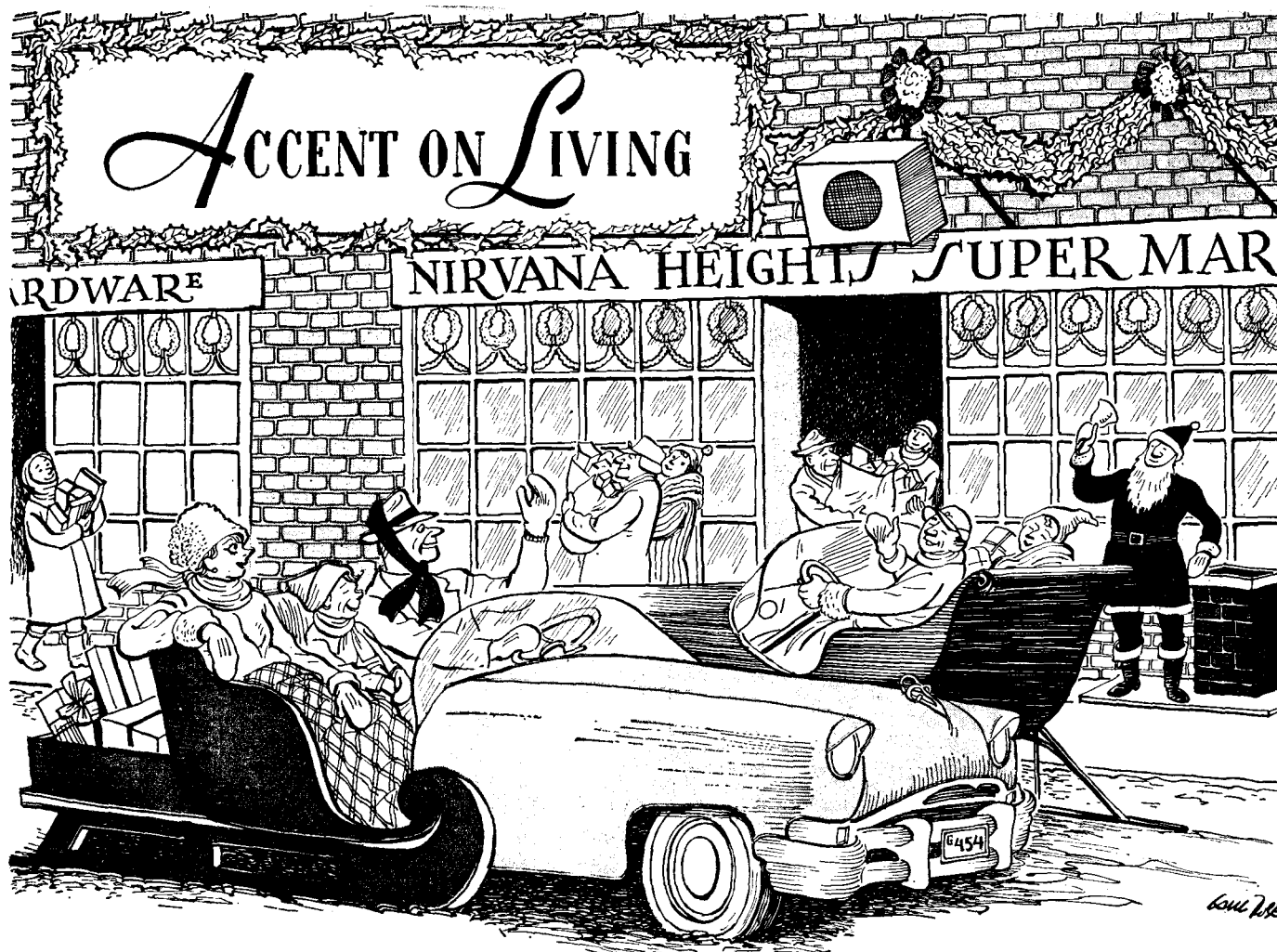
But there is that James analytical quality which classifies *Rosemary* as a young-adult rather than a teen-age book. A top-notch one, too.

In this more sophisticated group I would also place *Junior Intern* by Alan Nourse (Harper). How true it is to medicine I do not know; but since the author is currently interning in Seattle, I assume that it is factual in theory. These facts are telescoped, perhaps, into a shorter period of time than would make them the average experience of the average intern. Thus the book is crammed with every kind of excitement that several young medical students might conceivably run into, whether on hospital rounds, in the laboratory, or in a disaster field station. It's a spellbinder with a vocational message that is compelling.

Back for a moment to the young teen-age department, I think *Borghild of Brooklyn* by Harriett H. Carr (Ariel) should be singled out for an honor. Surely and sharply it presents the problems of a little Swedish girl who wants to "belong," who wants to be Americanized, but who feels the tug of her own heritage, too. Here is a competently handled story with a fresh background and a plot that has wide implications.

For the high school group, I would also recommend *The Wound of Peter Wayne* by Leonard Wibberley (Ariel), *Hostess in the Sky*, a dandy by Margaret Hill (Atlantic-Little, Brown), and *West Point Plebe* by Colonel Red Reeder (Duell, Sloan & Pearce-Little, Brown) for which my husband also had high praise.

Now with space closing in on me I hasten to point out that the older generation as well as the younger will want to look at three fine new editions of old favorites. Nostalgia went rampant as I gave myself up to *Alice in Wonderland* (Random House), *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (Scribner), and *Little Women* (Crowell). Any one of them might well be the swift solution of a knotty Christmas gift problem, if one had not taken an even easier way out by stocking up on *A Treasury of Christmas Songs and Carols* edited and annotated by Henry W. Simon (Houghton Mifflin). It is a comprehensive collection of the well-known and the less well-known with new arrangements that will not frighten the amateur who goes to the piano only once a year — then, perhaps, to set the stage for a family caroling of "Silent Night."



IT SEEMS to be pretty well established that Christmas — the Christmas of one's earlier years — is the touchstone of the good old days. Those were the Christmases when everything was better and much simpler; when there was snow that crunched underfoot and ice on the ponds for the new skates; when the turkey, the pies, the presents, the tree, and the whole effect of the day were far superior to what we experience nowadays. No sordid commercialism or mawkishness intruded. A fine spontaneity sparked the giving and receiving. No one was worn out by the preparations; in fact most of the decorating and wrapping and cooking and hospitality took care of itself. None of it cost very much, either.

That is the image, and a powerful one it is, which the bygone Christmas seems to evoke. How far bygone, how old, the image has to be in order to qualify as part of the good old days is debatable. There are some for whom the good old days ended with the administration of William Howard Taft, yet there must be others who even now are beginning to find nos-

talgia in the period of Mr. Truman.

And always there persists an even stronger recollection, warranted or not, that one's old-time Christmases were real upcountry Currier & Ives stuff. A man who never in his life so much as split a stick of kindling tends to redream himself, along toward Christmastime, into a childhood of farmhouse kitchens and ice-in-the-washbowl. My own Christmases were entirely urban, comfortably heated, and generously supplied in all respects, yet I have trouble in resisting the notion that I was somehow a son of pioneers, whose neighbors traveled in punks, a stalwart little figure in gum boots and a fur cap, inhabiting a *mise en scène* straight from the easel of Grandma Moses.

If the recollection of the bygone Christmas is indeed so potent, it becomes plain that every Christmas, including this one and the next, is a seedbed of nostalgia to come. It's a rather embarrassing idea, when one looks around at the December scene

in, for example, Nirvana Heights, to reflect that innocent children are even now storing it in memory, not necessarily fondly — not yet, at any rate — but nonetheless vividly.

Nirvana Heights is justly proud of its shopping area, where rigid zoning and building regulations have achieved a Colonial effect. It's a little later than Early American; and if the filling stations don't reach quite back to John and Priscilla, they are at least the sort of places where the Virginia burgesses would have bought their gas. The supermarkets and shops could sit down comfortably among the structures of 1955 Colonial Westchester or Fairfield County. No buckles on men's shoes, no churchwarden pipes, but plenty of brick and white paint, primly maintained.

Throughout these final days of the Christmas rush, Nirvana Heights is bathed day and night in the peculiar orange glow from countless multi-colored lights festooned over Main Street. The street itself is packed solidly with motor traffic; it is impossible to find a parking place or get out of one; the cross streets are

plugged just as solidly. A fair amount of horn-tooting is constant. From the cupola atop the Nirvana Heights branch of the Nirvana Trust Company, a loudspeaker is blasting forth Christmas hymns. Across the street, at Burdock's, booms an enormously amplified recording of *The Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy*. Further down, where Main Street intersects Nirvana Avenue, is the municipal Christmas tree, ablaze with park department lights and flanked by huge plaster effigies of Wise Men, camels, gnomes, reindeer, etc. (An investigation by the city council of the terms on which these objects were purchased is expected early next year.) The park department's loudspeaker is playing *Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer*.

Indoors as well as out, the 1955 Christmas is carried on by all sorts

of servo-mechanisms, electronics, and power-assists. From radio and TV in the home come the transcribed Christmas greetings and "personal" messages from the actors, sponsors, agency staffs, and announcers. Incidentally, it is now possible for an announcer to come down so lightly on the word "transcribed" in this festive context that the word is virtually blanked off, as if one heard it not at all. Disk jockeys send their greetings; and in the freezer, meanwhile, the entire Christmas dinner is agate-hard in the frost, awaiting as it has since last July the holiday thaw.

It will be the same dinner that the family had on Thanksgiving. Nothing will be better or worse, because all its components came from the same batch in the big Foodorama sale at the supermarket. That's the beauty

of the frozen things: they're always dependable, and the family knows exactly what to expect. Nothing clutters the kitchen, either, when these bake-'n-serve meals reach the table in their original containers. The whole dinner is scarcely more trouble than a ham-'n-eggs breakfast. And if the turkey is prestuffed, there is now a fine pre-stuffed Christmas stocking which must do away with all sorts of fol-de-rol; one stocking with a special assortment for boys and another — quite different, too — for girls.

It may seem impossible to translate all this into tunneling in the snow from the woodshed to the barn, and hitching up old Bob to the double-runner, but given fifteen or twenty years, that is how it will eventually seem to have been.

CHARLES W. MORTON

JOYLAND REVISITED

by CHARLES EINSTEIN

CHARLES EINSTEIN is the author of many articles and three novels. He lives in Ardsley, New York, where he devotes his full time to writing.

THERE'S a new principle afoot in the multimillion-dollar shopping centers that celebrate our post-war suburban landscapes: that not competition, but cross-competition, is the lifeblood of trade. The idea in leasing out store space in the new shopping centers is that there will be no more than one store of a kind, but that though there be only one cigar store, one drug store, and one grocery, you can get cigarettes, toothpaste, and ice cream at all three. You can get your wife a pair of stockings at the milliner's, haberdasher's, beauty shop, drug store, five-and-ten, supermarket, and stationer's. The luncheonette sells bolts for the mounting of license plates, and the gas station sells Pepsi-Cola. And everybody sells toys.

This isn't bad enough, far cry though it be from yesteryear, when the marketing of toys was limited to department stores, five-and-tens, confectioners' shops, and the newsstands in railroad stations, where you could buy little candy beads packaged in a glass locomotive. Today's bright new shopping center features not only toys in almost all the stores (the man who

runs the cigar store in our little town told me recently he spent more money on toys in one year than on all his other merchandise and his store rent combined): it features also the Toy Store.

I suppose it is a secret wish of all young boys to grow up and be fathers so that they can buy toys. Now I have four children, and there is a



fantastic toy store in a nearby shopping center, and I'm miserable. I don't like the man who runs the toy store and he doesn't like me. I go in and say, "I'm looking for something for a baby girl who's got a brother who's two who's got a brother who's four who's got a brother who's seven, so it should be something they don't have and it shouldn't be breakable." He looks at me as if I had just stepped out of a jar.

I don't know whose fault it is. First time I went in, it was to buy some clay. I said, "I'm looking for some . . ." and that was as far as I got. The toy-store man held up a hand. "First," he said, "let's find out something about the child."

Stop here for a minute and think about what he said. This budding young psychiatrist assumes, to begin with, that you only have one kid, known, in the true temper of Freud, Brill, and Magnus Hirschfeld, as "The Child." If you had the kid with you, the salesman might be able to get some idea of what he wants to know, but all modern toy stores have a bevy of coin-operated horses, automobiles, and rocket ships outside the front door — their only purpose, as far as I can see, being to keep the kids outside while you buy the toys.

"You don't have to know anything about the child," I said. "All I . . ."

"What is the child's ETA?"

"His ETA? What do you think he is? A DC-7?"

"Educational Toy Age," the toy-store man said, a trifle scornfully. "You find it reflected in the home environment. Children are people, you know. They have needs."

"Mine have needs for some clay," I said. "I thought that . . ."

"I beg your pardon. Did you say clay?"

"Yes," I said. "You know — you



Looks like a "Black & White" Christmas

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make things." I talk with my hands anyway, and the impulse here was overwhelming.

The toy-store man gave me a look of deep pity. "No," he said, when I had feebly done, "we found clay too unsanitary."

I brooded about this for a time; finally I said, "Do you have anything like clay?"

"Of course."

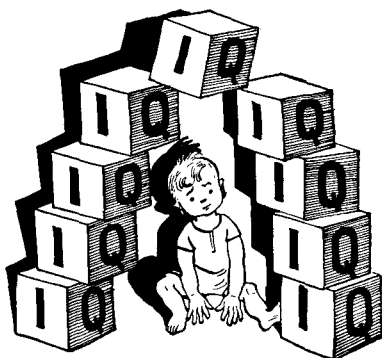
"What do you call it?"

"Elastic plastic."

You can furnish your own blackout curtain for that one. Personally, I blundered out of the store, observing through my teeth that it would be a dank day before anybody ever wished any elastic plastic on me.

The case of the elastic plastic typifies the new mode in toys. You cannot go into a toy store to buy blocks — good, old-fashioned, wood, oblong blocks, with some arches to make tunnels — without making the tacit confession that you are the father of the village idiot. The old-fashioned blocks are still there, but they come in a box that has the names of twelve doctors, fourteen educators, and seventeen child guidance centers on the outside.

Alphabet blocks are even worse. I always thought the purpose of alphabet blocks was to pile them up till they fell down. The new thing is to pile them *so that* they fall down. This gives the kid release. So you find the new alphabet blocks made of rub-



ber and equipped with little tinkling things inside, and when you knock them over they all bounce and ring bells. On top of that, the old catch-as-catch-can theory of lettering alphabet blocks has gone by the boards. The old six-sided cube would have a couple of *B*'s and maybe an *M* and a *Q* and an *F* and a picture of a sheep or something. Now each letter has its own block — block *A*, with a big *A*, a small *a*, and four pictures of things beginning with *A*. You might think

that under such a triumph of pure reason, the blocks would come twenty-six to a set. No. Eight. The alphabet, according to the most popular set of alphabet blocks at our new toy store, goes *A B H 7 L S 9 V*. When you get through making *Shlavb 79* you go back and buy another set of blocks.

It is of value, before setting out to the toy store, to be able to recognize, too, the language spoken. A brief lexicon illustrates: —

Unbreakable — melts at body temperature

Durable — falls apart when you look at it

Long-lasting — forty minutes at the outside

Lifetime guarantee — so complicated you can't put it together

Replaceable — the factory is in Vancouver

Warranted — the factory in Vancouver just went out of business

Precision-built — has sharp edges

Precision-tooled — has sharp jagged edges

Fun for grownups too — kids want no part of it

Resists corrosion — this gun shoots hydrochloric acid

Mystery mechanism — works on a flashlight battery

Wonder mechanism — works on two flashlight batteries

Comes complete — the flashlight batteries are extra

Just like Dad's — this genuine hand-tooled leather wallet has nothing in it

Underwriters' Laboratory Approved — powerful enough to blow up the house

Plug in anywhere — not Underwriters' Laboratory Approved

Hours of enjoyment — this jigsaw puzzle has 10,000 pieces

Endless variations — this jigsaw puzzle has 9998 pieces

Caveat emptor — wrap it up. The hell with it.

LAMENT OF THE WIFE OF A PSYCHOANALYST

by SONYA SAROYAN

I NEVER get mad: I get hostile;
I never feel sad: I'm depressed.
If I sew or I knit and enjoy it a bit,
I'm not handy — I'm merely obsessed.

I never regret — I feel guilty,
And if I should vacuum the hall,
Wash the woodwork and such, and not mind it too much,
Am I tidy? Compulsive is all.

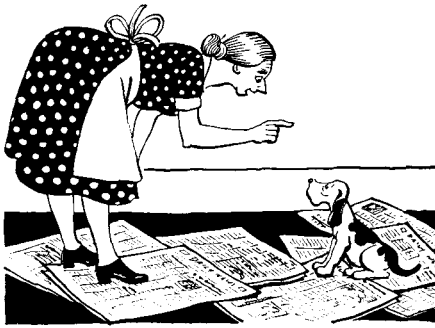
If I can't choose a hat I have conflicts,
With ambivalent feelings toward net.
I never get worried or nervous or hurried:
Anxiety — that's what I get.

If I'm happy, I must be euphoric;
If I go to the Stork Club or Ritz
And have a good time making puns or a rhyme,
I'm a manic, or maybe a schiz.

If I tell you you're right, I'm submissive,
Repressing aggressiveness, too.
And when I disagree, I'm defensive, you see,
And projecting my symptoms on you.

I love you, but that's just transference
With Oedipus rearing his head.
My breathing asthmatic is psychosomatic,
A fear of exclaiming "Drop dead!"

I'm not lonely, I'm simply dependent.
My dog has no fleas, just a tic.
So if I seem a cad, never mind — just be glad
That I'm not a stinker — I'm sick.



MARTA THE DOG-LOVER

by JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON

This is the third and regrettably the last account of Marta, the great word-scambler, by JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, whose death earlier this year ended his long and distinguished career as literary editor of the San Francisco Chronicle.

WE HAD several reasons for believing, when Marta first came, that we had acquired what in the old-fashioned way my mother-in-law had always called a treasure. Her pleasantly ruddy complexion, her neat graying hair, her bright blue eyes — these spoke for themselves. Her former employers had written in the highest terms, and my wife liked the fact that Marta had kept the letters tidily, in clean envelopes. A few questions showed that she knew her way around a kitchen, and she said easily that one five-year-old was no trouble.

What settled things, really, was the way our cat, after one tentative look, jumped into Marta's lap and lay there purring. At the time, my wife took this for evidence that Marta loved cats; we did not know, though we learned, that this was not exactly true. Marta's was a kind of generalized affection, expressing itself in warmth toward cats to be sure, but extending beyond this in many directions, some unexpected.

From the first, her way with a meal was magical. There was the first breakfast she served: the eggs scrambled soft enough, and accompanied by bacon she had grizzled in her own special way, she told us. There were the buttermilk pancakes on another memorable morning, feather-light, though this was not altogether why Marta liked to make them. What interested her was the buttermilk itself. It was good for you, Marta explained; it changed the flora and fauna in your stomach. She had learned this, she told us, from the magazine put out by the Commuters' Union.

It was in her third week with us that our cat wandered away and did not come back, and our child was disconsolate. There was talk of finding a new one; for a time guppies were discussed, and there were mutterings about a dog. Marta had brightened at the mention of dogs, but we thought nothing special of that until she came back from shopping with the puppy.

She had felt in her bones that it would rain, she told my wife; the weather had been sulky all morning. So she had gone to the supermarket, which shared a coöperative parking lot with some other stores, and when she came back to the car after getting the parking-ticket violated, there was the pup, damp and miserable, cowering under the radiator, and Marta just scooped it up she said, a wet dog looks so bed-raggle.

"I just had to bring him home," she explained, "or I'd never of regretted it."

She told us immediately that she would take care of the puppy herself. It was healthy, she said. Anybody could see that; the whites of its eyes were as clear as a bell. Moreover, she understood about dogs; the people for whom she had worked in Southern California — a family named Trott — had been true dog-lovers. To be sure, a dog could be a lot of trouble, but Marta assured us she had mauled the whole thing over in her mind and would bear the blunt of it. And a puppy like this could never be half the work of the dog the Trotts had, an enormous Gray Dane so clumsy it had knocked over and broken a little statue of St. Venus de Milo. (The Trotts, Marta said, were really artistic people; Mrs. Trott had even hired a man to make a bust of her daughter's foot.)

A dog could easily be trained, Marta said, and she knew how. And with a young puppy you had a chance to begin from the beginning; you could start from scraps. She had learned all about it from a man who understood both dogs and horses; she had got to know him well when she took Mrs. Trott's little girl each week for her lesson at the Riding McCavity.

As the weeks passed, our house grew stranger all the time. There was a box with a blanket in the kitchen, and papers were strategically placed in each room. You had to have a system, Marta said; you couldn't go at it half-hazardly. Once she went to a movie made from a story by Albert Payson Terhune; she might learn

something about dogs from it, she felt. But she came home in a bad humor. She explained that she should have known better. The movies were bound to spoil a story they made from a good book; they always gave them a twinge to jeeper them up.

Inevitably the puppy came down with something — though since it rapidly got well again, we never learned what. One of the troubles with dogs, Marta observed, was they couldn't tell you what was wrong with them. That, she felt, was the flaw in the ointment. And of course when a dog got really sick — well, you never knew; it could get a virex pneumonia, just like a person. Marta's sister's boy had told her all about it; he was studying medicine at Mark Hopkins, and he knew.

But the first glow of Marta's enthusiasm soon began to wane. Once our child reported, wide-eyed, that Marta had paddled the puppy with a rolled-up newspaper; on that occasion we looked up to see Marta in the doorway, her face flushed as she said indignantly that she hadn't thought a little girl would act the stew-pigeon. What it came to, Marta admitted to my wife, was that small dogs were really more trouble than large ones. Moreover, this puppy had been started wrong by somebody, and you couldn't teach a dog that had been spoiled; the cards were staged against you.

It was not long after this that Marta came back from a downtown excursion without the puppy. As the cat had done, she said — and her round blue eyes were all gentle innocence — it had wandered off while she was in the supermarket. It was too bad, but anyway small dogs were more trouble than worth it. She must have known that we were in no mood for another dog, but she tried. Her look was almost wistful as she recalled her time at the Trotts' and how their big dogs — no nasty little puppies — had been such good company. "A full-size dog," she said, "is so friendly. Like, for instance, a lovely great big Sarah Bernard!"





HITCHHIKING IN EUROPE

by LOUIS McINTOSH

LOUIS McINTOSH is a young Londoner who has developed the subtle art of being a motorized pedestrian on many a Continental trip.

TO HITCHHIKE intelligently in Europe, it is necessary to know something about the different attitudes which the various nationalities adopt toward it.

In England the practice still has, like begging, a slight disrepute. English car-drivers will excuse the infrequency and expense of their country's public transport for having caused you to travel in such a humiliating manner. Lorry drivers are not allowed to give lifts, but do so to have someone wake them up when they go to sleep at the wheel. They suspect foreign girls of being immoral, but are invariably disappointed to find that they are not. English women under forty-five never give lifts — not for fear of what hitchhikers might do, but for fear of what other people might say.

The French take such delight in explaining to foreigners the qualities of their country and the defects of their countrymen that they are very ready to give lifts. Thus in France it is most important to look foreign, but not so foreign as not to understand French; the French do not speak English, least of all when they try to. French motorists are proud of their driving, which looks dangerous but isn't, like a moon rocket at a fair. When they are giving anyone a lift, all their exhibitionism comes out, and one is liable to be deafened by the screech of the tires and the rant of the horn, which in some French cars can be switched on — and left on.

Italy is the most enjoyable country to hitchhike in, though not the eas-

iest. Italian cars go so fast (by my slow-moving British standards, anyway) that it must be difficult enough for the driver himself to stop them, let alone the hitchhiker. But once you do succeed in stopping an Italian motorist, he will take charge of you in the most charming way. He will treat you to one of those bitter *apéritifs* (such as Caprino, whose name suggests some inscrutable link with goats) to whet your appetite for the huge lunch which he will spring on you in the next big town. After lunch, he will take your photograph and show you the sights. Of course he expects you to do the same for him when he comes to your country, but then he never does come. (One day I shall have to give lunch to twenty Italian traveling salesmen in an Oxford College Hall — they will insist on this setting — followed by a visit to the Statue of Mithras.)

Hitchhiking in Germany is a form of public transport and will probably be nationalized one day. German hitchhikers form trade unions, and foreigners are made to feel that they lack a work permit. But if you take your place in the queue on the *Auto-bahn*, there is no difficulty in getting a lift.



Once at Stuttgart I found that the next man in the queue was a professor on his way to Augsburg to deliver a lecture on the history of art.

Only Moroccans hitchhike in Spain, because it is impossible. In any case there would be little point in it, as the railways are very cheap and possess all the romance and uncertainty of hitchhiking.

Swiss motorists once read in a newspaper that a hitchhiker robbed and killed a motorist. Since then they have not given lifts. Swiss hitchhikers once read in a newspaper that a motorist robbed and killed a hitchhiker. Since then they have not hitchhiked.

The Belgians love to show off their cars — especially if they are American cars — as opposed to the French, who show off their driving, which is often a personal triumph over the car. I shall always remember the corpulent Belgian industrialist who offered me a cigar and, as the conversation became more intimate, asked with a sly leer:

"Et les jeunes filles anglaises — elles ont le sex appeal?" I told him he would probably meet some hitchhiking and be able to judge for himself. Hitchhiking provides pleasant surprises for motorists as well as for hitchhikers.

WONDER FABRICS MAKE ME WONDER

by C. S. JENNISON

I BOUGHT a petticoat today — uncreasable, unsquashable, Immersible, reversible, unshrinkable and washable.

According to the ticket, if a spot should dare to show on it I merely have to drag it through the faucet once and blow on it.

While laundry starches languish and the flatiron sits unheated, The tucks will stay all snugly snug and permanently pleated.

Though I suppose this petticoat is pretty much a miracle, I tend to grow more skeptical as labels grow more lyrical.

Besides the fact I lose the tags required for modern laundering, The fickleness of underwear has kind of set me pondering.

With each new, sneaky fabric-name, my mind gets more uneasy. I only want some honest cloth that's durable or sleazy.

I view as Counter-Irritants the garment clerks who smile on me And scoff at silk and cotton as they super-orton-nylon me.

I miss the days when no one strove to make a girl or fella wear The shifting wonder-underclothes they dream up down in Delaware.



THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

RENEWALS IF NEEDED

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman, now editor of High Fidelity Magazine. "They Shall Have Music" is a quarterly feature in the Atlantic.

MANY are the material blessings contrived to keep deserving Americans happy, but some come with parasitic curses attached, like spells in a fairy tale.

Engineers labor and bring forth the 1956 Whirlaway V-8 hardtop, an automotive marvel. It incorporates all the virtues of the 1955 Whirlaway, plus a new suspension system which curbs a tendency (of the earlier model) to heel dangerously on curves. But — can you have the 1956 suspension installed in your 1955 car? The whole industry bristles at the inquiry. You can not. You can buy a complete new car or you can go on heeling dangerously. And that's that.

Whichever you choose to do, 6000 miles later in the life of your speedometer, the Whirlaway begins to cough and balk. The carburetor is full of mysterious debris. It seems to you that this easily could be cleaned out — an opinion which, when voiced, generates shocked incomprehension at Joe's Motors, Inc. Quickly repenting your heresy, you buy a new carburetor and, to affirm your orthodoxy, a new gas filter as well. Now there are smiles all around, but never does your Whirlaway recover its initial zest. It lags in traffic and shudders on hills, and no consultation with the experts at Joe's gains you anything except the opportunity to buy new parts.

You may suspect that what you need is a few minor adjustments, but you cannot confirm this. The parts

are all armored against your screwdriver, if indeed they are identifiable at all. You live in an economy of mass production, minimal maintenance, and tolerable performance, and you had best adjust to it.

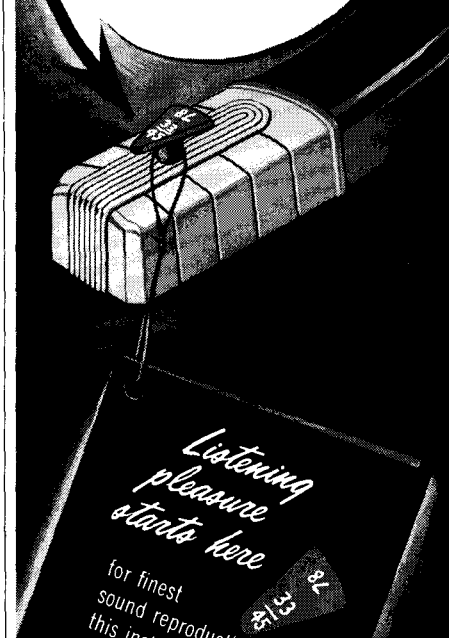
It isn't easy, and I suspect that this is a contributing motivation in the ownership of many a high-fidelity home-music array in this land. Any high-fidelity system, painstakingly bought component by component and installed at home, is in some degree a weapon in the war against tolerated mediocrity. The aim is perfection, even if it is to be achieved in steps, and the sustaining cause is worthy, since it involves the fuller enjoyment of some of the Western world's greatest art.

To begin with, a high-fidelity system is flexible. If you want to add to it — a tape player, for instance, or a TV tube and chassis, or a short-wave tuner — you can, without replacing the rest of the array. Or if you *do* want to replace something — a loudspeaker, let us say, which has been superseded by something nearer the ultimate — this also is possible. Further, you usually can sell what you want to replace, since it was made to meet professional standards, and thus will not have suffered through your use of it. Many audio dealers facilitate such sales as a matter of course, some participate themselves, and there is at least one (Audio Exchange, 159-19 Hillside Avenue, Jamaica, N.Y.) that makes a full-time enterprise of reconditioning and swap-selling high-fidelity equipment.

Moreover, home high-fidelity appliances are, in general, both accessible and responsive to maintenance. They do misbehave occasionally, and the first few instances are infuriating. Thereafter, mysteriously, the owner develops a sort of diagnostic empathy toward his apparatus. It is indeed a

Buying a Hi-Fi record player?

For best hi-fi listening, be sure the record player you buy has this RED KNOB on the tone arm and the "quality tag" that guarantees you a GENUINE G-E CARTRIDGE —the finest made!



To be certain of tone-perfect listening pleasure from the record player you buy, look for the *red knob* that identifies the *genuine G-E Cartridge*. It's your assurance that the instrument you buy has the highest quality pickup made—used by leading manufacturers and broadcast stations.

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Because only a fine cartridge and stylus can reproduce *all* the quality originally recorded on your records. A genuine G-E Cartridge and Stylus positively brings you *all* the satisfying highs and lows, the *full* musical dimensions you seek in record listening. What's more, the G-E Cartridge gives you the same professional quality favored by foremost broadcast stations.

Look for this Quality Tag!

Remember—it's your *privilege* to insist on the very best. Insist on a G-E Cartridge in *any* record player you buy. Look for the G-E *red knob*—look for the G-E Quality Tag—obtain the finest record enjoyment.

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

heartening experience, in this decade, to see an insurance salesman rise from his seat, shut off a rather gritty opening of the *Pines of Rome*, adroitly clean and straighten an erring diamond stylus, and get the work off again to a clear and brilliant start. This is technology behaving as it should behave, and there is nothing demeaning about helping Respighi and Toscanini achieve an effect for which both worked pretty hard.

It would be silly to attempt to list all maintenance measures possible to a new home-music enthusiast, even as *envoi* to a series of articles on high-fidelity equipment. However, there are a few items I have found it useful to buy, and to have at hand the evening I invite friends in to hear the new *Marriage of Figaro*, if I want to avoid humiliation.

Nearly every preamplifier uses a pair of small tubes of the 12-A series — 12AU7, 12AX7, 12AT7, and so forth. These are very unreliable, and some extras will almost certainly come in handy, sooner or later. Next most useful are spare output tubes of the type your power amplifier employs — 6L6, KT66, 5881, 6V6, or whatever investigation discloses.

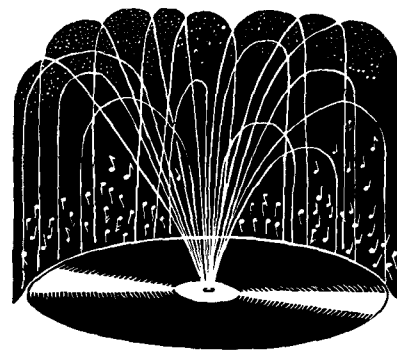
These should be bought in *matched pairs* (which your dealer will understand, if you do not).

Record players need periodic lubrication. Light electric-motor oil usually is best for changers; precision turntables, more massive, commonly require something heavier, like SAE No. 10, available at auto supply shops (sometimes sold only in quarts, but luckily quarts do not cost much). When in doubt, write to the manufacturer; at next printing, perhaps he will include this information in his operating instructions.

Makers of phono-pickups usually do state in their manuals at what weight their products ought to track record grooves. Many of them also (obligingly) manufacture little scales or gauges whereby you can tell how heavily the pickup actually is bearing down. The best I know are those made by Weathers Industries, Inc. (66 East Gloucester Pike, Barrington, N.J.) and the Audak Company (500 Fifth Avenue, New York), both of which are springless, counterweight devices, priced at around \$5.

To remove grit and dust from a record, so that the stylus cannot grind it in, I use a damp linen handkerchief.

If you want to be formal about it, however, a delightful accessory is the Staticmaster brush, proffered by Nuclear Products Company, 10173 E. Rush Street, El Monte, California. This is impregnated with a radioactive element which counteracts the static attraction between record and dust. It works even better than a



damp linen handkerchief, but it costs \$18.

To keep records clean, once they have been de-staticized, and to protect them against grit in cardboard jackets, an inexpensive and useful aid is the plastic Discover, an inner sleeve made by Walco Products, 60-F Franklin Street, East Orange, N.J., and sold by most record stores. Walco also makes a small spirit-level to help perfectionists keep their turntables properly horizontal.

In the field of new audio equipment, the season thus far has brought developments ranging from the refreshing to the portentous.

General Electric has revised its triple-play phono-cartridge in a way long called for. The two styli in its dual switchabout assembly now are individually replaceable, so there need no longer be worry lest the microgroove diamond outwear the 78-rpm sapphire, or vice versa.

Pickering has come out with an entirely new dual cartridge, christened "Fluxvalve" and priced at \$63 (two diamonds) and \$49 (microgroove diamond; 78-rpm sapphire). The styli can be removed for individual replacement. The pilot model I had opportunity to try arrived damaged, so that it intermittently hummed and fell silent, but it tracked beautifully, without a trace of needle talk, at two grams (extraordinarily light), yielded a splendidly smooth response over the whole audible tonal spectrum, and in general behaved like a real precision instrument. By the same token, it was very small and delicate and might or might not with-

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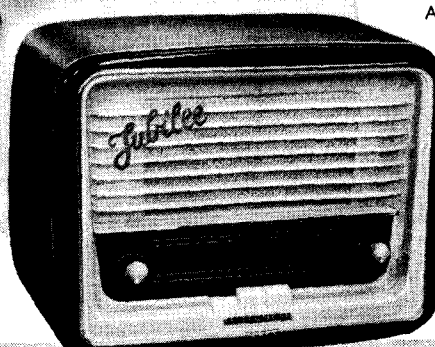


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All in a striking cabinet of rich hand-rubbed walnut veneers. See and hear the *Jubilee* table model as well as hi-fi consoles and portables of world-famed TELEFUNKEN quality at fine stores everywhere, from \$99.95 to \$549.95. (Slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Florida.)

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stand the rigors of use in a record changer.

Two new turntables have come to America since I last talked about turntables. Both are British, and each has been described by reliable colleagues as the best there is. One is the Sugden "Connoisseur," which costs about \$100 and seems to be available only in Philadelphia, I don't know why. The other is the Garrard 301, distributed by British Industries Corporation and sold for \$89, and all I can think of to say about it is that I wish I had one.

Amplifiers, which were "perfect" when I last discussed them, seem to be getting even more perfect. McIntosh and H. H. Scott have paced what may turn out to be a watt race, the former with a 60-watt, the latter with a 70-watt model.

Neither Frank McIntosh nor Hermon Scott will maintain that a private user ever will pour 60 watts into his loudspeaker (20 is more like it, even in a Berlioz crescendo). But there is a plausible explanation now current of why a 60-watt amplifier sounds better than a clean 20-watt one.

This is, that the impedances of an amplifier and a loudspeaker match exactly only at one frequency (tonal) point. Call it 1000 cycles per second, in the mid-treble range. In the very high treble or low bass, then, the efficiency of the amplifier, driving the speaker, may be substantially reduced. Thus, it may be using all the power it has, or even straining a little, with consequent distortion. I will abide by this explanation until I hear a better.

Meanwhile, and to run counter to the perfectionist trend, I will admit that my ears can find no fault with the new Sonex 25-watt amplifier (marketed by Lectronics, City Line Center, Philadelphia, at \$125) or the new Brociner Mark 30, which also embodies one of the best control and preamplifier units I have ever played with. (Very redoubtable rivals here, however, are the Altec Lansing A-440A preamplifier, notable not only for its performance but for its very good looks, at \$139, and the Grommes 211, rather ugly but very clean-toned and flexible, at \$97.)

It is in loudspeakers that real changes loom. Most notable is the practical development of electrostatic speakers, which utilize the first evidence of electricity ever noted — it was about 600 B.C. that some uni-

Listen—you've never felt music like this...

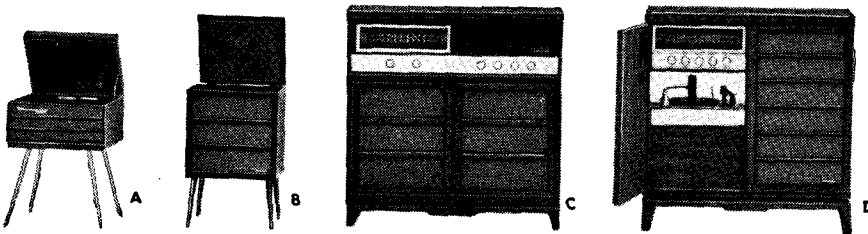


MARK I. Twin-console 3-speed phonograph, FM-AM radio, tape recorder. Natural walnut finish. Also traditional styling in mahogany finish. **\$1600**

A record spins — and suddenly you're in another world. You relax. Tensions fade — chased by the soaring strings of a symphony orchestra or the throbbing beat of a hot jazz band.

This is music you can *feel* — just like a live performance. For you are listening to a New Orthophonic High Fidelity "Victrola" Phonograph. It brings you *all* the music on the record!

For a rare emotional experience, hear all five of these superb instruments — the finest phonographs of all time — at your RCA Victor dealer's.



(A) The Mark VI, 3-speed phonograph (6HF5) \$129.95. (Legs optional, extra). (B) The Mark IV, 3-speed phonograph (6HF4) \$169.95. (C) The Mark III, 3-speed phonograph-FM-AM radio (6HF3) \$325. (D) The Mark II, 3-speed phonograph-FM-AM radio (6HF2) \$650. All models in mahogany finish; light rift oak finish slightly higher.

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identified Greek found that amber attracted cat's fur. This same attraction-repulsion phenomenon is used in the first commercial push-pull electrostatic speaker — the Janszen Model 1-30 — to appear in the United States. (Pickering and Company also has one ready to launch; it should be good, but I haven't seen it yet.) A diaphragm is suspended between two grills, which are oppositely polarized by the amplifier's signal, and it vibrates accordingly. It also vibrates uniformly, all over its surface, and thus is almost free of mechanical distortion. The Janszen will serve only as a treble speaker (down to 1000 or 500 cycles, whichever you choose) and costs \$184. (There is also a utility model, which would not work for me.) I hesitate to say that it was a good buy, as of October 1. It had to be used in conjunction with a cone bass-speaker, and there was no way to govern its relative volume level down. Apart from that, it was marvelous, yielding the clearest high tones I ever have heard from a loudspeaker.

What may turn out to be its perfect complement is the Acoustic Research (23 Mount Auburn St., Cambridge,

Mass.) speaker system, devised by Edgar Villehur. Heart of this is a conventional moving-coil cone speaker, but with its mechanical stiffness done away with. Instead, the cone is brought back into neutral position, after each impulse, by the elasticity of the air enclosed behind it in a hermetically sealed box, enormously firm and fortunately very small. The AR-1W woofer gives the cleanest bass response I ever have heard. It costs \$132. (Also available, at \$160, is the AR-1, the woofer combined with a rather good tweeter, adding up to what is by all odds the best small speaker system on the market.)

I could not quite get the AR woofer and the Janszen tweeter into phase and balance one with another, though there were tantalizing hints that, could I have done so, I might have had at my disposal the best loudspeaker system I had encountered. I do not know how hard it will be to resolve this incompatibility; Messrs. Janszen and Villehur are working on it.

No other bass speakers I know of (save possibly the Bozak or the Wharfedale) seem likely to harmonize with the electrostatic tweeter, per-

haps because their front-to-rear excursions are too deep, creating a turbulence in the tonal crossover-



range, where the one gives over to the other. But this is a development obviously worth watching.

Other new developments worth watching, unfortunately, defy present comment. By the time this appears in print, there will be, for instance, a number of tape recorders which combine professional flexibility with private-consumer prices. Unless, of course, the producing companies go out of business immediately after being launched, which is what happened the last time I made this announcement. However, keep your eye on the DeJur (DeJur Amsco Corp., Long Island City 11, New York) tape deck (chassis), which might turn out to be a real buy at \$300.

For a real but *conservative* buy, there is always the tiny, precise Ampex 600, at \$545. It is built to last, which is important. The main weaknesses of home-style tape recorders these days are mechanical, not electronic.

I had thought also to make recommendations of custom TV tuners to be incorporated in high-fidelity arrays, but color seems so imminent that I hesitate. For the utmost in black-and-white precision and convenience, the Conrac-Fleetwood (Glendora, California) remote-control unit, which comes in any tube size up to 27 inches, at about \$300 without audio, will be a revelation. No conventional video set that I know of works so well.

Parting advice: an asset for which there is no substitute, to people assembling their own sound-systems, is a knowledgeable nearby dealer genuinely interested in their progress. Should such a man be available to your cozening, no Scotch is too expensive. You will long rejoice over the extravagance.

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Record Reviews

Beethoven: Symphony No. 5;
Aria: Abscheulicher from Fidelio
 (Herbert von Karajan conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; Angel 35231: 12"). The *Fidelio* aria is a marvel of controlled beauty and tonal purity. The Karajan Fifth is the best on microgroove, but still not satisfactory. This magnificently simple music, so self-explanatory to listeners, still evades conductors. Toscanini played it right for records, but in 1939. Of nineteen subsequent LP performances, not one can be called good. Opportunity knocks on the door, but no one seems to answer.

Britten: Saint Nicholas (Benjamin Britten conducting Peter Pears, Aldeburgh Festival Choir and Orchestra; London LL-1254: 12"). Christmas is icumen in, but even if it weren't, you should have this lovely intimate cantata, delightful in July as in December. As a musical storyteller, Britten is infallibly compelling. To test your resistance, play Band 2, the boy-voice waltz depicting the good saint's birth. And don't say I didn't warn you.

Chopin: Waltzes (Artur Rubinstein, piano; RCA Victor LM-1892: 12"). Other pianists have played all these for records — most notably Guiomar Novaes and Dinu Lipatti — and perhaps more warmly, but with less air of a challenge met. Rubinstein takes them on headlong. It is exciting, and the sound likewise.

Mozart: Symphony No. 36, "Linz" (Bruno Walter rehearsing and leading the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York; Columbia SL-224: two 12" with score, and notes by Neville Cardus). Unself-consciously Dr. Walter demonstrates the task of a conductor, and it is almost incumbent upon you to buy and listen. A conductor does not simply wave his hands. Here at work, for you to hear, are a fond and unbreakable patience and determination which will engross you and, if you are a gracious listener, humble you a little, to your own benefit. Dr. Walter is to be thanked. It does not matter if you already own a "Linz" Symphony; this is something different.

Shostakovich: Symphony No. 5
 (Artur Rodzinski conducting Philharmonic Symphony of London; Westminster SWN-18001: 12"). Splendidly recorded, this pleases me

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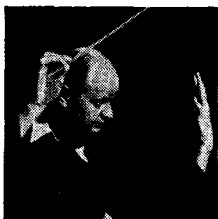
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EUGEN JOCHUM Conducts: Orff: *Carmina Burana*; Soloists, Bavarian Radio Orch. & Chorus (DL 9706) Wagner: *Lohengrin* (Complete); Soloists, Bavarian Radio Orch. & Chorus (DX-131)



mainly, and oddly, because it cuts Shostakovich down to size. Treated analytically, what emerges is a symphony not great but good and, shorn of its pretensions, appealing.

Strauss: *Till Eulenspiegel; Death and Transfiguration* (Arturo Toscanini conducting NBC Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-1891: 12"). This *Death and Transfiguration* was taped from a broadcast and is adequate in all ways. The *Till* is something special, in that it is the best sonic portrait of an orchestra in performance that I ever have heard. Every glinting overtone of every note of every instrument is audible. Perhaps no performance ever quite sounds this way to an audience in a concert hall, but I don't care: at the risk of being heretical, I think this is better. The reading is brisk, less lyrical than that of Furtwängler on HMV, but enchanting all the same.

Tchaikovsky: *The Sleeping Beauty* (Antal Dorati conducting Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra; Mercury OL-3-103: three 12"). Mercury's *Sleeping Beauty* is absolutely complete, and comes encased in silver lamé. No other *Sleeping Beauty* can make this claim. After which facetious comment (made more or less mandatory by the pretensions of the production), it is only fair to add that the orchestral sound is undeniably



beautiful and realistic and the interpretation, although decidedly *sec* ("dry" sounds too harsh; English has limitations), is convincingly balletic. Included in the album are some very fetching drawings by Oliver Messel. What more could you want?

Tchaikovsky: *Symphony No. 5* (Artur Rodzinski conducting Philharmonic Symphony of London; Westminster W-LAB-8001: three 12" sides). Westminster "Lab" series are premium-priced records: \$7.50 for two sides, \$11.50 for three (the fourth

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is left blank). Wider groove-spacing permits greater dynamic and frequency range, as well as cutting down the minutes of music per side. The difference *can* be heard, on good equipment. Apart from which, Rodzinski always has excelled at this symphony, and the London Philharmonic, even under a pseudonym, is worth hearing undistorted. Probably the best Tchaikovsky Fifth available, if you can spare the money.

Verdi: *Aida* (Jonel Perlea conducting Zinka Milanov, Jussi Bjoerling, Fedora Barbieri, Leonard Warren, Boris Christoff; Rome Opera House Chorus and Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-6122: three 12"). Patently this was made and remade till all faults were winnowed out. With them went some of the zest that infuses a live continuous performance. What remains is the best *Aida* on disks, which could have been still better but which makes most others sound like amateur productions. Big, convincing recorded sound.

Critic's Choice (twelve selections in performance by John McCormack, Fritz Kreisler, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Elisabeth Schumann, Samuel Barber, Alexander Kipnis, Povla Frijsh, Pierre Bernac, Mary Garden, Rosa Raisa, Toti dal Monte, and Feodor Chaliapin; RCA Victor LCT-1158: 12"). In the second "Critic's Choice" disk, Paul Hume of Washington, D.C. (recipient of a famous note from President Truman), was the critic chosen to choose notable performances on old Victor singles for transfer to LP. His choices would be seconded by many a veteran phonophile. I have not room to list them, but they are typified by Rosa Raisa's *Suicidio!* from *La Gioconda*, and Toti dal Monte's *Sul fil d'un soffio etesio* from *Falstaff*. That should give the flavor.

Eliot, T. S., and Rawsthorne, Alan: *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats* (Robert Donat, reader; Alan Rawsthorne conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel 30002: 10"). This beguiling piece of aelurophilia identifies at once T.S.E.'s favorite species. There may be Hollow Men but there are no Hollow Cats, unless Bustopher Jones, the obese and pompous Clubeat, fills the description. Certainly the valiant old Gumbie, the gaudy Theatrical Gus, the nocturnal Jellicles and Old Deuteronomy do not: all are chock-full of feline virtue. Cat-lovers will revel in the reverent whimsies of the poet, espe-

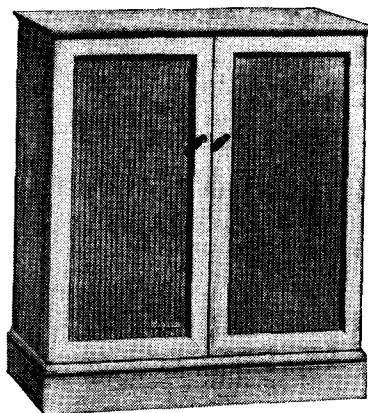
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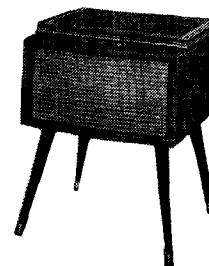


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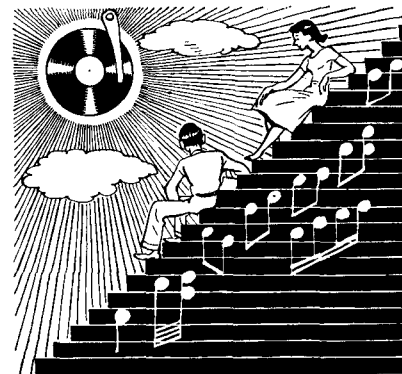
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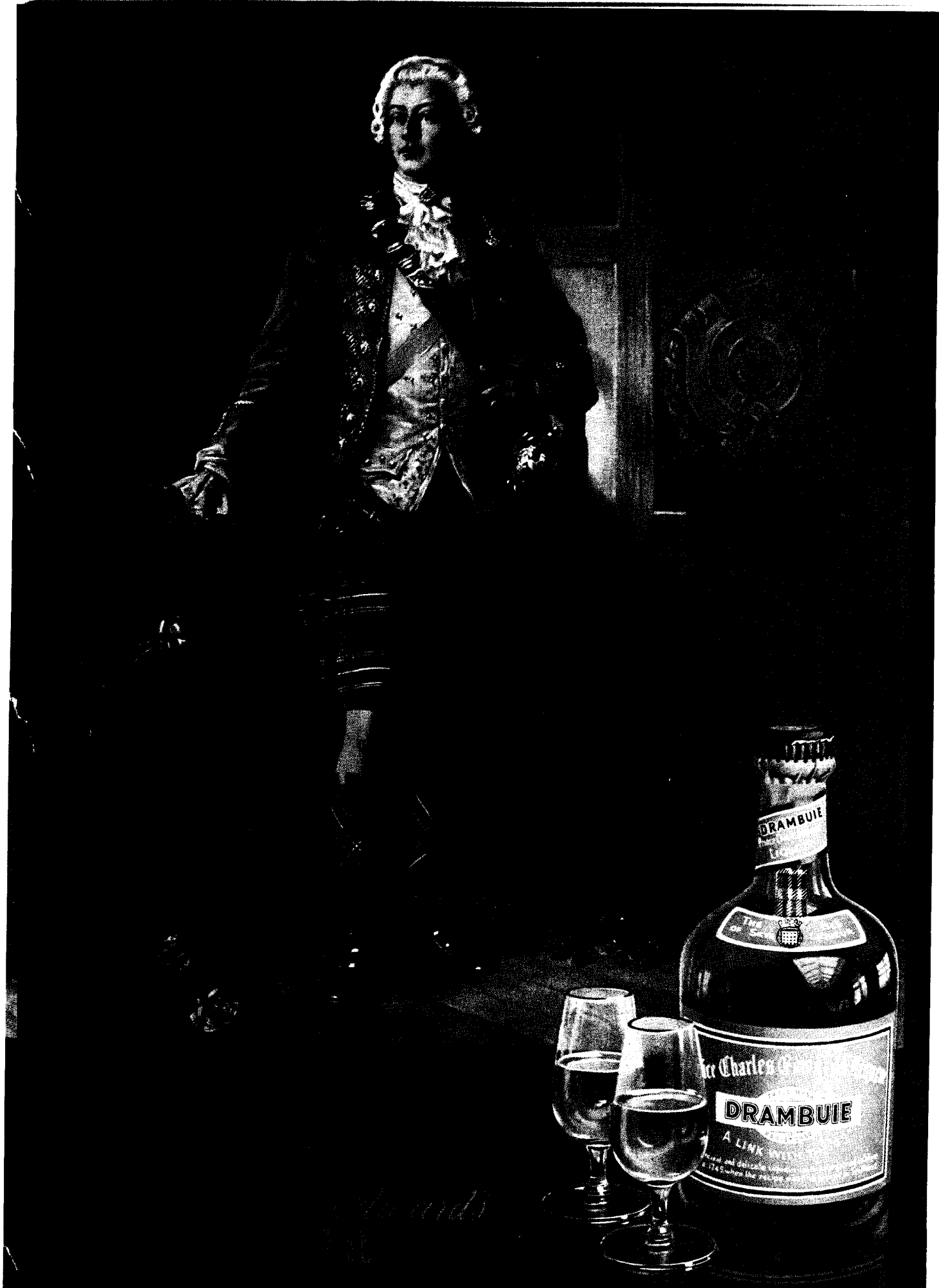
Thomas, Dylan: *Under Milk Wood* (BBC actors, directed by Douglas Cleverdon; Westminster-Argo RG-21: two 12"). The myriad facets of human nature, from tragic to tawdry, here are taken by this great and angry little boy of a poet and set in a magic verbal kaleidoscope from which there is no escape till its hypnotic spin is done. Purportedly we hear the thoughts of a Welsh village from dawn to dusk; actually we get thirty-one pertinent fancies of Dylan Thomas, and I can think of no way I would rather be berated or befuddled, as the case may be. The stature of this you must judge for yourself, but you will not be bored by the task.

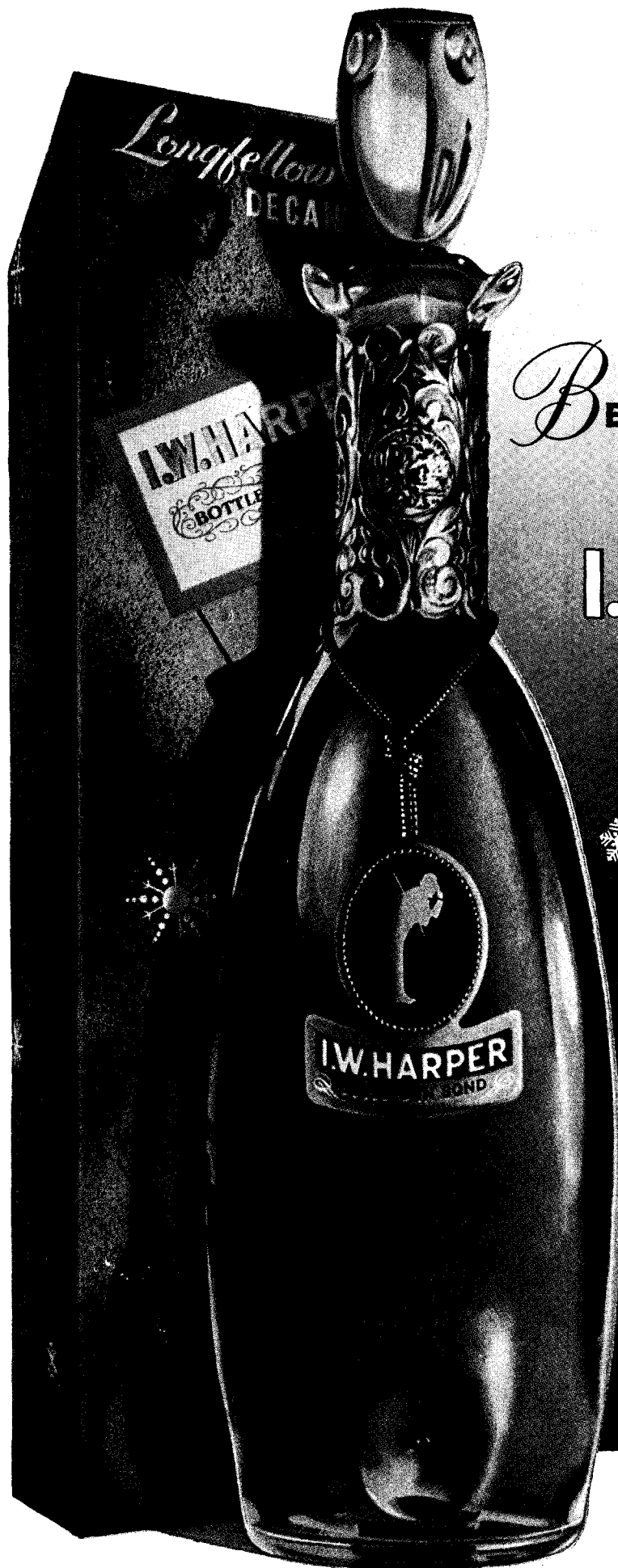
The Fabulous Mae West (Mae West, contralto; Tito Coral, tenor;



vocal quartet and orchestra, Sy Oliver conducting; Decca DL-9016: 12"). History is not invariably just or even observant, so it may be that Mae West never will get credit for an important attempt to improve Western Civilization. What she has tried to do is to clean up sex. She won't succeed, but the songs on this record, perhaps her parting effort, are a gay, all-out and utterly inoffensive effort, and very funny into the bargain. In addition to which, she sings very well.

Seeger: *Goofing-Off Suite; American Folk Songs* (Pete Seeger, guitar, mandolin, chalice, and tape recorder; Folkways FP-43-2: 10"). Attendance at a Tanglewood season inspired the veteran folk-singer to improvise on some themes of the Masters, with results some will think sacrilegious but I enjoyed enormously. His treatments of *Jesu*, *Joy of Man's Desiring* and the Beethoven *Ninth* are particularly engrossing. The folk-songs, on the overside of the record, are authoritative but discolored by the years' abrasion of the voice.





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